

JOHN SHAW NEILSON: THE COLLECTED VERSE  
A CRITICAL EDITION, EDITED FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS

By

Margaret D. Roberts, B.A., Litt.B., Grad.Dip.Lib.

VOLUME II

Submitted in fulfilment of the requirements  
for the degree of  
Doctor of Philosophy  
University of Tasmania  
July 1993

PERIOD 2: 1906-1916 (CONTINUED)

## THE LAD WHO STARTED OUT

In '1909', a loose leaf [not part of this notebook] (A0197-8) & ML MS A3038/1, 28<sup>a</sup> (B0134) [JSN], fair draft, 7 x 8-line stanzas, signed. '1930', 35<sup>a</sup>-35<sup>b</sup> (A0681-2) [JSN], unfinished, 4 stanzas and a part-stanza.

Australasian 12 December 1925; Stage and Society 17 March 1926, p.18; Sydney Morning Herald 30 October 1926, p.13; NP 33; CP 144.

JSN - AGS 18 May 1925 ('will send you 'Lad who started out' [at] end of month').  
AGS - JSN 30 October 1926 (will 'try 'Lad who started' in Herald'). JSN - AGS 1 November 1926 (says he 'saw 'Lad' in Herald', and reminds Stephens that it was printed in Australasian 'last December').

N said in the Autobiography (p.69) that this was written c.1903, and that 'A.G. didn't care too much about this piece as a ballad when I first sent it to him a few years afterwards': he continued, 'I think it was in 1927 that he at last dug it up and got me to make some slight alterations'. N is confused about the date, but the development of the text is clear. The stanzas in the '1930' notebook are a revision of the text which is loose in the '1909' notebook, and N abandoned the revision in favour of the first draft, which he then sent to Stephens in a form which included some of the alterations in the second, unfinished draft.

The first version has a greater degree of immediacy than the published texts, and it is therefore taken as the preferred text. The texts published in the Australasian, the Sydney Morning Herald, NP and CP all have 7 x 4-line stanzas, and the text in Stage and Society has 1 x 16-line stanza and 1 x 12-line stanza. The 7 x 8-line stanza arrangement of the MS is retained here.

The second, unfinished draft is shown separately in the notes.

October and the open air  
Put wondrous thoughts in him  
And he could fight and climb and ride  
And he could shoot and swim  
The baby was about him yet  
But a mystic fever ran  
In the little lad who started out  
One day to be a man

10 Tempting and fair two furlongs off  
There rose the forest green  
Where the brown bees had their hidden homes  
But the river ran between

1 open] shining Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 1.

11-12] Where the subtle bees had hid their home but the river ran between Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 6.

Up from the blazing marigolds  
 The homing vagrants flew  
 And the fever spoke in his proud blood  
 And bade him what to do

Ah me you say that he was mad  
 But madness ever goes  
 With all the unheard-of conquerors  
 20 Where red blood ever flows  
 A thousand fathers moved in him  
 And showed the world a dream  
 Gravely he cast his clothes aside  
 And walked into the stream

The blue was on his baby eyes  
 And the yellow on his hair  
 Bravely he held the good broad chin  
 That all the heroes bear  
 But Oh too brave and swift and strong  
 30 The snow-fed river ran  
 For the little lad who started out  
 One day to be a man

\* \* \*

- 13-14] Out of a gaudy dandelion a whispering pirate flew Aus, S&S, SMH, NP,  
CP line 7.
- 15-16] And the fever spoke in the dear lad and told him what to do Aus, S&S,  
NP, CP line 8.  
 And the fever spoke to the dear lad and told him what to do SMH  
 line 8.
- 17-18] Ay 'twas a madness of the heart but of the kind that goes Aus, S&S,  
SMH, NP, CP line 9.
- 19-20] With the kingly men and conquerors wherever red blood shows Aus, S&S,  
SMH, NP, CP line 10.
- 21-22] A thousand fathers stormed in him and drove him in his dream Aus,  
S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 11.
- 23 Gravely] Quickly Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 12.
- 25-26] The babe's blue was on his eye and the yellow on his hair Aus, S&S,  
SMH, NP; CP line 13.
- 27 Bravely] Proudly Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 14.
- 27 chin] clan MS.
- 28-29] But oh too high and broad and strong the snow-fed river ran  
Aus, S&S, line 15.  
 But oh too high and wide and strong the snow-fed river ran  
SMH line 15.  
 But oh too high and far and strong the snow-fed river ran  
NP, CP line 15.



Small things bring back the taste of him  
 The coats that children wear  
 And the red caps of the toddlers  
 And good brown legs and bare  
 And wandering bees and marigolds  
 Say piteous things of him  
 And the very sunlight seems to say  
 40 I tempted him to swim

There is a woman calm and kind  
 A woman quiet and grey  
 And her heart is all for little lads  
 In all their boisterous play  
 Often she says his heart was so  
 So was his pretty chin  
 And she says my sorrow will run out  
 For I dare not keep it in

But when the snowy waters run  
 50 She fears the saffron air  
 She looks not long on the blue sky  
 For his blue eyes are there  
 The yellow had not left his head  
 When all her tears began  
 For the little lad who started out  
 One day to be a man

- 33-34] Ah madly comes the taste of him in coats the children wear  
Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 17.  
 36 And good brown legs] and ruddy legs Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 18.  
 37-38] The pirates whispering in the gold say grievous things of him  
Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 19.  
 39-40] And the leaves along the sunshine laugh because he could not swim  
Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 20.  
 41-42] There is a woman sweet and kind a woman calm and grey SMH, NP, CP  
 line 21.  
 43 And her heart is all for] And her eyes have love for Aus, S&S, SMH, NP,  
CP line 22.  
 45-46] She says so was his merry heart so was his pretty chin Aus, S&S, SMH,  
NP, CP line 23.  
 47-48] My sorrow must run out and out for I dare not keep it in Aus, S&S,  
SMH, NP, CP line 24.  
 49-50] But when the snow-fed waters come and the yellow's in the air  
Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 25.  
 50 the saffron air] the [very] <<[yellow]>> <<saffron>> air MS.  
 53 The yellow] Oh the yellow Aus, S&S, SMH, NP, CP line 27.

'1930', 35<sup>a</sup>-35<sup>b</sup> reads:

The winter wind and summer <warmth>  
 Had tanned his baby skin  
 He had a pair of kingly eyes  
 Well worth the looking in  
 And he could swim and dive  
 And he could climb the tallest tree  
 He would rob an eagle in its nest  
 So brave a lad was he

Tempting and fair two furlongs off  
 There rose the forest green  
 Where the subtle bees had hid their nest  
 And the river ran between  
 Oh he loved well each new peril  
 And the scent of honeycomb  
 Came back to him and he that day  
 Must find the hidden home

Oh youth is like a [sweet] <<rare>> singer  
 Uncertain of his song  
 He fears too much to halt who knows  
 The silence will be long  
 The lad who had the joy of Life  
 He laughed and leaped and ran  
 Oh the little lad who started out  
 One day to be a man

In youth the days are miracles  
 The eyes are in the dew  
 [W][Each tree we see as] <<The flowers all tell of>> Happiness  
 The trees that never grew  
 Over the gaudy dandelions  
 The brow[n] bees made delay  
 And the fever spoke in the dear lad  
 And lifted him away

Ay 'twas a fever of the heart  
 But of the kind that goes  
 With men who cannot fear the heat  
 And will not fear the snows

## THE LADY MARGARET

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'Never been printed'.

It was the Lady Margaret  
 Walked out 'twas then the world was fair  
 When strong men's love was all for war  
 But still the ladies had a share

Outstepping from the bare blue sky  
 Came brightness for the flowers were wet  
 But oh her eyes there were no eyes  
 Like those of Lady Margaret

10 No lover met her in the wood  
 Nor lordly knight by knoll or lea  
 Only a little shepherd sighed  
 Her eyes are Paradise to me

A gentle lad and fair of face  
 Whose tearful eyes too long would stare  
 At flowers and faces beautiful  
 Down in God's country anywhere

20 And many a time he creeping came  
 When green leaves screened him from her view  
 He sighed this little shepherd sighed  
 As lovers all are wont to do

One day she saw his curly head  
 His bright eyes bold with love's intent  
 Then in a storm my lady rose  
 And all her pretty anger spent

He did not speak he did not move  
 Only he loved her once for all  
 She looked and still he stayed and stayed  
 Until her bitter words must fall

30 Had I a man beside me now  
 His sword should cut into thy heart  
 A shame that God should give thee eyes  
 Dog of a beggar boy thou art

He did not move she passed along  
 High in the air her pretty chin  
 The shepherd lad his eyes cast down  
 He saw it was his only sin

## THE LAMENT FOR LADDIE

'1907', 33<sup>b</sup>-34<sup>a</sup> (A0123) [JSN], draft.

They stole him craftily  
 With flowers and satin white  
 Went my Laddie from me  
 I struggling in the night  
 Found no fond words to say  
 They bore him down the way  
 In flowers and satin white

Long was my heart afraid  
 He was so white and slim  
 I cried not God had made  
 The world about me dim  
 I could not call or touch  
 The lad who took so much  
 Of morning down with him

3] Went/ [They took my lad! <<my Laddie>> from me MS.

10 cried not] cried not — MS.

14 with him] with him. MS.

Cancelled stanza 2 reads:

[Laddie is dead and God  
 Hath made the whole world dim  
 Fall gently — oh thou clod  
 He is so fair and slim  
 I may not taste or touch  
 The lad that took so much  
 Of sunlight down with him]

## THE LAMENT FOR SADIE

'1912', 8<sup>a</sup>-9<sup>a</sup> (A0256-7) [JSN], draft. A large angled bracket has been drawn in the margin beside lines 23-24, possibly to indicate the need for revision. (The only other occurrence of this mark is at '1915'E, 15<sup>b</sup> against each of four revised lines for 'The soldier is home'.)

Devaney cites this poem in UP as a 'strange, intense entry — three pages of prose or prose-verse'; A & B in JSN (p.105-106) refer to it as 'roughly-shaped, unfinished, and violently phrased'; HI lists the piece as prose; and Wright describes it as 'a moving prose poem' in WS (p.26). In fact, lines and stanzas are clearly discernible, and stanzas 2, 3, & 4 are numbered as such.

The poem is presented with suggested punctuation separately in the notes.

She is not here she is not there it is her shadow  
 They muffled with many prayers insipid sorrow  
 She is not there she would keep to the sunlight  
 Or leafy place the cool islands  
 I cannot wait the night is long coming  
 In the green it is dark all the green day I suffer  
 All the cries I have cried are unheard  
 Tear my heart out hear me O God I struggle

- 10 She is not here her eyes were as wide pansies  
 Mournful and telling of love Love and his Shadow  
 I was with Love Love with his violins  
 Played in the dark to me mounted the sunlight  
 Put upon me the love of all fragile things  
 My heart was faint at the slow kiss of a child  
 So did my Sadie and Love and his Violins assail me

She is not here she will never come  
 Why will the blue bird say to his love I am your lover  
 All your body is mine your voice cooing crying  
 I am athirst with love in a white anger

- 20 She is not there her eyes were jewelstelling  
 All the kindness that falls and dances  
 About us in black cities and grey valleys  
 No lips were red as the lips of my Sadie  
 Tear my heart out O God hear me I struggle

2 sorrow] sorrow. MS.

4] or/ [The] [In] leafy place [and] the cool islands MS.

8 hear me O God] hear me/ Oh God MS.

9 pansies] pans[i]e[s] MS.

10 Shadow] Shadow. MS.

12 mounted] [mounted] Mounted MS.

13 Put upon me the love] Put upon <<me>> the love MS.

14 My heart] [I did] My heart MS.

16 she will] She will MS.

18 body is mine] body is [mis] mine/ MS.

20 her eyes were jewels] her eyes were [the] jewels MS.

22 grey] [gree] grey MS.

She is not here, she is not there — it is her shadow  
 They muffled with many prayers, insipid sorrow.  
 She is not there — she would keep to the sunlight  
 Or leafy place, the cool islands.  
 I cannot wait — the night is long coming.  
 In the green it is dark, all the green day I suffer.  
 All the cries I have cried are unheard.  
 Tear my heart out, hear me O God! I struggle.

She is not here — her eyes were as wide pansies  
 Mournful and telling of love — Love and his Shadow.  
 I was with Love. Love with his violins  
 Played in the dark to me — Mounted the sunlight,  
 Put upon me the love of all fragile things.  
 My heart was faint at the slow kiss of a child.  
 So did my Sadie and Love and his Violins assail me.

She is not here. She will never come.  
 Why will the blue bird say to his love I am your lover?  
 All your body is mine, your voice cooing, crying.  
 I am athirst with love in a white anger.

She is not there — her eyes were jewels telling  
 All the kindness that falls and dances  
 About us in black cities and grey valleys.  
 No lips were red as the lips of my Sadie.  
 Tear my heart out, O God! Hear me! I struggle.

The Samest for  
Gadie.

She is not here  
She is not there  
It is her shadow-  
They muffled with  
many prayers  
unexpected sorrow  
She is not there she  
would keep to the sun  
or the leafy place and  
cool islands  
I cannot wait the night  
is long coming  
In the green it is  
dark all the green  
day I suffer I have  
all the eyes I have  
used are unheard  
Pour my heart out  
to me. Oh God I struggle

She is not here  
 her eyes were as  
 wide as a  
 snow-field and telling  
 of love gone and her  
 shadow  
 I was with Love, Love  
 with his violins  
 played in the dark  
 to me mounted  
 in sun light  
 Put upon me the loss  
 of all fragile things  
 I did my heart was  
 faint at the sto-  
 riness of a child  
 as did my Sadie  
 and Joe and her  
 violins assail me



3

He is not here She  
will never come  
Why with the blue bird  
Gay to his love  
I am your lover  
All your head  
~~mine mine~~ your ~~head~~ <sup>long</sup> ~~head~~  
I am <sup>long</sup> ~~attracted~~ with love  
in a white ~~ance~~  
4

He is not here  
Her eyes were the  
jewels telling  
all the kindness  
That ~~gates~~ <sup>gates</sup> and dances  
About us in black  
Cities and gray valleys  
His lips were ~~red~~ <sup>red</sup>  
The lips of my ~~friend~~ <sup>friend</sup>  
Tear my heart out - B  
And hear me ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> Struggle.

## THE LAND WHERE I WAS BORN

'1906', 1<sup>a</sup>-2<sup>a</sup> (A0039-40) [A], fair draft. ML MS A849/104-5 [?], fair copy.  
ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], 2 stanzas, with comment 'Never been  
printed', this cancelled and further note 'Book'.

The Bookfellow 7 February 1907, p.6; GDC; HS 8; BLP 12; CP 8.

Receipt dated 11 September 1906, NLA MS 1145/20.

[JSN - RHC] c.1933, NLA MS 605/32 (corrections to proofs CP); 25 February 1934,  
NLA MS 605/62-69 (corrections to proofs CP).

'1906', 1<sup>a</sup>-2<sup>a</sup> = A; 849/104-5 = B; 4937/10-1 = C.

The fair copy is the preferred text.

Have you ever been down to my countree  
Where the trees are green and tall  
The days are long and the heavens are high  
But the people there are small  
There is no work there it is always play  
The sun is sweet in the morn  
But a thousand dark things walk at night  
In the land where I was born

10 Have you ever been down to my countree  
Where the birds filled up the Spring  
The parrots screamed from the honey trees  
And the jays hopped chattering  
Strange were the ways of the water birds  
In the brown swamps night and morn  
I know the roads they had in the reeds  
In the land where I was born

20 Have you ever been down to my countree  
Have you ridden the horses there  
They had silver manes and we made them baulk  
And plunge and gallop and rear  
We were knights of the olden time  
When the old chain mail was worn  
The swords would flash and the helmets crash  
In the land where I was born

Have you ever been down to my countree  
It was full of smiling queens

1-8] ≠ C 1-8.

1 countree] country C, throughout.

2 are green and tall] are ever so tall C 2.

3 The days] Where the days C 3.

5] No work is there it is always play C 5.

11 parrots ... honey trees] parrot ... honey[ed] trees A.

14] In the brown swamps [in] the morn A.

19 baulk] prance Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

They had flaxen hair they were white and fair  
 But they never reached their teens  
 Their shoes were small and their dreams were tall  
 30 Wonderful frocks were worn  
 But the queens all strayed from the place we played  
 In the land where I was born

I know you have been to my countree  
 Though I never saw you there  
 I know you have loved all things I have loved  
 Flowery and sweet and fair  
 The days were long it was always play  
 But we we are tired and worn  
 They could not welcome us back again  
 40 To the land where I was born

29 small and their] small [but] <<and>> their A.

33-40] ≠ C 9-16.

35 things I have loved] things I loved A; HS; BLP; CP; things I love C 11.

36 Flowery and sweet] flowery, sweet GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

37] Many a mile of the long mist lies C 13.

38 But we we are tired] But we[re] we are tired A; But we we were tired GDC; HS.

39] But oh 'twas a sweet world that we knew C 15.

40 To the land] 'Twas the land C 16.

#### THE LARRIKIN'S LAMENT

'The fable and fantasy dialogues', by Frank Neilson, p.43, attributed to 'Alexander Kirkwood', '[written] in dialect form', McKimm MS.

I dreamt I wuz kissin' Chrissy  
 Chrissy with eyes of blue  
 An' the dream wuz like a picture  
 An' the picture grew an' grew  
 An' Chrissy an' I wuz young  
 An' love an' hope wuz new

I often uster meet her of an evenin' on the sly  
 An' one Sundee night I kissed her just to see if she was shy  
 With her white chin in me left hand but the laugh was in her  
     eye  
 10 Though she said she'd nearly kill me she didn't even try

Chrissy wuz a choir girl an' a pretty voice had she  
 But the parson in the chapel had an orful set on me  
 He uster lecture Chrissy for to choose her company  
 An' every blessed thing he told her Chrissy uster tell to  
     me

On the old Bay road  
 In the yeller moonlit evenins  
 'Twas a pleasan' place to linger  
 With the rain spilt on the plum trees  
 With the Springtime fast a-dyin'  
 20 Just before the hay wuz mowed

Old folks is allus fidgets an' they're allus seein' harm  
 Smellin' danger where there's none they're apt to take alarm  
 One night as we wuz walkin' very lovin' arm in arm  
 Chrissy's father overtook us at the foot of Brennan's farm

He growled a bit at Chrissy then he turned on me an' swore  
 He'd half a mind to give me what I'd never had before  
 An' I spoke bold and cheeky but me heart wuz sorto' sore  
 Would I ever walk with Chrissy pretty Chrissy any more

On the old Bay road  
 30 In the yeller moonlit evenins  
 'Twas a pleasan' place to linger  
 With the rain spilt on the plum trees  
 An' the Springtime fast a-dyin'  
 Just before the hay wuz mowed

\* \* \*  
 I dreamt I wuz kissin' Chrissy  
 With her china-doll eyes blue  
 An' the dream wuz like a picture  
 An' the picture grew an' grew  
 An' Chrissy an' I wuz young  
 40 An' Love and Hope wuz new

# THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

'1908', 4<sup>b</sup> (A0158) [A].

There was a young fellow at Mannan  
 Who owned some race horses and ran'em  
 He said I don't mind  
 If they do run behind  
 I can make a few hundred per annum

2 ran'em] ranum <<ran em>> [JSN] MS.

## LEG PULLING

'1907', 50<sup>a</sup>-51<sup>b</sup> (A0139-41) [JSN], incomplete.

I am the precious process by  
Which humankind is hoaxed  
Equines were tritoed when I  
Uncautious comrades coaxed

The mystic doth the skies forsake  
I tickle worn-out seer  
I am the great astounding Fake  
Yawning throughout the years

10 Coolly I collar all mankind  
I watch it strive and strut  
Fain would I laugh I feel inclined  
But nay my mouth is shut

Blithely I speak bold honeyed things  
To homely Queens red-haired  
It is for you I cry Oh Kings  
This Universe was reared

20 When Bishops sit in Conference  
I play my Proud Trump Card  
I say your progress is immense  
But Sirs you work too hard

I flirt with every freckled girl  
Idly I praise her eyes  
Setting her softened brain awhirl  
Her shoes a smaller size

Deftly I take unbearded lads  
I show them cigarettes

[Incomplete]

3] [Hors] Equines were triotoed when I MS.  
10 and strut] and [shut] strut MS.  
12 Nay my] nay — my MS.  
15] It is for you <<I cry>> Oh Kings MS.

Cancelled stanzas

At 50<sup>a</sup>, under title 'Leg pulling':

[Wine the red rebel furious  
Red [wine and] fads other little fads  
[Doubt] full <<And dull>> delicious debts]

Stanza numbered 4:

[Blithely I say cool honeyed things  
To homely red-haired [things] Queens  
Lo ye are Gods I say to Kings]

# LET US BE MAKING MERRY

'1909', 17<sup>b</sup>-18<sup>a</sup> & 18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>a</sup> (A0216-7) [JSN], draft. There are 6 stanzas numbered 1-6 at 17<sup>b</sup>-18<sup>a</sup> with 3 stanzas cancelled and with renumbering, and 3 stanzas which are revisions at 18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>a</sup>. The revised stanzas are numbered 1, 5 & 6 and stanza 1 is cancelled. Stanza 2 (at 17<sup>b</sup>) has been renumbered 1 but there is no other stanza numbered 2. The order of the stanzas here is therefore conjectural.

Let us be making merry  
Lovers at middle moon  
With their kissing have taught us  
And we shall travel soon

Let us be making merry  
The green grace of the Spring  
Has left us all unsweetened  
With a cold questioning

10 Let us be making merry  
It is no waste of wine  
I'd like to look in your heart  
And lend a hope of mine

Let us be making merry  
I dimly hear and see  
I'd like to know what your eyes  
Have told your heart o'me

20 Let us be making merry  
Let us be playing fair  
There is a shadow showing  
Pain at the back of Prayer

3 kissing have] kissing [of] have MS.

13] [I'd like to kn]

Let us be making merry MS.

Cancelled stanzas

Stanza 1 (17<sup>b</sup>):

[Let us be making merry  
Our life has been a sigh  
The winds in every weather  
Have shouted a good-bye]

## Stanza 3:

[Let us be making merry  
 Riots in Earth and air  
 Too plainly have showed us  
 Pain at the back of prayer]

## Stanza 6:

[Let us [me] be making merry  
 As sailors [long] <<just>> ashore  
 There is a Voice — a Shadow  
 A Hand is at the door]

Stanza 1 (at 18<sup>b</sup>):

[Let us be making merry  
 The while we sell and buy  
 The winds in every weather  
 Make sorrowful good-bye]

## LET US CONSIDER LOVE

'1915'C, 5<sup>b</sup> (A0317) & MS ML MS A3038/1, 45<sup>b</sup> (B0169) [JSN], fair draft.

Let us consider Love that is flaming and bold  
 That is all too faint with fear and feverish losses  
 Making the wet days warm and the sunrays cold  
 Dancing in softest silks staggering under crosses

Let us consider Love this serpent slim  
 In the flowered and favoured places slyly gliding  
 Always out on a heart hunt grasping and grim  
 Making us fear we know not where he is hiding

Let us consider Love though he beat us sore  
 And we are faint with kneeling sighing and suing  
 Let us be sweet with Love let us love him more  
 Let us be kind to Love that is all our undoing

## LET YOUR SONG BE DELICATE

ML MS A3038/1, 38<sup>a</sup> (B0154) [JSN], 3 stanzas, numbered 2, [3] 4 & 5, with stanzas 2 & 5 cancelled, under short title 'Song be delicate'; 39<sup>a</sup>-39<sup>b</sup> (B0156-7) [JSN], draft, 6 stanzas, numbered, with stanzas 2, 4 & 5 cancelled; 40<sup>b</sup> (B0160) [JSN], 2 stanzas numbered 5 & 6.

The Bookfellow 15 November 1913, p.258; GDC; HS 3; BLP 78; CP. (HS, BLP & CP have the title as 'Song be delicate'.)

JSN - JD 4 November 1934, NLA MS 1145/67 (thinks he must have been thinking of Kipling's 'noisy verse and also his intolerance' when he wrote this).

3038/1, 38<sup>a</sup> = A; 3038/1, 39<sup>a</sup>-39<sup>b</sup> = B; 3038/1, 40<sup>b</sup> = C.

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

Let your song be delicate  
The skies declare  
No war the eyes of lovers  
Wake everywhere

Let your voice be delicate  
How faint a thing  
Is Love little Love crying  
Under the Spring

10 Let your song be delicate  
The flowers can hear  
Too well they know the tremble  
Of the hollow year

Let your voice be delicate  
The bees are home  
All their day's love is sunken  
Safe in the comb

20 Let your song be delicate  
Sing no loud hymn  
Death is abroad oh the black season  
The deep the dim

1-4] ≠ B stanza 1.

4 Wake] Run [Roam] B stanza 1 (line 4).

5-8] = A stanza 2.

9-12] ≠ B stanza 3.

9 song] soul B stanza 3 (line 1).

13-16] ≠ A stanza numbered [3] 4.

13 voice] song A stanza [3] 4 (line 1).

16 Safe] Deep A stanza [3] 4 (line 4).

17-20] ≠ B stanza 6; ≠ C stanza 6.

17 song] soul B & C stanza 6 (line 1).

19 abroad] abroad — B & C (line 3).

20 deep] deep — B & C stanza 6 (line 4).



## Discarded stanzas

A cancelled stanza 5:

[Let your voice be delicate  
 The night is old  
 Softly the moonbeams suffer  
 Perils in gold]

B cancelled stanza 2:

[Let your voice be delicate  
 Has Love come in  
 Love is it little Love crying  
 —And the air is thin.]

B cancelled stanzas 4 & 5:

[Let your song [be] delicate  
 Let not the cold  
 Afright let you little one there lingers [sic]  
 The touch of gold]

[Let your voice be delicate  
 A child may hear  
 Storm of blood and of bosom  
 When eyes are clear]

C stanza 5:

Let your voice be delicate  
 The cool hours call  
 Oh the rare girl in yellow  
 Plays on us all

## LINES FOR AN ALBUM

'1907', 26<sup>a</sup>-26<sup>b</sup> (A0115-6) [JSN], fair draft.

The sun is flooding all the Land  
 (It's quite the usual thing with him)  
 Why can he never understand  
 That people sometimes like it dim

Long did I wake ere break of day  
 Loud barked a beastly mastiff pup  
 Five solid hours the cocks held sway  
 Glad was I when the sun got up

So here I write at your command  
 Dear Lad with the Gentle Eyes  
 I am a most indifferent hand  
 At telling necessary lies

6 mastiff pup] mastiff [⟨buff⟩] pup MS.

7 Five] [An] Five MS.

## LISTEN OH PANSY

'1907', 8<sup>b</sup> (A0098) [JSN], draft.

Listen Oh Pansy was never me I who [was never] your lover  
 I who saw all from afar in the prime of the Summer  
 I who was with you when all our own little world was flooded  
 Bright is the earth as of old and a clear sky above her

1 who [was never] your lover] I who [not of] your lover[s] MS.

## THE LITTLE BLACK ROOM

'1909', 16<sup>a</sup> (A0214) [JSN], fair draft.

And ye may be old or ye may be young  
 Hoeing a row or busy wi' bloom  
 But the slow old horses will dawdle along  
 To the little black room

## LITTLE GIRL OF THE SKY

ML MS 3354/3, Item 1, 2/3<sup>a</sup> [JSN], fair draft, with 1 x 2-line stanza (the first) and 3 x 4-line stanzas. Four-line stanzas have been adopted throughout.

Here in my world there are  
Too many men  
Rising so slowly and  
Falling too sharply again

You I discern at the even  
In the garden near by  
Looking out to the east and the southward  
Little girl of the sky

Little of earth is upon you  
I know not your share  
But your eyes have gone out all beyond me  
And the strange waters there

By the fall of your hair  
And the long boats near by  
Cloud-land is your land not my land  
Little girl of the sky

11] But your <<eyes>> have gone out all beyond [you] MS.

## LITTLE GIRL WITH BLACK HAIR

There are three discrete versions of this poem, all occurring in MSS dated c.1910.

## LITTLE GIRL WITH BLACK HAIR [1]

'1915'C, 8<sup>b</sup>-9<sup>a</sup> (A0320) [JSN], draft.

Oh little girl I seek you everywhere  
But in your place lives a woman rare  
Oh little girl with the black hair

As a sweet pansy hastening to its prime  
Tender as thoughts that only run in rhyme  
You were an angel in the greener time

4] As a sweet pansy in its | Hastening to/ [its early prime] [time] prime MS.  
6 were an angel] were [an] angel MS.

Still live the green the golden the silver air  
 But you have changed you are not anywhere  
 Oh little girl girl with the black hair

Your eyes had tenderness that angels know  
 Your sweetening glance did softest grace bestow  
 Oh little witch of Not so long Ago

There lives a queenly woman tall and fair  
 But my old love she is not anywhere  
 Oh little girl girl with the black hair

- 11 sweetening glance did] sweetening <<glance>> did MS.  
 13 There lives a] The[re] lives [a] MS.  
 14] But my old love [is] /She | [She] / is/ not anywhere MS.  
 15 girl girl] girl, girl MS.

#### LITTLE GIRL WITH BLACK HAIR [2]

ML MS A3038/1, 25<sup>a</sup> (B0130) [JSN] & '1910', 17<sup>b</sup> (A0239) [A], fair draft.

'Twas in a time when Love ran out and in  
 Making ludicrous all Life and sin  
 Blue were the ribbons tied about your chin

Girls there are many always up and down  
 Against the greenery of every town  
 And every little land where Life is brown

And there were miracles a scent so rare  
 And a bright music beating everywhere  
 Oh little girl with the Black Hair

Ay though the Patient Grower should declare  
 That love of you was sin still would I dare  
 To love you little girl with the Black Hair

- Title] [Oh] little girl with black hair MS.  
 1 and in] and in. MS.

## THE LITTLE GIRL WITH BLACK HAIR

ML MS A3038/1, 24<sup>a</sup> (B0129-30) [A], fair draft, with title [JSN].

Millions of singers sing of the white rose  
But there's a little flower that smiles and glows  
None more miraculous the good God sows

But there is never flower that I would dare  
With your delirious beauty to compare  
O little girl girl with the black hair

When on the earth the white moon puts its spell  
I have so much of tenderness to tell  
Will you not hear me in my parable

## LITTLE WHITE GIRL

'1909', 4<sup>b</sup> (A0203) [JSN], incomplete, entitled 'So pale and pretty'. ML MS A3038/1, 16<sup>a</sup> (B0114) & 27<sup>a</sup> (B0134) [JSN], fair draft, signed, entitled 'Oh little white girl'.  
GDC; HS 58; BLP 74; CP 52.

The GDC text indicates a fair copy (missing) which is a revision of the two MSS and GDC is therefore taken as the preferred text.  
'1909', 4<sup>b</sup> = A; 3038/1, 16<sup>a</sup> & 27<sup>a</sup> = B.

Fears are mine for a face so pretty  
Violets perish lilies are few  
There is an ache in my heart for you  
In all the tawdry treacherous city  
You are the one thing white and clean  
The only riches where all is mean  
Little white girl so pale and pretty

Fears are mine for a face so pretty  
I have been lover of lips and chins

- 1] Little white girl so pale and pretty A.  
Little white girl you are barely pretty B.
- 2] You are a riddle without a clue A.  
(Read me your parable through and through) B.
- 4] In all the tiresome and untamed city A.
- 5 white] sweet B.
- 7] Little white girl you are barely pretty B.
- 8] Little white girl so pale and pretty A.  
Little white girl you are almost pretty B.
- 9] I have seen eyes and experienced chin[s] A.

And a listener to violins  
 Crying for love and calling for pity  
 And it all comes back with your eyes and hair  
 But the darkness threatens you everywhere  
 Little white girl so pale and pretty

- 10] And cheeks that were as subtle as sins A.  
 11] Calling for kisses and crying for pity A.  
 12] But never a being so white so rare A.  
       Dreams drop out of your eyes and hair B.  
 13] [Line missing in A].  
 14] [Line missing in A].  
       Little white girl you are almost pretty B.

¶ 'Lives of millionaires remind us'

NLA MS 1145/60 [FN], under heading 'Parody'.

Lives of millionaires remind us  
 If we really wish to climb  
 Conscience should be left behind us  
 It might call the business crime

#### LONGFELLOW AT THE RACES

The Clarion 21 October 1909, p.9.

There is no meeting I have yet attended  
 But some horse ran dead there  
 There is no jock I ever saw suspended  
 But wore an injured air

#### LOVE A MICROBE

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], 14 stanzas, with corrections and comment 'Never been printed', this cancelled and a further note 'Printed in 'Sun' newspaper Sydney'. Another version appears in The fable and fantasy dialogues, by Frank Neilson, p.91.

Sun (Sydney) Sunday 4 December 1910, p.9, 11 stanzas.

JSN - AGS c.Autumn 1907, draft in '1906' at 38<sup>b</sup> (A0079) (is trying to fix up Love a microbe').

The typescript, MS 4937/10, Item 1, is the preferred text. The version in The fable and fantasy dialogues is ignored.

'An American scientist claims to have discovered the microbe of love.' (News item)

Love it is a microbe oh young men beware  
It liveth in the laughing eyes and in the floating hair  
And in the pretty parted lips that deadly thing is there

'Twill come at noon 'twill come at eve 'twill come at dawn  
of day  
In every inconceivable and inconvenient way  
The merry microbe moves the world and dances blithe and gay

In all a maiden's wraps and gowns in every tuck and frill  
Quite half a million strong he lurks he bides his time until  
He knows the hour he knows the man he works his deadly will

10 A champion strong man Samson was great-hearted brave and  
tall  
Delilah she made eyes at him but ah that was not all  
The microbes marched him to his death he fell beneath the  
wall

Young David smote Goliath sore the Bible tells us so  
And David was a first rate man with any stand up foe  
But the little microbe took him and made him mean and low

Just take the case of Solomon a man we all must praise  
But the microbes came in batches seven-hundred different ways  
They ruined him entirely and spoiled his latter days

20 Oh Sunday is the microbe's day the boldest boys will call  
The girls get on their pretty things ay ever since the Fall  
How daintily they dress themselves the microbe knows it all

They walk to church the microbe moves they hear the organ  
play  
Oh prettily they sing the psalms the microbe feels his way  
Oh the little microbe takes us yes even when we pray

The mirthful little microbe he moves in every dance  
In every dainty flying foot in every tender glance  
In lights and flowers and melody the microbe sees his chance

The girls are all good friends with him see little Tot and  
Sis  
Their dresses lengthen every year until no man may kiss  
30 Their pretty mouths the microbe knows he rarely makes a miss

Gloss] 'News item' is cancelled in the typescript and omitted in the Sun.

The Sun has 'Another American ...' instead of 'An American ...'

4-6] Omitted Sun.

7-33] = Sun 4-30.

He loves the dawn he loves the day he loves the bright  
 moonshine  
 When the tenderness is in our hearts and the red blood warm  
 as wine  
 In the soft sweet time of mystery he works his fell design

He knows our many weaknesses he knows the time of flowers  
 In the early most delightful time in the scented summer hours  
 He walks within the wilderness the gardens and the bowers

Of all his pranks by land and sea the half was never told  
 Ay stronger far than Life and Death or Hate or Greed of Gold  
 He hops his hornpipe in the heat he canters in the cold

40 Love it is a microbe oh young men beware  
 It liveth in the laughing eyes and in the floating hair  
 And in the pretty parted lips that deadly thing is there

34-39] Omitted in Sun.

40-42] = Sun 31-33.

#### LOVE THE PLAYER

ML MS A3038/1, 19<sup>b</sup> (B0121) [JSN], incomplete, 1 stanza and a part-stanza entitled  
 'Love the harper'. '1909', 15<sup>a</sup> (A0213) [JSN], incomplete, 2 lines; 16<sup>b</sup>-17<sup>a</sup> (A0215),  
 draft, 4 stanzas.

3038/1, 19<sup>b</sup> = A; '1909', 15<sup>a</sup> = B; '1909', 16<sup>b</sup>-17<sup>a</sup> = C.  
 The draft at '1909', 16<sup>b</sup>-17<sup>a</sup> (C) is taken as the reading text.

With his imperious harp he taught  
 Dull poets journeying for rhyme  
 The red lads in the dust of war  
 The white girls at the milking time

Gladly he spoke of a ripe rose  
 Of the shrill birds the royal sun  
 Offering the manna to the monk  
 Holding the honey to the nun

1 imperious] impeleous C. N frequently left 't' uncrossed and 'impetuous' may  
 have been intended. However, 'imperious' accords better in terms  
 of both sound, and sense.

1] [Emphatically] <<Oh lovingly>> he played for all A.

3 The red] The[r] red A.

4 girls at] girls [in] at C.

5] Madly he played of the green spring A.

6] Of [blue] the blue showers and royal sun A.

6 birds] birds - C.

7 the monk] the mouth A. MS A is cut at this point.



His work was in the saffron corn  
 And in the blowing air  
 On the peach bloom and the girl's gown  
 His pictures everywhere

Gladly he gave in green lanes  
 On the bare streets and boiling seas  
 Out of his yellow strings he took  
 All lovers of the centuries

12] MS C is annotated '[weaving] JD' in the margin and Devaney amended the line in UP to read 'His pictures [weaving] everywhere'.

The 2 lines at '1909', 15<sup>a</sup> which are probably part of the incomplete text A read:  
 Loudly he laughed with sailor-men  
 Making no coward on the sea

#### THE LOVER DIES

'1909', 8<sup>b</sup> (A0207) [JSN].

Over the hills they took him and black prayers  
 Fell as a frost on tenderlings a-near  
 Dances and devilment and sunlit airs  
 Were all so full of him till yesteryear

## LOVE'S COMING

'1910', 15<sup>a</sup>-15<sup>b</sup> (A0236-7) [JSN], unfinished, 3 stanzas & a line, entitled 'The coming'. ML MS A3038/1, 20<sup>a</sup> (B0122) [JSN], fair draft, entitled 'The coming'. NLA MS 1145/54 [FN], transcription, annotated.

Sun (Sydney), Sunday 14 May 1911, p.11; The Bookfellow October 1912 (in article by A.G. Stephens); GDC; HS 40 (an extra p.40 with printer's errors corrected has been inserted opposite the original page in the ML volume; BLP 84; CP 36.

JSN - JD 21 October 1934, NLA MS 1145/68 (this and 'Lament for a child' 'were about the first two [poems] that A.G. praised very highly').

The transcription by FN is annotated: 'This version of the lyric is from the first draft of the poem. Note in the line '4th stanza' the word warm sin: A.G. Stephens maintained the word 'warm' was correct in diction sound & sequence. He finally altered it to wild sin as my brother wished him to do so. F.N.' The differences between the transcription and the Sun text suggest that Frank copied from a later draft, not the first draft as he says.

N's drafts occur in notebooks that have been dated 1910-1911 (both in use at the same time) and the alterations in the first published text may be taken as part of the original process of composition. The Sun is therefore taken as the preferred text.

'1910', 15<sup>a</sup>-15<sup>b</sup> = A; 3038/1, 20<sup>a</sup> = B; NLA 1145/54 = C.

Quietly as rosebuds  
Talk to the thin air  
Love came so lightly  
I knew not he was there

Quietly as lovers  
Creep at the middle moon  
Softly as players tremble  
In the tears of a tune

Quietly as lilies  
Their faint vows declare  
Came the shy pilgrim  
I knew not he was there

1-4] ≠ B & C 1-4; ≠ A 5-8.

1] Quietly as the rosebuds A; B.

3] So halted love at my heart A; So love came as lightly B.

4] And found an opening there A; Quietly as creeping lovers B.

6 Creep] Watch A; B.

7 players] masters C.

8 In the tears of] On the tears of B; O'er the keys in C.

9-12] ≠ B & C 9-12; ≠ A 13-[16].

9 as lilies] as waterlilies A; B.

11 Came] So came B.

Quietly as tears fall  
 On a warm sin  
 Softly as griefs call  
 In a violin

With no hail or tempest  
 Blue sword or flame  
 Love came so lightly  
 I knew not that he came

13-16] ≠ B & C 13-16.

13 fall] travel B.

14] Over a warm sin B; On a wild sin HS; BLP; CP.

15 call] praying B.

16 a violin] a pure violin B.

17-20] ≠ B & C 17-20.

17 With no hail] Without hail C; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

18 Blue] No blue B.

19] So lightly love came up B.

## THE LOVING TREE

'1915'B, 1<sup>a</sup>-4<sup>a</sup> (A0357-60) [?], fair draft, 14 stanzas, entitled 'The sour tree'.  
 NLA MS 1145/60, 71-73 [JSN], poem outline, 12 stanzas, numbered, entitled 'The sour tree'; 79 [JSN], poem outline, 3 stanzas numbered 1-3, entitled 'The sour tree';  
 81-84 [A/JSN], unfinished, 10 stanzas numbered 4-13, entitled 'The loving tree'.  
The Bookfellow 15 April 1915; HS 64; BLP 48; CP 58.

JSN - RHC 25 February 1934 (a correction to proofs CP). JSN - JD 21 October 1934,  
 NLA MS 1145/68 ('I think 'The loving tree' was sent back for alterations and I think  
 I was a few weeks altering it').

The outline at 1145/60, 71-73 corresponds to '1915'B, 1<sup>a</sup>-4<sup>a</sup> up to and including  
 stanza 8, and thereafter to none of the extant texts. The outline at 1145/60, 79  
 is numbered for stanzas 1-3 and relates to the draft at 1145/60, 81-84 which  
 commences at stanza 4, the intervening p.80 being blank. The chronology is  
 uncertain. However, the draft in NLA 1145/60 resembles The Bookfellow text more  
 closely than that in '1915'B and the change of title there suggests that this is  
 the second of the two drafts. N's comments to Devaney, in conjunction with The  
Bookfellow text, suggest that the poem was brought to completion over some months.

The Bookfellow is therefore taken as the preferred text.

Three women walked upon a road  
 And the first said airily  
 Of all the trees in all the world  
 Which is the loving tree

The second said My eyes have seen  
 No tree that is not fair  
 But the Orange tree is the sweetest tree  
 The loving blood is there

And the third said In the green time  
 10 I knew a loving tree  
 That gave a drink of the blood-red milk  
 It was the Mulberry

Then the first one said Of all the trees  
 No sweetest can I name  
 Ask her who yonder slowly comes  
 That woman lean and lame

Grief like a hideous suckling hung  
 Along her hollow breast  
 Pain was upon her as she walked  
 20 And as she stooped to rest

1-4] ≠ A 1-4; B 0.

1] Three women, there were upon a road A.

2 airily] merrily A.

4 loving] tenderest A.

5-8] ≠ A 5-8; B 0.

5] The second said of all the trees A.

6] The one most sweet and fair A.

7] Is the orange tree the loving tree A.

8] For the sweet blood is there A.

9-12] ≠ A 9-12; B 0.

9] The third said the tree I love A.

10] Is the tender'st tree to me A.

11] And holy as heaven's light A.

12] It is the almond tree A.

13-16] ≠ A 13-16; ≠ B 13-16.

13 Then the first one] The first A; The third B.

15] But see along the road there comes A & B.

16] A woman grey and lame A.

A woman old and lame B.

17-20] ≠ A 17-20; ≠ B 17-20.

17] The grief was written in her hair A.

The grief was written on her head B.

18] And in her hollow breast A.

And down her hollow breast B.

19] And painfully she ever walked A.

Pain was upon her in her walk B.

20] And ever stopped to rest A.

Why will you question so she said  
Is it to mock at me  
For how should I who walk in Hell  
Know of a loving tree

My eyes are not as woman's eyes  
They hope not east or west  
Dull Famine my bed-mate is  
And Loneliness my guest

'Tis not the most delicious flower  
30 That leaves the scent of Spring  
Nor is it yet the brightest bird  
That loads his heart to sing

A tree may dance in the white weather  
Or dream in a blue gown  
A tree may sing as a sweetheart  
To bid the stars come down

Some trees are slim and lovable  
And some are sleek and strong  
But the tree that has the cripple's heart  
40 Will know the cripple's song

The sweetest death is the red death  
That comes up nakedly

- 21-24]  $\neq$  A 21-24;  $\neq$  B 21-24.  
21] They asked [her] and she slowly said A.  
They asked her and she slowly said B.  
22] Why ask this thing of me A & B.  
23] Why ask of one who walks in hell A.  
Why should I I who walk[ed] in hell B.  
24] To name the loving tree A.  
25-28] A new stanza.  
29-32]  $\neq$  A & B 25-28.  
29] 'Tis not the sweetest flowers that bloom A & B 25.  
30] That hold the taste of Spring A & B 26.  
31] And it is not all the brightest birds A & B 27.  
31 Nor is it yet] Nor yet it is BLP.  
32] That have the heart to sing A & B 28.  
33-36] A 0;  $\neq$  B 33-36.  
33 may dance] may live B.  
34 Or dream] And dance B.  
35] A tree may talk as a full sweetheart B.  
36 To bid] Till all B.  
37-40] A 0;  $\neq$  B 37-40.  
38 sleek] tall B.  
39] But the tree that [has the] crippled heart B.  
40 Will know] Has heard B.  
41-44] A & B 0.

And the tree that has the foiled heart  
It is the loving tree

While ever lip shall seek for lip  
While ever light shall fall  
The tree that has the ruined heart  
Is the tenderest of all

Oh ye may have your men to kiss  
50 And children warm to hold  
But the heart that had the hottest love  
Was never yet consoled

The women three walked on their way  
Their shamed eyes could see  
How well the tree with the foiled heart  
Is still the loving tree

- 45-48] ≠ A 37-40; ≠ B 41-44.  
45 shall seek] will seek A 37; B 441.  
46 shall fall] may fall A 38; B 42.  
47 ruined] crippled A 39.  
48] Is the tenderest tree of all A 40.  
49-52] ≠ A 49-52; ≠ B 45-48.  
49] Oh ye may kiss your sweethearts brave A.  
Oh ye may have your own sweethearts B 45.  
50] And hold your children fair A.  
And ye have children fair B 46.  
51] But the sour tree has the sweet heart A.  
A tree I know a barren tree B 47.  
52] It has no hope or prayer A.  
And the hottest love is there B 48.  
53-56] ≠ A 53-56; ≠ B 49-52.  
53] The women three were in a mist A.  
The women three they spoke no more B 49.  
55 foiled] ruined A.  
56 Is still] Was still A; B 52.

#### Discarded stanzas

##### A, stanza 8, lines 29-32:

It is the starved and sour tree  
Where hope can never call  
Where sunlight brings not any bud  
'Tis the tenderest tree of all

##### A, stanza 9, lines 33-36:

For in the dark the withering sap  
Cries like a thing accursed  
But through the shameful stricken bark  
No sullen tear can burst

A stanza 11, lines 41-44:

Some trees there are with cooing birds  
That take the kiss of day  
But the tree that has the stricken heart  
Has hotter love than they

A stanza 12, lines 45-48:

Some trees are gowned with a great bloom  
And wavering tunes are played  
While the tree that has the ruined heart  
Is sobbing in the shade

B stanza 8, lines 29-32:

A tree I know a sour tree  
No hope can ever call  
Nor sunlight [fall] upon that tree  
And it has love for all

one soon free

While  
therever

lap  
fall  
heart  
all

The  
Is  
Some  
that  
But-  
Is

2

birds  
day  
heart  
they

Some  
there  
But-  
Is

3

play  
play  
heart  
straddle



## THE LUCKLESS BARD TO THE FLYING BLOSSOM

NLA MS 1145/60, 29-32 [A], draft, 4 stanzas, stanza 3 cancelled and renumbered 3, with alterations [JSN].

The Bookfellow 15 July 1915, p.166; HS 75; BLP 77; CP 67.

JSN - AGS 26 July 1931 (one of 14 pieces N wants to drop from a proposed collection).

The revised draft is the preferred text.

- You and I and our kind  
 Had glees together  
 Now in our turn shall we find  
 Foul friends and weather  
 You had the love of the sky  
 All the world's honey  
 You are a pauper and I  
 I have no money
- 10 Back in the days that we knew  
 Oh idle fellow  
 You had the heart for the blue  
 The mouth for the yellow  
 You who have scented the sky  
 Sat around honey  
 You are a pauper and I  
 I have no money
- 20 In the dim place where we go  
 No sweet rebelling  
 Burns for the eyes never glow  
 Down in our dwelling  
 I had the taste of the wine  
 You of the honey  
 Little white kinsman of mine  
 I have no money

12 The mouth] <<The>> Mouth [JSN] MS.

21 the taste] the [thirst] <<taste>> [JSN] MS.

22] [Hunger for] <<You of the>> honey [JSN] MS.

Cancelled stanza 3:

[Soon is our province the grave  
 Where many follow  
 What of the laughter you gave  
 Hollow all hollow  
 You had no seaworthy boat  
 No voyage sunny  
 Sailor I tell you afloat  
 I have no money]

## MAGGIE TULLIVER

'1907' 17<sup>b</sup>-18<sup>a</sup> (A0107) [A], 2 stanzas numbered 4 & 2 (misnumbered), revisions.  
 NLA MS 1145/60, 92 [JSN], 1 stanza, revision.

Sun (Sydney) Sunday 28 August 1911, HI, not located; GDC; HS 27; BLP 72;  
CP 27.

Receipt dated 28 July, NLA MS 1145/11.

JSN - AGS draft in '1906', 36<sup>a</sup>-36<sup>b</sup> (A0079) (concerning alterations); draft  
 in '1907', 19<sup>b</sup> (A0109) dated 31 July 1907 (concerning alterations); 2 January  
 1924 ('Maggie is always very real to me').

The poem was sent to Stephens mid-1906. In mid-1907 N had second thoughts about it and considered dropping the 5th stanza ('1906', 36<sup>a</sup>-36<sup>b</sup>, '1907', 19<sup>b</sup>) and altering the 4th and 6th stanzas ('1907', 17<sup>b</sup>-18<sup>a</sup>). The Sun text cannot be located and these revisions do not occur in GDC or any of the published texts. The final stanza in GDC (stanza 6) has what looks like a suggestion with a question mark preceding it in the margin in Stephens's hand, in this instance indecipherable, and N has encircled the stanza and marked it with large crosses to indicate the need for revision. The stanza in the NLA notebook (1145/60, 92, c.1913) is a revision for GDC.

On this basis and in the absence of an earlier published text GDC is the preferred text.

I see the old-time mill the old-time miller  
 The peaceful river in a pleasant land  
 And you the dark-eyed dear rebellious Maggie  
 They could not understand

Love in the bud hedgerows and English meadows  
 The sunlight's flickering shadows gathering fast  
 And your big tears because the world has gripped you  
 The golden gates are passed

10 Dreamer of dreams from the beginning  
 Eager to love eager to spoil and spend  
 Into your life God put a crooked lover  
 And pity love's old friend

Anon I see a tall man proudly fashioned  
 A full sweet woman lovable and fair  
 What of the path sweet flowers and sharp-edged perils  
 And bleeding hearts are there

20 The world has branded you a false foul sinner  
 It is not merciful and you were rash  
 Up at the whipping-post your white flesh trembled  
 You felt the cruel lash

In the last anguish does the Unseen Pity  
 See the long wrestlings of this flesh and blood  
 But Death was kind to you dear dark-eyed Maggie  
 You walked into the flood

24 You walked] Who walked HS; BLP; CP.

Discarded stanzas

'1907', 17<sup>b</sup>-18<sup>a</sup>, stanzas numbered 4 & 2 [6]:

Still on I see a tall man proudly fashioned  
 A full sweet woman lovable and fair  
 What of the path — it winds through many shadows  
 The bleeding hearts are there

I see no old-time mill no peaceful river  
 But a wild flood that surges all around  
 And for a flash — one moment dark-eyed Maggie  
 Dear Maggie that was drowned

NLA MS 1145/60, 92:

Too sorrowful to live too [sweet] <<young>> to wither  
 Too sweet to be the sport of knave or clown  
 I see [you] I see I bless the swollen river  
 The flood that took you down

#### THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

'1915'E, 19<sup>a</sup> & 19<sup>b</sup> (A0306 & A0307) [JSN], fair draft.

How leisurely he walks how proud how glad  
 Like to an Emperor to his palaces striding  
 Over his axe and on his well-worn clothes  
 The resin of the slaughtered pine tree shows

Gravely he thinks of her whose lonesome day  
 For all his tenderness he cannot alter  
 Will she go softer and take snaps of rest  
 Alas the children and he knows the rest  
 Even his fatherhood doth make him falter

4 slaughtered] slaughtere[d] MS.

9 Even his] [And all] <<Even>> his MS.

## THE MAN ON THE BARGE

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'This was sent to Bulletin but came back'.

His forehead was wrinkled and rugged  
 His beard was a sober iron-grey  
 His nose it was roman a rough one  
 His eyes had a strange kind of way  
 He never got drunk on the river  
 A mountain of wool was his charge  
 A captain was he in his own way  
 That old pal of mine on the barge

10 So slowly he smoked when at rest  
 So wisely he looked at the sky  
 He growled when the weather was wet  
 And he cursed when the weather was dry  
 Rheumatics had riled him all through him  
 They seemed to be running at large  
 But to me well he couldn't be kinder  
 That old pal of mine on the barge

He made up the age of the world  
 He argued and reasoned it out  
 And once on a very dry summer  
 20 He showed me the causes of drought  
 'Twas the killing of blacks in old times  
 And then came the ringing of trees  
 And hunting the emus and kangaroos back  
 No sins were as solemn as these  
 In the eyes of that hero of mine  
 His heart was exceedingly large  
 And kind as the heart of a woman is kind  
 Was his my old pal on the barge

He told me of wrecks river wrecks  
 30 And seventy year of the flood  
 The love of the river was in him  
 And so it ran into my blood  
 His speech was of barges and wool  
 Of men who got drunk and were drowned  
 How many the river sucked under  
 And some of them never were found  
 His voice would grow solemn and husky  
 And me he would solemnly charge  
 Delightful old fresh-water sailor  
 40 Dear old pal of mine on the barge

He murmured about the wide sea  
 And the ways of the mighty big ships  
 Larboard and starboard and fore'ad and shore'ad  
 And many oaths came to his lips

Look nipper you're bound to be going  
 You soon will be running at large  
 You'll want all the pluck of a devil  
 Said he my old pal on the barge

50 How often I think of him here  
 Out here in the heart of the land  
 Where life is so grey altogether  
 All granite grey granite and sand  
 When I read that the river is up  
 Or I hear that the river is down  
 I think of the girls and the boys  
 I dream of the dear little town  
 And the boat going out in the night  
 The Captain and all in his charge  
 The mountain of wool and behind them  
 60 That old pal of mine on the barge

Say young fellow where were you born  
 How often that comes to my ears  
 And shadows come up like a flash  
 And laughter so very like tears  
 And I say in my steadiest voice  
 Eyes up and chin up full of pride  
 On a little town down on the river  
 And that's where the river is wide

#### THE MAN WHO PRAYED

'1906', 16<sup>a</sup>-17<sup>a</sup> (A0054-6) [JSN], draft, 8 stanzas with stanza 5 cancelled and a replacement stanza written immediately following.

'Twas in the time when oranges  
 Surrender all their green for gold  
 'Twas in the time when lemon trees  
 Are bitten by the bitter cold

'Twas in the time when butterflies  
 Seek in the wetted earth a home  
 And the bewildered honey bees  
 Sleep in the heavy honey comb

10 'Twas in the time when buttercups  
 Move shyly to the face of day  
 And silver hatted mushrooms rise  
 Like little people in a play

5 in the time] in [the] time MS.

8 comb] comb. MS.

'Twas in this time my love fell ill  
 Because of the evil winds that blew  
 Her sister and her father prayed  
 And I I fell a-praying too

I looked straight up into the sky  
 I shut no eye I bent no knee  
 With all my being long I cried  
 20 To God to give my love to me

Oh many a night good neighbours came  
 And many a cheery tale they told  
 Of the bright world and market days  
 And all that people bought and sold

One night my dear love spoke my name  
 I said what is it aileth thee  
 She whispered all the air is dark  
 It was the last she said to me

16] And I —I fell a-praying too MS.  
 28 It was] [And then s] It was MS.

Cancelled stanza 5 reads:

[Not as the holy did I pray  
 With their closed eyes <<cannot>> they  
 [With their closed eyes they cannot see]  
 But in a rage to God I prayed  
 To leave my little love with me]

#### THE MANURE AGENT

'1907', 16<sup>b</sup> (A0106) [JSN].

The Clarion July 1908, under heading 'Some desperate attempts at the manner of Arthur Adams'.

Calm consequential cool cocksure  
 Order he cries the best manure  
 Glibly he speaks of other brands  
 <Cloggy> disheartening false impure

4] This line has been omitted in The Clarion: a mechanical error.

## MARE'S NEST

'1907', 48<sup>a</sup> (A0137) [JSN], 1 stanza under title 'Humbug'; 48<sup>b</sup>-50<sup>a</sup> (A0138-9) [JSN], draft, 8 stanzas, untitled at 48<sup>a</sup> and 49<sup>a</sup>, entitled 'Mare's nest' at 49<sup>b</sup> and untitled at 50<sup>a</sup>.

There are 5 stanzas numbered 1-5 at 48<sup>b</sup> and 49<sup>a</sup>. Two stanzas and a part-stanza follow at 49<sup>b</sup>, these stanzas numbered 7, 1 and 2, with the stanza numbered 2 renumbered 6 and completed at 50<sup>a</sup>. Two stanzas numbered 8 occur at 50<sup>a</sup>, with the first of these cancelled. The order of the stanzas here is therefore conjectural.

In everything I find new zest  
I openly declare  
Each time I find a fresh mare's nest  
What wondrous things are there

And if perchance no nest I find  
To all the Curious Crew  
I give the monster of my mind  
And bid them dance and do

10 Some shrewd remarks dull aeons old  
I give with ponderous weight  
Then over half the world is told  
The statements that I state

Morals and all-round Righteousness  
I preach and shrilly shriek  
Brimming with oceanfuls of Fuss  
I do my best to speak

20 Since ever Woman winked at Man  
In ages near or far  
Nothing they hear more pleases than  
How bad they really are

Marie Corelli I endorse  
Hurrah for Great Hall Caine  
I am not either ass or horse  
I hasten to explain

14] I preach <in> shrill shriek MS. The formation of the final 'l' in 'shrill' suggests that a 'y' was intended, in which case what appears to be 'in' must be intended as 'and'.

21 Marie Corelli] (1855-1924). An English novelist whose books were very popular.

22 Hall Caine] (1853-1931). An English novelist, well known for a series of romantic, religious and melodramatic novels.

23-24] [Like a[n] old knight

I mount my hor]

I am not either ass or horse

I hasten to explain MS.

When everything is plain as day  
 And nothing really wrong  
 I am discovered by the way  
 And towards me all men throng

30 Lawyers loquacious I trick  
 Blindly they bow the knee  
 Doctors dull muddling with the sick  
 They all kow-tow to me

#### Discarded stanzas

A stanza at 48<sup>a</sup> may have been intended as a revision of lines 21-24:

Marie Corelli I endorse  
 Sir Kewis I love hall Caine  
 What all men see I shriek and force  
 Their eyes to see again

The cancelled stanza at 50<sup>a</sup> reads:

[I work the Platform and the Press  
 The Editorial Chair  
 I am always with you more or less  
 In fact I'm everywhere]



## MAY

ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 18<sup>a</sup>-18<sup>b</sup> [JSN], fair draft.

The Bookfellow 1 June 1912, p.156; GDC; HS 26; BLP 16; CP 26.

The Bookfellow text has a different second stanza and because it is unlikely that Stephens would have altered the text to this extent, The Bookfellow is taken as the preferred text.

Shyly the silver-hatted mushrooms make  
Soft entrance through  
And undelivered lovers half awake  
Hear noises in the dew

Yellow in all the earth and in the skies  
The world would seem  
Faint as a widow mourning with soft eyes  
And falling into dream

Up the long hill I see the slow plough leave  
Furrows of brown  
Dim is the day and beautiful I grieve  
To see the sun go down

But there are suns a many for mine eyes  
Day after day  
Delightsome in grave greenery they rise  
Red oranges in May

13 are suns a many] are [sins] suns a many MS.

15] In the grave greenery [I] red ripe they rise MS.

Discarded stanza 2, MS:

Full well I know the unwearied bees have filled  
Their walls with gold  
By the dull evens are the young lambs chilled  
For the clear nights are cold

## ME

ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 26<sup>a</sup> [A], fair draft.

With the best uni-cells I could buy  
With the molecules at my command  
I made a magnificent try  
I scraped and I scratched and I planned  
The notion that man has evolved  
Should be put away back on the shelf  
Quite early in life I resolved

That I would leave nothing unsolved  
I'm the bloke that created Myself

I was tired of the jelly-fish state  
I arose from the slush and the slime  
I soon had a shindy with Fate  
I biffed that old fellow called Time  
I fashioned my soul with a thump  
A howling success as you see  
The notion that I am a Chump  
Should be rooted right out by the stump  
I'm the Bloke I created I'm Me

15 A howling] [It] A howling MS.

#### MEDICAL NOTES

'1907', 15<sup>a</sup> (A0104) [JSN], fair draft.

Constant Subscriber says he feels  
A wondrous fullness after meals  
We in our wisdom have been asked  
What state of health this thing reveals

We wish such fullness was our own  
We answer with an envious moan  
At the gay restaurant where we dine  
A case like this is quite unknown

#### THE MEETING OF SIGHS

The Clarion 1 July 1909, p.26; GDC; HS 38; BLP 70; CP 34. (HS, BLP & CP have the title as 'Meeting of sighs'.)

The Clarion is the preferred text.

Your voice was the rugged  
Old voice that I knew  
I gave the best grip of  
My greeting to you  
I knew not of your lips  
You knew not of mine  
Of travel and travail  
We gave not a sign

We drank and we chorused  
With quips in our eyes

But under our song was  
 The meeting of sighs  
 I knew not of your lips  
 You knew not of mine  
 But lean years and lone years  
 Had watered the wine

### MELBOURNE IN THE GLOOM

'1915'E, 1<sup>b</sup>-2<sup>b</sup> (A0287-8) [A], draft, 6 stanzas; 16<sup>a</sup>-17<sup>a</sup> (A0303-4) [JSN], fair draft, 4 stanzas, entitled 'To an almost converted city'. ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 7<sup>b</sup>-8<sup>a</sup> [A] 5 stanzas, fair draft; 19<sup>a</sup> [?], 3 stanzas numbered 4-6; 25<sup>b</sup> [JSN], gloss and line 1 only under title 'Melbourne on Sunday'.

The note-book and part-notebook were both in use at the same time and the chronology is therefore uncertain. The three stanzas at 3354/2-5, 19<sup>a</sup> are intended as revision, probably for 3354/2-5, 7<sup>a</sup>-8<sup>a</sup> which lacks the final stanza which occurs at 19<sup>a</sup> and in the other drafts.

The longer of the two fair drafts, 3354/2, Item 5, 7<sup>b</sup>-8<sup>a</sup>, is taken as the preferred text and stanza 6 from 3356/2-5, 19<sup>a</sup> is incorporated in the text.

'1915'E, 1<sup>a</sup>-2<sup>b</sup> = A; '1915'E, 16<sup>a</sup>-17<sup>a</sup> = B; 3354/2-5, 7<sup>b</sup>-8<sup>a</sup> = C;  
 3354/2-5, 19<sup>a</sup> = D.

Suggested by reading Miss Jessie McKay's 'Dunedin in the Gloaming'

Holy Melbourne I have heard a most disquieting rumour  
 That thou once did'st dance a jig and showed signs of humour  
 Is this so or do I merely make a ghastly bloomer

Holy Tom Bent hatches quickly some more acts new fangled  
 Save us from the roaring lion Satan ere we're mangled  
 Winking barmaids for the public safety should be strangled

Should there not be special prayers for punters picking winners  
 Should not Rescue Homes be started for outrageous sinners  
 Who on Sabbath days persist in eating smoking dinners

Why not start in early life each vile habit nipping  
 Do not boys who play the wag from Sabbath school need whipping  
 Should not little girls wear longer dresses when they're  
 skipping

1-3] = A; omitted B.

4-6] = A; omitted B.

3 Is this so] Is this true <<so>> A.

8] [Do n] should not Rescue Home[s] [were] be started for outrageous sinners A.

9 in eating] in [having] eating A.

10-12] = A; = B 4-6; = D.

Proudly gladly Judkins smiles in his ti-tree hallow  
 Like a farmer drilling superphosphate on his fallow  
 Like a butcher charging tenpence halfpenny for his tallow

Be more bilious Melbourne be a he-goat on the tether  
 On the Lord's days let no lads and lassies walk together  
 God save Edward may his foes fall into Fiery Weather

13-15] ≠ A; omitted B; ≠ C.

15] Like a butcher charging 10d for his tallow

Like a butcher getting more than market for tallow A.

Like a butcher charging 10½ for his tallow C.

Like a butcher getting more [line unfinished] D.

16-18] ≠ A; ≠ B 10-12; omitted C.

17] On the Lord's day let no lads and lasses walk together A; B 11.

Discarded stanza

B, stanza 3, lines 7-9:

Satan sly old serpent ever some new trick will try on

Please take notice also he's a raging lion

Such a character I think all cops should keep an eye on

MS 3354/2-5, 27<sup>b</sup> reads:

'A Pitiful attempt at the Manner of Jessie McKay'

Oh the mighty Melbourne town like a blanken sodden

#### THE MELODY OF BEAUTY

ML MS3354/2, Item 5, 22<sup>a</sup>-22<sup>b</sup> [JSN], fair draft.

A scowling priest can make a million moan  
 Fouling the very heavens with his lies  
 But on some quiet day tearful alone  
 A warm white girl will listen with glad eyes  
 The Melody of Beauty never dies

A tyrant king can lay a country bare  
 Women shall suffer and the children groan  
 But some faint youth with forehead wide and fair  
 Shall see not for himself alone  
 The pity in the paint the prayer in stone

Harsh noises shall be in cities' ways  
 Disheartening gloom shall be upon the sea

9 Shall see] Shall [rest not] see MS.

12 Disheartening] Dishearten[ing] MS.

Whispers shall break through sodden days  
 And feet will dance and hearts again be free  
 God hath not ceased nor yet the Melody

#### MISUNDERSTOOD

'1908', 4<sup>b</sup> (A0158) [A], with a correction [JSN].

They asked the new bowler named Patrick  
 To try and accomplish the hat trick  
 Arrah now he said  
 Put a hat on your head  
 I'm ready if you are for that trick

1 bowler] [boulder] <<bowler>> [JSN] MS.

#### MODERATION IN ALL THINGS

'1906', 31<sup>b</sup> (A0070) [A], under heading 'Lake Charm'; '1907', 1<sup>b</sup> (A0091) [A], untitled, under heading 'Lake Charm'. '1912', 5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> (A0254) [JSN], entitled 'Strategy at Lake Tchum'.

'1906', 31<sup>b</sup> is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.  
 Lake Tchun is spelt variously 'Charm', 'Tchum' and 'Thum'.

A thrifty young man at Lake Tchun  
 Had his Ma-in-law out at his farm  
 When she asked what she'd eat  
 He said there's boiled wheat  
 But don't eat too much of it Ma'am

#### THE MOON IS FULL

'1910', 14<sup>b</sup> (A0236) [A] & 17<sup>a</sup> (A0238) [JSN], draft, with cancelled lines and a replacement line at 14<sup>a</sup> and a replacement stanza 2 at 17<sup>a</sup>.

Let us forget all civil things afloat  
 All the embittered hills we learn to climb  
 Let every ghost who has a kindly throat  
 Hop for us hornpipes through the silver time

Let us put happy thoughts away  
 Let us be sorrowful with chastened eyes  
 That love may beat upon us as a spray  
 To make more delicate our Paradise

Full is the moon and slothfully does climb  
 White flowers are choruses the red and white  
 Outsing the yellow all the wistful time  
 Is it not good to live this holy night

5 thoughts away] thoughts away away MS.

7 upon us as a spray] upon us [as] a spray MS.

7] [That happily some homely love may stray] MS. The replacement line [JSN] follows stanza 3.

8 more delicate] more [happily] <<delicate>> [JSN] MS.

12 night] night. MS.

Discarded stanza 3 reads:

[The moon is full it is a scented time]  
 When God does playfully paint all things white  
 Out [of the shadows silly ghosts] with climb  
 Is [it not good to live this holy] night

#### THE MOON WILL HAVE A SHARE

NLA MS 1145/60, 69 & 70 [FN]. The second stanza continues on a new page as if a new piece under the title 'A woman wise and fair'.

Oh ye will toil in a fierce fight and smile in sun and rain  
 And ye will say as a brave man the earth is good again  
 But ye will dream in a long dream of a woman's silken hair  
 But of all ye try till the day ye die the moon will have  
     a share

For a woman's eyes can seldom keep to one beloved thing  
 Her waist it is a lissom tree that doth disaster bring  
 Oh ye may go as a poor pilgrim and all your heart be bare  
 But pray no God to ask you find a woman wise and fair

6 waist it is a lissom] waist is a a lissom MS.

## THE MOTHER INTERVENES

'1906', 27<sup>a</sup> (A0066) [A].

Said a man to his wife up at Murchison  
 See this nice springy cane I've been purchasing  
 It will tan his young hide  
 You monster she cried  
 You unnatural old wretch you would hurt your son

## THE MUMMY

'1915'E, 3<sup>b</sup> (A0289) [A], fair draft.

The Clarion 15 September 1908, p.21 (not sighted); GDC untitled (listed in Contents as 'Triolet'); HS 39; BLP 107; CP 35. (HS, BLP & CP have the title as 'Old violin'.)

ML MS C99 Heart of Spring Special edition of 25 copies, No.13 has this inscribed on the fly leaf [JSN] and dated '26/9/19'.

JSN - AGS 30 November 1919 (following publication HS: 'I notice that Edward <Gear> likes 'Old violin' ... Years ago when you were in NZ I sent Old Violin in exactly its present form to Bulletin. It came back Declined with Thanks. I tried Australasian — same result. Then I sent [it] to Bedford he put it in').

The fair draft is the preferred text.

Speak not to me old violin  
 Mock not this heart of mine  
 Thou mummy with the glistening skin  
 Speak not to me old violin  
 For the dead men have shadows thin  
 And all their sobs are thine  
 Speak not to me old violin  
 Mock not this heart of mine

8 heart of mine] heart of thine <<mine>> MS.

## MY COW IN SWITZERLAND

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'This has never been printed'.

Much have I read of milking time  
 And milkmaids in the morn  
 And geese and all those farmyard things  
 And cows and calves and corn  
 But this I say there never was  
 Whatever breed or brand  
 A downright decent cow like mine  
 My cow in Switzerland

10 She never kicks a milking stool  
 Nor tramps a milking pail  
 She never shakes a leg rope off  
 Nor flops me with her tail  
 Her teats I never find them sore  
 So nicely have I planned  
 I milk her with the greatest ease  
 My cow in Switzerland

20 I feed her on the big blue hills  
 Twelve thousand miles away  
 I know no need to fuss about  
 With ensilage or hay  
 She never takes a cough or chill  
 She always seems to stand  
 All sorts of weather my old cow  
 Up there in Switzerland



## MY LADY CHIDES

'1906', 15<sup>a</sup>-15<sup>b</sup> (A0053-4) [A], fair draft. '1907', 31<sup>b</sup>-32<sup>a</sup> (A0121) [JSN], fair draft (with a new second stanza).

'1906' = A; '1907' = B.

'1907' (B) is the preferred text.

It was the dawn when sweetest sounds are heard  
 She chided me beneath a cherry tree  
 Laggard she cried now each impetuous bird  
 Mocketh the morning with untiring glee  
 And thou art late to crave a kiss from me  
 My dear love troubled me with two bright eyes  
 I was but mad where no man would be wise

Not far away a little river ran  
 And to it sloped full many trees a row  
 The brightest flowers that ever bloomed for man  
 And shrubberies where summer winds sang low  
 Colours and scents and loves of long ago  
 Did trouble me but my love's dancing eyes  
 Did make me mad where no man could be wise

3 impetuous] impetuous A; impetuous B.

4 Mocketh the] Mocketh [in] the B.

4-7] Holdeth the heavens with his gurgling glee

And doth thou dare to crave a kiss from me

I am so mad my love is so all-wise

My sweet love hath the morning in her eyes A.

7 wise] wise. B.

14 wise] wise. B.

Discarded stanza 2, version A:

O Woman would'st thou chide and thou hast been  
 Close to us with us when all hope had fled  
 Hiding thy tears to crown thyself a queen  
 Wasting much love and lifting up the dead  
 With thy face radiant lips of wilful red  
 Mocking the saints and making mad men wise  
 Look we for Morning ever in thine eyes

## MY LOVE IS LIKE A VIOLIN

'1910', 1<sup>a</sup>-2<sup>b</sup> (A0223-5) [JSN], draft, 8 stanzas, with only some numbered and with cancelled lines and stanzas; 12<sup>b</sup> (A0233) [JSN], revisions.

The first stanza has 7 lines as against all the rest which have 6 and a line has been discarded here to give a better reading. The order of the whole is necessarily conjectural.

My love is like a Violin  
In the full dark she feels and tells  
Of a deep rest and quiet bells  
Of green joy running out and in  
Of sweet Love in the honey cells  
My love is like a Violin

My love is like a Violin  
On a blue day in the bleak June  
When all the water birds commune  
10 And dreamily wade out and in  
When the mild sun is like a moon  
My love is like a Violin

My love is like a Violin  
So airily she walks the blue  
I know not where I'm wandering to  
Nor the strange heaven I am in  
I am in love with sleep and dew  
My love is like a Violin

My love is like a Violin  
20 Ere ever the red earth was formed  
Or a pale soul with love was stormed  
Ere ever the round earth could spin  
With her bright blood my heart was warmed  
My love is like a Violin

3 quiet bells] quiet bells /Parable MS.

3] Old tenderece a parables [sic]

[Of tenderness and parables] MS 12<sup>b</sup>, under numeral 1.

4] = MS 12<sup>b</sup>, under numeral 1.

[That wayfarers. one time may wear] MS.

4] A line following 4 (omitted here) reads:

Of all that runs <<run>> [in] as Life and Sin MS.

6 Violin] Violin. MS.

8 in the bleak] in <<the>> bleak MS.

10 and in] and in. MS.

16-17] = MS 12<sup>b</sup>, under numeral 2.

16] [When shall my [falling] halting] days begin MS.

17] [I am afraid of sleep] and dew MS.

18 Violin] Violin. MS.

My love is like a Violin  
 Pleadings of thunder prayers of rain  
 Music of moonbeams all in vain  
 Do I compare to her sweet din  
 Gone is an older prayer or pain  
 My love is like a Violin

Discarded stanzas

Four lines at 12<sup>b</sup> may have been intended to replace lines 26-29:

Storm of the thunder rush of rain  
 Music of moonbeam all in vain  
 Do I compare to her sweet thi<n>  
 Unconquerable blaze of pain

Cancelled stanza numbered 1 at 1<sup>a</sup>:

[My love is like a Violin  
 Her voice <<is>> like an opening flower  
 On a green on a green hour  
 When water birds walk out and in  
 The green lakes laughing in a shower  
 My love is like a Violin]

Cancelled stanza following stanza numbered 1 at 1<sup>b</sup>:

['My love is like a Violin'  
 Quickly she <<showed>> me I was blind  
 All children and all womankind  
 I could have kissed them cheek and chin  
 Nor any sin could my heart could find  
 'My [heart] <<Love>> is like a Violin']

Cancelled stanza numbered 4 at 1<sup>b</sup>:

[My love is like a Violin  
 Now all my heaven and Earth is new  
 As wonderful and babes blue  
 White as a dove immune from Sin  
 I am afraid of sleep and dew  
 My love is like a Violin.]

MY PRISONER

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'Unprinted'.

My prison house was grim and bare  
 The sunlight brought no blessing there  
 Too soon I learned that life was long  
 And so I made my prison strong  
 I made me bolts I made me bars  
 My soul went hungering for the stars

Out in the world the flowers that grew  
 Stood glorious under heaven's blue  
 And oft I heard strange sounds I wist  
 10 Like children laughing in the mist  
 I made me bolts I made me bars  
 My soul went hungering for the stars

The dark day needed long to die  
 But in the twinkling of an eye  
 Through many a by-way black with shame  
 A bright soul to my prison came  
 The sunlight's flood was like the sea  
 It brought my prisoner unto me

Too strange it seemed to my dim eyes  
 20 I who had dreamed of Paradise  
 A pure voice whispered in my heart  
 Let not thy blessing now depart  
 I made me neither bolts or bars  
 I knew no hunger for the stars

# NIGHT

ML MS A3038/2, 12<sup>a</sup> [FN], transcription, with comment 'Note by Frank: this poem is one of John's [...] 1908 pieces and I think it good'.

Shall I have grim black night or stars or dew  
 Or waking day to fall upon my pain  
 To say goodbye forever and to all  
 Too tired to hope for Love's warm light again  
 To rest to rest but ah 'twas sweet to know  
 The green world revelling in the sun and rain

5 but ah| but [...] ah MS.

6 revelling in| revelling <<glistening>> in [FN] MS.

## NO FEAR OF DEATH

'1906', 28<sup>b</sup> (A0067) [JSN].

A poor girl was ill in Geelong  
Where they don't go in much for a throng  
They said don't fear pet  
She said you forget  
I died I was born in Geelong

## NO TIME TO JEST

'1908', 20<sup>a</sup> (A0173) [JSN].

The time recording angel spoke  
I am flat out my work's immense  
I do not take it as a joke  
When Deakin speaks at Conference

4] Deakin, Alfred (1856-1919), barrister, journalist and prime minister. ADB.

## NOAH NOT A PESSIMIST

'1908', 33<sup>b</sup> (A0190) [A], entitled 'Resignation' [JSN]. '1929', 43<sup>a</sup> (A0632) [A].  
LaT MS 9419/3677, typescript, transcription.  
The Clarion 15 July 1908, p.7, under heading 'Some parodies' with sub-heading  
'Desperate attempts at the manner of Arthur Adams'.

The preferred text is '1908', 33<sup>b</sup>. Variants are not shown.

Old Noah said I am resigned  
Though many cares are on my mind  
Though with the wild beasts I embark  
I leave my creditors behind

## NOT TUMBLED TO

There are three discrete versions of this poem, all in the '1915'E notebook. Two of the three are entitled 'The soul of the sandfly', q.v.

## NOT TUMBLED TO

'1915'E, 22<sup>b</sup> (A0310) and inside back cover [A], fair draft.

The stanzas at 22<sup>b</sup> are numbered 2, 3 & 3 (the latter in error) and a stanza on the cover is unnumbered. The placement of the unnumbered stanza as stanza 1 is conjectural, but logical.

Who says go swim should have no fear of wading  
 When flappers are to mission fields afar  
 Urged on by parsons why don't those persuading  
 Go out themselves how slow some people are  
 At tumbling to

If roosters couldn't crow night would be stillly  
 If tortoises could sprint they'd skip and hop  
 If Parliament boiled over like a billy  
 White ants would be quite thick upon the top  
 10 And tumbled to

Suppose a case if prayers for rain were followed  
 By floods disastrous could flood holders sue  
 Rash clergymen for praying rather solid  
 And would the High Court such a case review  
 And tumble to

It would fetch lady writers to their senses  
 If in their yarns Dukes Baronets and all  
 Were income taxed (author to pay expenses)  
 Readers would cry old Tommy Rot must fall  
 20 We tumble too

7 they'd skip] they['d] skip MS.

13 clergymen] clergyman MS.

### O LADY OF THE DAZZLING FLOWERS

The Bookfellow 15 February 1914; HS 87; BLP 64.

JSN - AGS 26 July 1931 (this is one of four pieces N wants to drop from a proposed collection); 2 August 1931 (this is one of the '6 worse'); 22 September 1932 (one of five N now wants to drop). JSN - RHC 19 November 1933, NLA MS 603/30 (this is one of four pieces N thinks 'are inferior and amateurish').

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

O lady of the dazzling flowers  
 And the frock so white and fine  
 How hopeless is thy prettiness  
 And that cool heart of thine

Thou hast not been to the rude field  
 Where men and women war  
 Thou hast not found what a woman's mouth  
 And a man's full heart are for

Thy speech is all of a thin calm  
 10 Of sleep and slow sunshine

Oh hopeless is thy happiness  
And that pale heart of thine

Through the love-feud and the love-thirst  
Thou hast not fought and smiled  
Thou hast not heard the strings that speak  
In the crying of a child

Thou hast not been where tears lie hot  
And words can only run  
Thou hast not cried to the bare night  
20 Or prayed for the white sun

### O PLAYER OF THE FLUTE

'1912', 16<sup>b</sup>-17<sup>a</sup> (A0265) & 18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>b</sup> (A0267) [JSN], draft, 15 stanzas, numbered, with 5 stanzas cancelled and renumbering. '1915'D, 3<sup>b</sup> (A0282) [JSN], 1 stanza, following title 'Woman so thin'.

JSN - AGS 5 January 1916 (discusses poem and suggests use of title and 3 lines as a gloss to title for a new book).

Stanzas 2-5 at 16<sup>b</sup> & 17<sup>a</sup> are cancelled and stanzas 4-9 at 18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>a</sup> are renumbered 2-7. Three stanzas at 19<sup>b</sup> are numbered 10-12 and renumbered 8-10, and a fourth stanza misnumbered 10 is crammed in at the bottom of the page. The text is interrupted by household accounts between stanzas 3 & 4 (at 16<sup>b</sup>-17<sup>a</sup>) and by the poem 'Is it you Sadie' between cancelled stanza 5 at 17<sup>a</sup> and stanza numbered [4] 2 at 18<sup>b</sup>. The stanza at '1915'D, 3<sup>b</sup> has four lines and different rhythms and is a later attempted revision of the stanza numbered 10 and added at the bottom of 19<sup>b</sup>, most probably for a gloss, as mentioned.

Three stanzas numbered [6] 4, [7] 5 & [9] 7 have 2 long and 2 short lines each. Uniform stanzas of 3 lines have been adopted.

Oh Player of the Flute let us together  
Enter the charmed towns of intense wine  
Where the white girls whiten the white weather

Oh Player play it is the golden time  
Never again can earth or air be bitter  
I shall walk upward into enraged rhyme

Fill me Oh Player fill me till I be  
For a great season drunken falling crying  
Is it the white Wine of Eternity

4 Player] Play[er] MS.

9] Is/ [Was] it the white [wine] of Eternity MS.

10 Mournful thy mouth is mournful is thy chin  
 But with thy playing thou hast made so tender  
 This night a night to faint for loving in

Lead me Oh Player let me tarry not  
 With thy green jealousies these women swaying  
 For a long journey Lo my heart is hot

Oh Player play 'twas but a moment gone  
 Out of the wood a boy came piping prying  
 Into my soul and laughed and wandered on

Oh Player play my tim'rous dream goes mellow  
 20 A girl comes in all young clean as the dew  
 Hear me Oh Player she lies in the Yellow

Oh Player play put love about your pity  
 Lips and red kisses achings carly flowers  
 Wisdom of wind and rain joy of a city

A shape is near me hear me Player play  
 'Tis the red tiger love all night he teaches  
 Lovers forever his delicious prey

Oh Player of the flute let us together  
 Enter the charmed towns of white wine  
 30 Where the girls lighten the white weather

11] But with thy playing [too tender] |thou hast made [to] so tender MS.

12] This night/ [It is] a night to faint for loving in. MS.

14 jealousies] jealousies — MS.

15] For a [great] <<long>> journey |Lo my heart is hot. MS.

19 my tim'rous dream] my |tim'rous/ dream MS.

20] A girl comes [up] <<in>> all young | [with heaven['s] glitter] <<clean as the  
 dew>> MS.

21 she lies in the Yellow] She [dies] in the Yellow. MS.

24] Wisdom of wind and Rain, Joy of a city. MS.

27] The MS is confused and has been altered twice to give three lines:

[His wide eyed Lovers |on the perilous way]

[His wide eyed Lovers [ <<on>>] <<who>> | [fear him on the perilous way]]

Love[r]s forever his delicious prey

Cancelled stanzas

Stanza 2 (at 16<sup>b</sup>):

[Thou art so young and yet thy voice is old  
 Old as the light and shade heavy as honey  
 Bright as a woman webbed about with gold]

Stanza 3 (at 16<sup>b</sup>):

[Pity is of the night out of the deep  
 All Gods come up playing in heavens mellow  
 Oh Voice of Tenderness Oh place of Sleep]



Stanza 4 (at 17<sup>a</sup>):

[Oh Player play tho[ugh] I should choke with fear  
Of all thy cruelty give out good measure  
Show me oh show me let me see and hear]

Stanza 5 (at 17<sup>a</sup>):

[Pity is of the Night Oh subtle Pity  
Aye it will teach <<us>> with each broken flower  
And every girl adrift in [the re] a red city.]

Stanza [12] 10:

[I am assailed with spices — honey spilling  
[And there is] Hunger is here | <<and an>> Impeleous thirst  
All that I love these new made graves are filling]

Discarded stanza, at '1915'D, 3<sup>b</sup>:

[It is with you I would | go while] <<Away and away with me till>> my eyes  
quicken  
Till I walk to the dream Towns of intense wine  
Where the white girls whiten the white weather  
Gently — and tears are mine

JSN - AGS 5 January 1916:

Re Title | How would this do | In the Dim Counties with these lines on Title  
Page  
To a Flute Player

Oh Player of the Flute let us together  
Enter the keen towns of intense wine  
Where the white girls lighten the white weather

I wrote a few more stanzas but they were no good at all. The idea is all  
right I think. I got the notion from something I read about Venetian painters  
who could paint a white sky. How do you like rhymeless line in middle.

## OH HEART OF SPRING

ML MS A849, Vol. 4, p.106-107 [A], fair copy, 4 stanzas. ML MS 3354/2, Item 4, 26<sup>a</sup> [FN], a stanza, under title 'Heart of Spring' with heading 'last stanza', with title, heading, first line and alterations [JSN]. McKimm MS 21 [FN], transcription, HI, not sighted. ML MS 3038/3, 16<sup>a</sup> [FN], transcription.

Sun (Sydney) 5 November 1911 (not sighted), paper not on microfilm and not available; The Bookfellow 1 March 1912, p.82; The Bookfellow 15 April 1915, front cover; GDC; HS 1; BLP 110; CP 1.

Receipt dated 11 September 1906, NLA MS 1145/20, HI, not sighted.

AGS - JSN 14 November 1927, HI, not sighted. JSN - RHC 25 February 1934, NLA MS 605/92 (corrections to proofs CP).

The Sun (?) and all subsequent texts have three stanzas and HS, BLP and CP have the title as 'Heart of Spring', and it is likely that the decision to drop the weaker, second stanza was Stephens's. The stanza at MS 3354/2, Item 4, an attempted revision of stanza 4 (the last stanza), contains variants that occur in GDC (and the Sun?) and it is likely that this revision post-dates the first publication since Frank Neilson's hand does not appear as that of an amanuensis until c.1913.

The fair copy is the preferred text and MS 3354/2 is shown separately in the notes.

Oh Heart of Spring  
 Spirit of love and light and joyous day  
 So soon to faint under the fiery summer  
 Still smiles the earth eager for thee alway  
 Welcome art thou so ever short thy stay  
 Thou bold thou blithe newcomer  
 Whither oh whither this thy journeying  
 Oh Heart of Spring

10 Oh Heart of Spring  
 Spirit of hope and cheer how hath our joys increased  
 Long waited we as watchers growing thinner  
 Weary for cock-crow and the lighted east  
 Murmuring as faintly murmurs some poor priest  
 Praying to God to shrive a broken sinner  
 Whither oh whither blithely journeying  
 Oh Heart of spring

2 love and light] light and love (Sun?); Boo 1912 & 1915; GDC; HS; BLP;  
 3 under] beneath (Sun?); Boo 1912 & 1915; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 9-16] Omitted (Sun?); Boo 1912 & 1915; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

Oh Heart of Spring  
 After the next long storm the winter's rain  
 When the keen winds their last lament are sighing  
 20 The sun shall raise thee up to life again  
 In thy dim death thou shalt not suffer pain  
 Surely thou dost not fear this quiet dying  
 Oh Heart of Spring

Oh Heart of Spring  
 Youth emblem yet old as unchanging light  
 Uncomprehending unconsumed still burning  
 Oh that we could like thee rise from the night  
 To find a world of blossoms lilac white  
 30 And swallows long-winged unafraid returning  
 Whither oh whither this thy journeying  
 Oh Heart of Spring

17-24] ≠ (Sun?); Boo 1912 & 1915; GDC; HS; BLP; CP 9-16.

18] After the stormy days of winter's reign (Sun?); Boo 1912 & 1915; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

26] Youth's emblem ancient as unchanging light (Sun?); Boo 1912 & 1915; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

28 like thee] as thee (Sun?); Boo 1912 & 1915; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

30] And long-winged swallows unafraid returning (Sun?); Boo 1912 & 1915; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

31 whither this thy journeying] whither [this thy] journeying MS.

Blank space is left for a word or words of approximately this number of letters in the MS.

MS 3354/2, Item 4, 26<sup>a</sup> reads:

O Heart of Spring  
 Youth's Emblem ancient as [unending] <<unchartered>> Light  
 Uncomprehended unconsumed still burning  
 Oh that we could as Thou arise from the Night  
 [ To find a world of blossoms sky-blue rose-red ]  
 [To find a world [of]] <<with>> blossoms from sky-blue rose-red to [lilac]  
 <<snow>> white  
 With long-winged swallows unafraid returning  
 Whither Oh whither thy sweet journeying  
 Oh Heart of Spring

## OH SUMMER SALE

ML MS 3354/3, Item 1, 3/5<sup>a</sup>-3/5<sup>b</sup> & 4/7<sup>a</sup> [JSN], draft, 5 stanzas, some numbered and two misnumbered.

Opera or more whatever form of Art  
 Doth thee encompass Yea I feel the thrilling  
 Of all thy many bands down in my heart  
 Oh the sweet day a thousand heads are filling  
 Our sweethearts heard Oh who would be unwilling  
 To boast of loving on this day Oh pale  
 Would be his blood but ah I sing to thee  
 Oh Summer Sale

- 10 Thou art composed of a sweet flimsiness  
 Far from that old outrageous thing called Reason  
 Thou hast all colours buoyant to excess  
 The greens and golds of the insurgent Season  
 The lavender the blue but nay no treason  
 The whites in all soft innocence prevail  
 Here doth a clumsy rhymers worship thee  
 Oh Summer Sale

- 20 The hastening players in this happy time  
 Move as so many dancers to a measure  
 Sweet women unafraid climb to see  
 Thy whims that for a moment brief they treasure  
 Dull men philosophers in their mean leisure  
 Would mock thee but their ancient precepts fail  
 Man who loves woman knows the might of thee  
 Oh Summer Sale

- 30 Thou dost remind me of all sportive things  
 Birds in the leaves the restless colts and fillies  
 White witless courtesans white liveried kings  
 Of worlds all baby-white white the water lilies  
 Like proud Highlanders with many gillies  
 So am I with my thoughts if they should fail  
 I would be firm with them but ah I sing  
 Oh Summer Sale

4 heads] head[s] MS.

5 sweethearts heard] sweethearts heards MS.

5 unwilling] unwilling [on] MS.

6 loving on this day] loving [in] on this day MS.

7 Would] "We" Would MS.

11 Thou hast] Thou has[t] MS.

17] The hastening player[s] in <<of>> [the] [happy] [company] [time] MS.

19] Sweet women unafraid [and smiling] climb to see MS.

27] <<White witless courtesans White liveried kings>> MS.

28] Of worlds all baby <<white>> | white the water lilies MS.

So numerous art thy parts I could not hope  
 To praise them all they are beyond extolling  
 Grimly a mere dull-headed man I grope  
 The fires that are all womankind controlling  
 Burn joyfully in thee the faith consoling  
 Her heart these storms within thee will not fail  
 Less than a glow worm here am I I sing  
 40 Oh Summer Sale

37 in thee] in the[e] MS.

### OLD GRANNY SULLIVAN

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS] with comment 'This has never been printed', the comment cancelled and a further note 'Book'.  
The Bookfellow 17 January 1907, p.8; GDC; HS 22; BLP 31; CP 22. The poem was also printed as the second in the 'Australian Poetry Books' series published by Stephens in 1916.

Receipt dated 28 July 1906, NLA MS 1145/11.

JSN - AGS 26 June 1924, McKimm MS 14, HI, not sighted. JSN - AGS 26 January 1931 (comments that the 'mistakes in 'Granny Sullivan' seem to be very glaring'). JSN - RHC 25 February 1934 (an alteration to the text for CP: '2nd line 2nd stanza I think the end of this line is very bad. I suggest instead of all that women pride'). JSN - JD 21 October 1934 (thinks this was one of several poems 'turned out' in, he believes, the winter of 1905). The typescript has 8-line stanzas, with a change from 8 long lines to 8 short lines after the first stanza. The printed texts all have 4-line stanzas with long lines which suit the verse and this format has been adopted here.

The typescript is the preferred text.

A pleasant shady place it is a pleasant place and cool  
 The township folk go up and down the children pass to  
     school

Along the river lies my world a dear sweet world to me  
 I sit and learn I cannot go there is so much to see

But Granny she has seen the world and often by her side  
 I sit because I feel alone so much since mother died  
 Old Granny's hands are clasped she wears her favourite  
     faded shawl

I ask her this I ask her that she says I mind them all

6] I sit and listen while she speaks of youthful days of pride Boo; GDC;  
HS; BLP.

I sit and listen while she speaks of all that women pride CP.

The boys and girls that Granny knew far o'er the seas  
 are they  
 10 But there's no love like the old love and the old world  
 far away  
 Her talk is all of wakes and fairs how after night would  
 fall  
 Oh many a strange thing crept and came and Granny minds  
 them all  
  
 A strange new land was this to her and perilous rude  
 and wild  
 Where loneliness and tears and care came to each mother's  
 child  
 The wilderness closed round them then grim as a prison  
 wall  
 The white folk then were stout of heart ah Granny minds  
 it all  
  
 The day she first met Sullivan she tells it all to me  
 Then she was barely twenty-one and he was twenty-three  
 The courting days the kissing days oh bitter things befall  
 20 The bravest hearts that plan and dream old Granny minds  
 it all  
  
 Her wedding dress I know the make yes every flounce and  
 frill  
 And the little home they lived in first with the garden  
 on the hill  
 'Twas there her baby boy was born the neighbouring folk  
 would call  
 But none had seen a boy like Jim and Granny minds it  
 all

- 11] Her talk is all of wakes and fairs or how when night would fall Boo;  
GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 12] 'Twas many a quare thing crept and came and Granny minds them all Boo;  
GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 15] The wilderness closed all around grim as a prison wall Boo; GDC; HS;  
BLP; CP.  
 16 The white folk] But white folk Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 18 Then she was barely] How she was hardly Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 19 oh bitter] but bitter Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 21 I know the make] I know by heart Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 23 the neighbouring folk would] and neighbours came to Boo; GDC; HS; BLP;  
CP.

They had their fight in those old days but Sullivan was  
 strong  
 A smart quick man at anything 'twas hard to put him wrong  
 One day they brought him from the mine (the big salt  
 tears will fall)  
 'Twas long ago God rest his soul poor Granny minds it  
 all

30 The first dark days of widowhood the weary days and slow  
 The grim disheartening uphill fight then Granny lived  
 to know  
 The childer ah they grew and grew sound rosy-cheeked  
 and tall  
 The childer still they are to her old Granny minds them  
 all

How well she loved her little brood oh Granny's heart  
 was brave  
 She gave to them her love and faith all that the good  
 God gave  
 They change not with the changing years as babies just  
 the same  
 She feels for them and some of them have brought her  
 grief and shame

The big world called them here and there ah many a mile  
 away  
 They cannot come she cannot go the darkness haunts the  
 day  
 And I no flesh and blood of hers sit here while shadows  
 fall  
 40 I sit and listen Granny talks for Granny minds them all

Just fancy Granny Sullivan at seventeen or so  
 In all the floating finery we women love to show  
 And oh it is a merry dance the fiddlers flushed with  
 wine  
 And Granny's partner brave and gay and Granny's eyes  
 a-shine

36] She feels for them though some alas have brought her grief and shame

Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

37 ah many] and many Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

40 minds them] minds it HS; BLP; CP.

41-44] Omitted HS; BLP; CP.

42 we women] that women Boo; GDC.

But let us pause for pause we must we only have our day  
 Yes by and by the dance will die the fiddlers cease to  
     play  
 And we will seek some quiet place while great grey shadows  
     fall  
 We'll sit and wait as Granny waits we'll sit and mind  
     them all

- 45 But let us pause] 'Tis time to pause Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 46] Yes by and by our dance will die our fiddlers cease to play Boo; GDC;  
     HS; BLP; CP.  
 47] And we shall seek some quiet place where great grey shadows fall Boo;  
     GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 48 We'll sit and wait] And sit and wait Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

### THE OLD MOTHER

'1915'E, 19<sup>b</sup> (A0307) [JSN], fair draft.

Madly she runs Oh clear the way  
 Her baby cries  
 Old terrors of an ancient day  
 (Madly she runs Oh clear the way)  
 Of monsters mouthing their sweet prey  
 Fill up her eyes  
 Madly she runs Oh clear the way  
 Her baby cries

### OLD NELL DICKERSON

'1915'C, 15<sup>b</sup> & 16<sup>a</sup> (A0327) [A], incomplete (two leaves removed between 15<sup>b</sup> & 16<sup>a</sup>), 2 stanzas numbered 1 & 2, a part-stanza numbered 3, a part-stanza [8] and 2 stanzas numbered 9 & 10. '1910', 13<sup>a</sup> (A0234) [A], 2 stanzas numbered 1 & 2, under short title 'Nell Dickerson'. ML MS A3038/1, 10<sup>b</sup> (B0107) [JSN], incomplete, 1 line and 2 stanzas numbered 6 & 7. ML MS 849, pp.108-111 [A], fair copy, annotated and with stanza 6 cancelled [AGS]. Sun (Sydney) 6 August 1911, p.13; The Bookfellow 15 June 1914, p.139; GDC; HS 14; BLP 25; CP 14.

JSN - AGS 26 July 1926 (in response to comments from AGS: 'I did not know any particular old woman like Nell but have seen several that might pass for her', and continues 'I don't think the last stanzas are absurd; I think the piece would be flat without them'). JSN - RHC 25 December 1933, NLA MS 605/47-48 (says he is sending an alteration which 'gets rid of the lines 'The gravel streets were cream'); 25 February 1934, NLA MS 605/69 (an alteration: '1st line 2nd stanza [line 73] I suggest wild instead of mad').



'1915'C, 15<sup>b</sup> & 16<sup>a</sup> = A; '1910', 13<sup>a</sup> = B; MS A3038/1, 10<sup>b</sup> = C;  
MS 849, pp.108-111 = D.

The fair copy, MS 849, pp.108-111 (D) is the preferred text and MS A3038/1, 10<sup>b</sup> (C) is shown separately in the notes.

The young folk heard the old folk say  
'Twas long ago she came  
Some said it was her own and some  
That 'twas another's shame  
Oh pleasantly the seasons passed  
In grey and gold and green  
But the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
No one had ever seen

10 They said that when a baby crowed  
She turned her head away  
And when delightful lovers kissed  
Her sallow face went grey  
Some said she laughed at love and death  
And every man-made law  
But the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
No babbler ever saw

20 October with warm greenery  
Made all the town a dream  
The poorest soul had time to laugh  
The gravel streets were cream  
A hundred anthems rose to God  
Through the uproarious blue  
But the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
No singer ever knew

The summer sauntered in with wheat  
And forest fire and haze  
And the white frocks of white girls  
And lads with love ablaze

1-8] ≠ A 1-8.

1 young folk] young folk A; young folk[s] [AGS] D.

4 That 'twas] It was Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

5 Oh pleasantly] [Oh] <<And>> pleasantly [AGS] D; Sun; Boo; All pleasantly  
GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

9-16] = A 9-16.

17-20] = A 17-20 [21-60 missing].

17] October ran with greenery CP.

18] And blossoms white and fair CP.

19 to laugh] to feast CP.

20] On beauty everywhere CP.

21 A hundred] A thousand CP.

30 Sweet sighs were in the high heavens  
 And on the warm ground  
 But the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
 It never yet was found

The winter came with wistful talk  
 Of water-birds in tune  
 And while their snowy treasures slept  
 Did mother ewes commune  
 In every wind and every rain  
 Some daring joys would climb  
 But the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
 40 Was prisoner all the time

\* \* \*

The young folk heard the old folk say  
 'Twas long ago she came  
 Some said it was her own and some  
 That 'twas another's shame  
 Oh pleasantly the seasons passed  
 In grey and gold and green  
 But the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
 No one had ever seen

\* \* \*

50 The streamers stood across the sky  
 One evening clear and warm  
 The old folk said the streamers come  
 They come for strife and storm  
 Old Nell then laughed her hollow laugh  
 Her neighbours looked in awe  
 But the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
 No neighbour ever saw

30 And on] And <<up>>on [AGS] D; And upon Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

38 would climb] would [find] climb D.

41-48] Cancelled [AGS] D; omitted Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

49-56] = B stanza numbered 2.

51 folk] folk[s] [AGS] D.

52] [They come for] <<Foretelling>> strife and storm [AGS] D; Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

53 Old Nell then] <<When>> Old Nell [then] [AGS] D; Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

54 Her neighbours] [The] Her neighbours A; <<The>> [Her] neighbours [AGS] D; Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

And with the night came thundering  
 Like devils wandering near  
 And the tender little children wept  
 60 And women shook with fear  
 Out on the night went one stern soul  
 Along the wind it blew  
 O the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
 No babbler ever knew

\* \* \*

Softly they sought her little room  
 And she was blue and cold  
 And on the walls some straggling words  
 Her last poor wishes told  
 Nothing she gave and little begged  
 70 They read them mournfully  
 Bitter and black was all my life  
 But wear no black for me

'Twas a green day and a mad day  
 And lovers walked along  
 And the old men the grey men  
 And ruddy men and strong  
 And the tenderest of pale girls  
 In pink and green and blue  
 Walked mournfully behind the heart  
 80 That no one ever knew

And there were many dropping tears  
 On sashes red and wide  
 And more hot prayers were said that day  
 Than if a king had died  
 Oh some wore white and yellow frocks  
 And some wore blue and green  
 But the heart of old Nell Dickerson  
 No one had ever seen

57-64] ≠ B stanza numbered 2.

57 thundering] thunderings B.

58 devils] [devils] <<evils>> [AGS] D; evil Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

66] This line is missing in GDC copies 2, 3 & 4 and has been written in in the margin [AGS?].

70 read them] read [them] there [AGS] D; Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

73 a mad day] a wild day CP.

76 And ruddy] The ruddy Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

80 ever] every BLP.

Discarded stanzas C:

[Lines 1-39 missing]  
was prisoner [for a crime] '<<all the time>>'

For hours she looked [and] right bitterly  
At all who passed her by  
And many a lad walked hurriedly  
And many a lass was shy  
But many a heart sore for here life was bare  
For <her> whose [feet [was] <<were>> [lame] <<bare>>  
But the heart of Old Nell Dickerson  
No soul could ever share.

One day they missed hear at the gate  
The green day wore away  
The lovers said she is not here  
And children at their play  
Said surely she is ill and dead  
And old folks talked in awe  
[55-80 missing]

#### ON READING A RECENT COPY OF 'LONDON PUNCH'

'1907', 26<sup>b</sup>-27<sup>b</sup> (A0116-7) [JSN], draft.

Thou dost smell heavy of that atmosphere  
Th'unholy mustiness that men call 'Home'  
Stale doubly art thou staler than beer  
That cannot sparkle nor has heart to foam  
I do not doubt why Englishmen leave home  
Thou art a part of Nature's hidden scheme  
From thee men fly and Lo the Imperial Dream

Our fathers tell us of thy glorious Past  
And there were many giants in those days  
10 They marched and sang 'mid laughter loud and fast  
They lit the Lamp that shed the joyous ray  
And mirth fell even in the darkest ways  
Can'st thou not give just one poor little gleam  
Say art thou Punch or do I merely dream

3 than beer] than << bad >> beer MS.

4] [That three weeks backs]

That cannot spark[1]e nor has heart to foam MS.

- Then did there live great Artists truly great  
 They showed the Men and Manners of the Time  
 The Warriors fighting Statesmen in Debate  
 Rudely Ridiculous sometimes half sublime  
 They held a creed that Dullness was a Crime  
 20 What art thou now in all the Nation's scheme  
 Say art thou Punch or do I merely dream

# ON THE CHEEK OR THE CHIN

ML MS A3038/2, 21<sup>a</sup> (B0029) [FN], transcription, entitled 'Dolly', with comment 'May have been sent to AGS by JSN never printed about 1900'. ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'Unprinted', comment cancelled and 'Printed in 'Sun' newspaper' added, and with an alteration to the text.  
Sun (Sydney) Sunday 27 November 1910, p.9; GDC.

The typescript, ML MS 4937/10, Item 1 is the preferred text.

- The twilight died and the old stars  
 Came out on the roof of night  
 Kind and true were your clear eyes  
 And your ribbons pink and white  
 Dear little dainty Dolly  
 Pretty and white and thin  
 It was sweet to kiss you Dolly  
 On the cheek or the chin
- 10 Oft in the sinking summer  
 When the world was bare and brown  
 Your dainty feet went tripping  
 On the white streets up and down  
 The leaves dropped into the garden  
 The cool bright nights came in  
 It was sweet to kiss you Dolly  
 On the cheek or the chin
- 20 Something there is that all must love  
 The miserly man his hoard  
 The sailor lad the salt sea  
 And the soldier boy his sword  
 All the angels I dream of  
 Are pretty and white and thin  
 But for kissing give me Dolly  
 On the cheek or the chin

1 twilight] The twilight Sun.

2 Came out on] 'Came out' <<stood>> on [AGS] MS; Stood on Sun.

## THE ONE REQUEST

'1906', 20<sup>a</sup> (A0058) [A]. '1908', 6<sup>b</sup> (A0160) [A].  
 '1906' is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

There was a young lady at Stawell  
 She fell off a bike such a fall  
 When they asked what they'd do  
 She said tell me true  
 How is my hat on that is all

## AN OPEN LETTER TO ADA

'1908', 22<sup>b</sup>-23<sup>b</sup> (A0176-7) [A/JSN], draft, 8 stanzas with stanza numbered 2  
 cancelled and with alterations [JSN].

A fine run has the world we cannot stop her  
 Here Judkins raves and there a dangerous Warrel  
 And what one good man thinks most sweet and proper  
 The next man thinks amoral

Is every actor a <dangerous> sinner  
 Is every actress an adventuress shady  
 Unfit to look at much less ask to dinner  
 Nay surely not sweet lady

10 Loud is thy voice and sharp it doth not alter  
 Old is the tale and weary very long  
 But there's a law that lawyers cannot alter  
 A Lady can't do wrong

Listen ye good church-goers and home-stayers  
 Love us a little we have long loved you  
 And when you drop a tear for the poor player  
 Drop one for Ada too

20 There is and will be Difference of Opinion  
 Millions of eyes could never look together  
 The mind is wider than a King's Dominion  
 Changeful as wind or weather

Why the poor heathens raged so on the blindness  
 An ancient hymnist failed to understand

1] [The world performs indeed] <<A fine run has the world>> we cannot stop  
 her MS.

5 <dangerous>] The MS has 'abesiois' [A], with part of the word cancelled  
 and what looks like 'adanciores' written above it [JSN].

17 and will be] and [always] will be MS.

18 never look] never [so] look MS.

From those who have the Light we ask some kindness  
In this a Christian land

Do not these white robed Choristers when singing  
Flirt furiously perchance for recreation  
And preachers too for all their straight upbringing  
Make sometimes a sensation

25 Do not] Do [do] not MS.

Cancelled stanza 2 reads:

[There is a Power superior to all Fuss  
It thrives it lives in every King's dominion  
Tender and loving working hard for us  
The Difference of Opinion]

#### OPPOSITES ATTRACT EACH OTHER

'1906', 19<sup>b</sup> (A0058) [A], entitled 'Opposites attract'; 25<sup>b</sup> (A0063) [A].

The preferred text is '1906', 25<sup>b</sup>. Variants are not shown.

Said a bandy-legged man at Dunedin  
Some Study in Sex he'd been read'n  
Old Nature is great  
At making things straight  
If I marry I'd get a knock-kneed'un

#### OUR CONTEMPORARY AGAIN VOMITS SLIME

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 8<sup>a</sup> [JSN].

The Clarion 1 August 1909, p.24.

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 8<sup>a</sup> is the preferred text.

That our wife from us seeks separation  
Is a lie that has gained circulation  
We know its vile source  
Such statements of course  
Bear with them their own refutation

## OUR CONTEMPORARY IN TROUBLE AGAIN

'1906', 34<sup>a</sup> (A0074) [JSN].

The people of this town should ponder  
 The ways of that [imposter] yonder  
 His wife is in gaol  
 And he can't get the bail  
 And also he lets his cow wander

2 [imposter] ] The word is indecipherable except for the letters 'm', 'sh' and 'er'.

## OUR MECHANICAL STAFF

'1906', 34<sup>a</sup> (A0074) [JSN]. '1908', 4<sup>a</sup> (A0157) [A].  
 '1908' is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

A journalist's life at the best  
 Is a thankless and unceasing quest  
 There are races next week  
 At Bandicoot Creek  
 Our Mechanical Staff take a rest

2] Is a thankless <<an[d]>> unceasing quest MS.

## OURSELVES

'1906', 34<sup>a</sup> (A0074) [JSN].

Said a parson with quite a sweet manner  
 As he called on the Stony Brok Banner  
 The Lord is your 'creditor  
 I'll give said the Editor  
 Good ads for it to the last tanner

4] I'll give said [the] Editor MS.



## PAINT ME A PETTICOAT GREEN

NLA MS 1145/60, 39-40 [A], with alterations [JSN], & 42-45 [JSN & FN], draft.  
The Bookfellow 15 December 1915 (p.1 of the Supplement); HS 4; BLP 80; CP 4. (HS,  
BLP & CP have the title as 'Petticoat green'.)

JSN - AGS 5 January 1916 (discusses poem). JSN - JD 28 October 1934, NLA MS 1145/68  
 (discusses poem).

The Bookfellow has an additional stanza (9) and is taken as the preferred text.

- I would not ask of a joyful man for his heart would be too  
     cold  
 And I would go on a long journey to a country ripe and old  
 I would like to walk where the mad folk went and never a soul  
     was mean  
 'Twill all come easily mournful man if you paint me a Petticoat  
     Green
- Oh every feud is a lifelong feud and every fight is fair  
 The girls have eyes and the men have blood and the swords  
     are sharp and bare  
 The witches fight with the dairymaids and the fairies still  
     are seen  
 'Twill all come easily mournful man if you paint me a Petticoat  
     Green
- For green indeed is a dear colour we learn to lisp thereon  
 10 Till we grow too tall for our first fair love and the glories  
     all are gone  
 And when at length we have footed it well our eyes grow tender  
     then  
 We sit and talk when we may not walk we are close to the green  
     again

Title] [Painting the] Paint me a Petticoat Green MS.

2 And I] For I MS.

3] I would like to move where the mad folks [go] <<are>> and never a soul was  
     mean MS.

4 if you paint] [to] <<if you>> paint [A] MS.

5] [When] <<Oh>> every feud [is] <<was>> a lifelong feud and every fight was fair  
     [JSN] MS.

6] When the girls had eyes and the men had blood and the sword[s] were sharp and  
     bare MS.

7] When the witches cheated the dairymaids and the fairies still were seen MS.

8] 'Twill all come easily mournful man | Paint me a Petticoat Green

9 indeed] [in]deed MS.

11 well our eyes] well Oh our eyes MS.

12 may not walk] may not talk MS.

A petticoat is a tender thing tender as love or dew  
 Perhaps it is piece of an angel's garb that has sometime fallen  
     through  
 For there be gates in the distant sky that the elder seers  
     have seen  
 And you you have known them mournful man so paint me a  
     Petticoat Green

Paint me all that the children laugh in a long white afternoon  
 Paint me all that the old men know when they croak to the  
     setting moon  
 Paint me flowers and the death of flowers and the tenderlings  
     that grew  
 20 Between the time of the north wind and the kindness of the  
     dew

Paint me eyes on a holiday and the long kiss of a bride  
 Paint me ashes and dying men and the shriek when a woman died  
 Mournful man there is love in you but your big tears come  
     between  
 Grant me a favour mournful man and paint me a Petticoat Green

Paint me joy in a whistling dance and gloom on a heavy hill  
 Paint me reeds and a water-bird and a matchless maiden's will  
 Paint me men that have laughed at death and hope that is good  
     to see  
 I know you have known it mournful man you can beckon it up  
     to me

Paint me prisons of olden times and the flight of the  
     butterflies  
 30 Paint me all that the madmen see when they speak to the sullen  
     skies  
 Paint me rogues that are loath to die and the sighing of honest  
     men  
 Paint me Youth that is weak and worn and Age that is young  
     again

love or dew] love [or] dew MS.

14 sometime] sometime[s] MS.

15] For there be many holes in the sky that the elder seers have seen MS.

16 man so paint] man paint MS.

17] Paint me all that the children laugh on a long brown afternoon MS.

19] Paint me all that I fear to know all that I never have seen MS.

20] 'Twill all come easily mournful man paint me a petticoat green MS.

26 a matchless maiden's] the maze of a maiden's MS.

27 men that have] men who have HS; BLP; CP.

27 hope that is good to see] ghosts in a sleepy sea MS.

28] I know you have seen them mournful man you can call them up to me MS.

29 olden times] old-time MS.

30] Paint me half that the madman sees when they speak to the sullen skies MS.

31 rogues] robes MS.

33-36] MS Ø.

I would not ask of a joyful man for his heart would be too  
 cold  
 But the love is deep in you mournful man though your speech  
 is white and cold  
 Paint me lilies and summer maids and skeletons all are clean  
 'Twill all come easily mournful man if you paint me a Petticoat  
 Green

JSN - AGS 5 January 1916 is a reply to a question from Stephens:

Re your query as to what I mean by 'Petticoat Green'. In it I am asking a melancholy painter to paint me an ordinary petticoat or underskirt green because green I take to be the colour of youth and all joy. The petticoat in this too represents for me woman at her most charming time 16 to 20. The petticoat will be merely used by the painter to express everything in his heart and eyes. 'Twill all come easily Love, Hate, Peace, War Youth Age Play Toil Other Lands Other Times Witches Fairies Dairymaids everything in the rhyme and everything I can't get in I shall read as much or more than the artist can paint.

It all seems plain to me but of course one does not always see one's own obscurities.

JSN - JD 28 October 1934 has the comment:

Two bits of verse I remember well are 'The wedding in September' and 'Petticoat green'. [Then discusses 'The wedding in September'.]

As I have told you before, one winter I was taking some dope after I had had a bad back. I felt in very good spirits and started writing some verse. I finished both 'The wedding in September' and 'Petticoat green' in a few weeks. I think I wrote 'Petticoat green' because green is such a delightful colour for weak eyes. These two pieces are I think twins in spirit. They ramble about the influence of colour and sound on the human being.

## THE PALE NEIGHBOUR

The Bookfellow 15 December 1913, p.284; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
HS, BLP and CP have the title as 'Pale neighbour'.  
The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

Over the road she lives not far  
 My neighbour pale and thin  
 Sweet is the world she cries how sweet  
 To keep on living in

Over the road at night I walk  
 'Tis but a little way  
 And she will meet me she it is  
 A whiteness in the grey

Her heart it is a right red heart  
 10 That cannot doubt or pine  
 Her handclasp is a happiness  
 Her welcome is a wine

Love she will have it is a lilt  
 From some lost comedy  
 Played long ago when the white stars  
 Lightened the greenery

Ever she talks of earth and air  
 And sunlit junketing  
 Gaily she says I know I shall  
 20 Be waltzing in the Spring

Slyly she prates as women will  
 Of new-made frocks to wear  
 Till with an ache I smile and praise  
 The splendours of her hair

Almost I fear her low low voice  
 As one may fear the moon  
 As one may fear too faint a sound  
 In an old uncanny tune

\* \* \*

Over the road 'twill not be long  
 30 Clearly I see it all  
 Ere the red days come up  
 Or the pale grasses fall

5-8] Omitted in HS; BLP; CP.

10 doubt or pine] quail or whine GDC; stoop to pine HS; BLP; CP.

20 waltzing] dancing HS; BLP; CP.

21-24] Omitted in GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

There will be crepe upon us and  
 Within our eyes a dew  
 We shall be walking neighbourly  
 As neighbours two and two

33 crepe] black HS; BLP; CP.

#### THE PALMY ISLES

'1908', 23<sup>b</sup> (AO177) [JSN].

A missionary youthful ran  
 An annual head-hunt just begun  
 A smoking pot  
 A heathen's jaw  
 Awaits a missionary done

#### THE PARTING GLASS

The Clarion 1 June 1909, p.4; GDC, untitled; HS 7; CP 7. HS and CP have the title as 'Greeting'. GDC (A & B) has the poem twice, at p.73 as 'The parting glass', with 2 x 4-line stanzas, and at p.110 as 'Greeting', with 1 x 8-line stanza.

The Clarion is the preferred text.

Fill up fill up the day we meet  
 What of the wind who knows the weather  
 Shall we be old men in a street  
 (Fill up fill up the day we meet)  
 We who have found the untired feet  
 That a kind God is loth to tether  
 Fill up fill up the day we meet  
 What of the wind who knows the weather

- 1 the day] today GDC; HS; CP.
- 3 a street] the street GDC; HS; CP.
- 4 the day] today GDC; HS; CP.
- 5 the untired] the tireless GDC; the eager HS; CP.
- 6 a kind God] kindly God GDC; HS; CP.
- 7 the day] today GDC; HS; CP.

## THE PEARL OF PRUDENCE

'1906', 27<sup>a</sup> (A0065) [A].

A dashing young man at Fitzroy  
 Proposed to a maid she was coy  
 And a prudent young miss  
 For she said tell me this  
 Will your salary run [to] it dear boy

## THE PEOPLE IN IT

'1908', 24<sup>a</sup>-25<sup>a</sup> (A0177-9) [JSN], draft, with title and first stanza [A], under heading 'After the manner of J.G. Whittier'.

The Bookfellow 20 July 1907, p.4, signed 'The Offsider' but attributed to Neilson in the index, entitled 'A dreary place', HI; no issue dated 20 July 1907 and poem not located.

A dreary place would be this earth  
 Were there no wicked people in it  
 A row would have no chance of birth  
 Were there no people to begin it

Lawyers would find no flaw or fee  
 Nor any Law Courts worth attending  
 Judges would die and each J.P.  
 And all Detectives have an ending

10 No lad or lass could wink an eye  
 I wonder how they'd do the courting  
 Always the Editors would sigh  
 Nothing today Sir worth reporting

Poets no longer drinking wine  
 Would praise the Pump the placid Handle  
 Going to bed much after nine  
 Would be considered quite a Scandal

Man would not curse but always bless  
 And never would man try to do Man  
 Woman would never talk of Dress  
 20 In fact she would not be a woman

15] Going to bed [at half past nine] much after [9] nine MS.

But would the Clergy be overjoyed  
 There would not be a single sinner  
 Parsons would all be unemployed  
 And Bishops would be thinner

Six thous and we've had fine fun  
 Since Eve and Adam did begin it  
 I wonder how the world would run  
 Were there no wicked people in it

27 I wonder] I [would] wonder MS.

#### THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAYGROUND

The Clarion 1 April [April Fool's Day] 1909, p.22.

See how these little people play  
 Loudly as sailors lost in wine  
 Long did I watch them yesterday  
 And in their shouting sought a sign

Our cures our creeds decrepit old  
 Soon shall they hasten to condemn  
 When we are all a-bed and cold  
 Our laws will make a laugh for them

1 See] So Clarion.

#### PESSIMISTIC PUNTER

ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 5<sup>a</sup> [A], fair draft.

There is no sport what seems so is division  
 Of spoil don't waste your breath  
 Yelling applause (I speak not in derision  
 Sport died I saw its death)

There is no meeting I have yet attended  
 But some horse ran 'dead' there  
 All jocks will chance it (though full oft suspended)  
 If they but get their share

I am full up there is no honest trying  
 Save trying to run 'dead'  
 Listen to Isaac for his losses crying  
 Can he be comforted

## THE PETTICOAT PLAYS

'1912', 1<sup>a</sup>-1<sup>b</sup> (A0247-8) [A], draft, 8 stanzas numbered, with 2 lines and 4 stanzas cancelled. Alexander Turnbull Library MS Papers 2842 [A], fair copy, dated 5 August 1911 [AGS].

Sun (Sydney) 17 March 1912; GDC; HS 62; BLP 100; CP 56.

The GDC text is blocked and marked with large crosses in the margins to indicate dissatisfaction with the text.

'1912', = A; fair copy = B.

The fair copy (B) is the preferred text.

Teach me not tell me not  
Love ever sinned  
See how her petticoat  
Sweetens the wind

Back to the earth she went  
Broken at noon  
Here is her petticoat  
Flapping a tune

10 Have ye not ever heard  
Petticoats sing  
I hear a mourning flute  
And a sweet string

Little silk ally in  
This her last war  
Know you the meaning of  
What she died for

1-4] = A.

5-8] = A.

6 Broken] [Blindly] <<Broken>> A.

9 Have ye] Have you BLP.

9-12] A reads:

[I hear a hollow] flute  
And a sweet string  
[Have ye not ever] heard  
Petticoat[s] sing

13-16] A reads:

[Silken accessory  
Of her last war  
Know ye the meaning of  
What she fought for]

15 Know you] Know ye BLP; CP.



Mourner most delicate  
 Surely you hold  
 Manna that she has stored  
 20 Safe from the cold

She had the loving blood  
 Love gave her eyes  
 And the world showered on her  
 Icicles lies

Speak to her little wind  
 Lovable sky  
 Say to the soul of her  
 Bravo goodbye

Teach me not tell me not  
 30 Love ever sinned  
 See how her petticoat  
 Sweetens the wind

17-20] A reads:

[Little white sentinel  
 Can you still hold  
 Some of the manna  
 She stored from the cold]

21-24] A reads:

[She had the loving blood  
 And the [brave] <<fierce>> eyes  
 And the world offered her  
 Icicles lies]

25-28] A reads:

[Speak to me little wind  
 Softly oh sky  
 Faintly her petticoat  
 Sings and is dry]

28 Bravo] Brava CP.

29-32 = A.

## THE PHILOSOPHER

'1907', 36<sup>b</sup> (A0126) [JSN].

No longer sorrowful I sit  
 I talk and smoke I even smile  
 Life I've made a mess of it  
 It wasn't really worth my while

3 Life I've] Life —I've MS.

## PICK AND SHOVEL MEN

'1907', 18<sup>b</sup> (A0108) [JSN], fair draft, 2 stanzas, the first numbered 11 and the second 12 (to indicate place in a sequence of similar pieces).

The Clarion 15 July 1908, p.7, under heading 'Some Parodies. Desperate attempts at the manner of Arthur Adams'.

The fair draft is the preferred text.

The Pick emphatically descends  
The Navvy like a Rainbow bends  
Shovels like Debt collectors move  
Sharply a Ganger superintends

Blasphemies and for Interlude  
Impromptu oaths absurdly crude  
A Barrow Wheel a-weary whines  
(They never grease them as they should)

- 1] = Cla 2.
- 2] = Cla 1.
- 3] Hither and thither shovels slide Cla 3.
- 4] And a shrill ganger superintends Cla 4.
- 6] Impromptu oaths (by no means crude) Cla 6.
- 7] A wheelbarrow a-weary whines Cla 7.
- 8 grease them] grease it Cla 8.

## THE PIONEERS

'1907', 18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>b</sup> (A0108) [JSN], fair draft, 1 stanza; 44<sup>b</sup>-45<sup>a</sup> [JSN], fair draft, 3 stanzas. The first stanza of the text at 44<sup>b</sup>-45<sup>a</sup> occurs as a humorous quatrain with several other similar pieces at 18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>b</sup>.

'1907', 44<sup>b</sup>-45<sup>a</sup> is taken as the reading text.

Our Fathers suffered with the Scab  
One foetid Footrot strove to stab  
The dray wheel dreary epics made  
Leaving the Lyrics for the cab

With consciences extremely tough  
They cried 'more land' 'tis not enough  
Running unreasonable risks  
They sometimes dropped a lot of stuff

4 cab] cab. MS.

5 consciences] conscience[s] MS.

Now they are dead I will not say  
 They had no lions on the way  
 Their children too have lived to prove  
 That nothing ever seems to pay

'1907', 18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>a</sup> reads:

Our Fathers suffered much with Scab  
 Foot Rot and other things did stab  
 The Dry wheels dreary Topics made  
 Leaving the lyrics for a Cab

#### THE PLACE OF DEATH

'1915'C, 12<sup>b</sup>-13<sup>b</sup> (A0324-5) [JSN], fair draft.

There is a place where old loves lie  
 And weary hopes have rest  
 And the loud rages of the past  
 In dead men's clothes are dressed

Legs of delightful women dance  
 No more the rose's breath  
 Gives out no joy and warm red love  
 Walks to the place of Death

10 When God was on a holiday  
 Drunken with wine and air  
 He made for me and all the world  
 The girl with the black hair

To her red lips he gave delight  
 He made her mouth to sing  
 About her feet he put the ache  
 And the green lilt of the Spring

20 And on a night of red blossoms  
 One woman was divine  
 But the colour of all the hours  
 Dies in this hour of mine

I know they come through rain and mist  
 I feel their footsteps burn  
 These joys that were a part of me  
 Unto the dark return

6] No more, [And] the [red] roses breath MS.

16 of the Spring] of [the] Spring MS.

17] And on a night [when] <<of>> red blossoms MS.

I feel the sting of dead kisses  
 The dance of honeyed hair  
 Come back come back good citizens  
 Leave not the old home bare

I see no more the mad lovers  
 30 Nor cream girls at play  
 All the fierce scent the roses had  
 The great dark hides away

25 I feel] [My] I feel MS.

### PLAY HOUR

NLA MS 1145/60, 50-51 [JSN], draft.

I wander round I am both brown and seedy  
 It is the play hour when the children run  
 (Strangers to love for love are ever greedy)

Dark is the world with many a shade assaulted  
 Here are the fire flies beings of crying joy  
 These stars that for our soul's sake here have halted

Oh Wilderness be kind I now beseech you  
 These eyes are innocent this blood is warm  
 Oh that I might stay on but to impeach you

Your promises I know your splash of honey  
 And your long agonies all through the green  
 Tell me not anymore your face is sunny

There will be blinded eyes and tired feet straying  
 And stricken heads dropping in weariness  
 And War that dulls the memory of all playing

I wander round I am both brown and seedy  
 There is a whistle and the fire flies run  
 (He who is out for love is ever greedy)

3 (Strangers] (Stranger[s] MS.

5] Here are the fire flies [light] <<being[s]>> of [supreme colour] <<crying joy>>  
MS.

6 These stars] These/ [Or] stars MS.

13 There] The[re] MS.

## THE POET SPEAKS

'1906', 8<sup>b</sup>-9<sup>a</sup> (A0047) [A], fair draft.

By all my creditors unpaid  
 By all my lyrics yet to be  
 By everything that's good for trade  
 O Alfred Alfred think of me

Long have I written of the Spring  
 Of bushlands ghastly in their gloom  
 In fact I worked up everything  
 From wallabies to wattle bloom

10 Of horses much I used to write  
 Horses that never failed to gee  
 How they could gallop through the night  
 O Alfred Alfred think of me

The shearer saunters through my lays  
 The swagman's swag again is rolled  
 I know the red hot glimmering days  
 The heat the hunger and the cold

20 I have been singing in the dust  
 Sore stricken in the time of drought  
 Still in my country will I trust  
 But Alfred are you going to shout

I have been thirsty for so long  
 I long to hear the glasses clink  
 Great is the singer and the song  
 O Alfred Alfred let us drink

## POOR SWEET PRETTY JOEY

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 3<sup>b</sup> [JSN], fair draft.

Poor sweet pretty joey  
 How cruel to take you  
 Away from the blue skies  
 Away from the green fields  
 Away from the sunlight  
 Away from all glad things  
 Oh was it not cruel  
 To put you in prison  
 Here in the dark city  
 So full of sad people  
 Poor sweet pretty joey

Poor sweet pretty joey  
 How grey you are growing  
 And once you were clad in  
 Such glorious colours  
 And even your whistle  
 Is duller and sadder  
 Your best days are over  
 Poor sweet pretty joey

#### THE POWER OF THE BELLS

ML MS 3038/3, 12<sup>b</sup> (B0074) [FN], 2 stanzas headed 'last verse' and 'first verse' each under title and each cancelled. ML MS 3038/2, 17<sup>a</sup> & 18<sup>a</sup> (B0024 & B0026) [FN], transcription, with the comment 'recent verse about 1940 by J.S.N. I think this a good poem with a few weak lines F.N.'. Lines 11 & 21 are annotated 'weak line' and 'this line is weak', and stanzas 8 & 9 are annotated '(nice work here)' and '(best verse)', respectively. The 2 stanzas at MS 3038/3 may be revisions, or attempted revisions, by Frank Neilson.

The great bells grow not weary  
 They call unto prayer  
 They defeat well the Dark One  
 In the holy air

With reposing raiment  
 Of the fallen sun  
 Softly they still discourage  
 The Evil One

10 That Bat the deep fallen  
 Who craves mankind  
 Who puts out his evil on  
 The opening mind

The sweet bells persuade us  
 In the scent of the green  
 To keep back the Black One  
 Who rides unseen

20 More than all violins  
 They entreat the sky  
 The cool trees the tall temples  
 The pilgrims near by

They compel the bleak Winter to  
 Embrace the Spring  
 In all Joy they banish  
 That Evil Thing

1-4] = Cancelled stanza at MS 3038/3.

As moths move the mystics  
 Above the hay  
 So give they of gladness  
 On the bride's day

30 As children the innocent  
 In the whistling Spring  
 In Beauty they banish  
 The Deformed Thing

To the lanes of sorrow  
 They translate the sun  
 They toll the defeat of  
 The Evil One

33-35] = Lines 1-3 of cancelled stanza at MS 3038/3.

36] That evil One

Line 4 of cancelled stanza at MS 3038/3.

#### THE PREHISTORIC PLAYER

'1906', 20<sup>b</sup> (A0059) [A]. LaT MS 9419/3677, typescript, untitled, under heading 'Limericks by John Shaw Neilson'. A second version occurs at NLA MS 1145/76, typescript [FN], entitled 'Nightmare'.  
The Bookfellow 7 March 1907.

MS '1906', 20<sup>b</sup> is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

A player who ran a small show a  
 Good number of years before Noah  
 Said your servant now begs  
 You won't throw any eggs  
 For it hurts does the egg of a Moa

#### PRESENCE OF MIND

ML MS A3038/3, 9<sup>a</sup> (B0070) [FN], transcription, with a note, 'Never in print. Partly mine'. This appears in *The fable and fantasy dialogues*, by Frank Neilson, p.93, entitled 'A live-wire salesman', attributed to 'Alexander Kirkwood'.

A brilliant young man named de Garis  
 Whom little on earth could embarrass  
 From his plane in a crash  
 He wrote wire sending cash  
 For big order for Plaster of Paris

## THE PRETTY GLEANER

NLA MS 1145/60, 25 [FN], 1 stanza under heading '4th stanza of Pretty Gleaner';  
 91 [JSN], a part-stanza under title 'Pretty Gleaner'.  
The Bookfellow 14 March 1907, p.7; GDC.

Receipt dated 6 July 1906, NLA MS 1145/62.

Stephens marked the 5th stanza (lines 33-40) of the GDC text with the comment  
 'Improve' and N encircled lines 29-40 and marked the block with crosses in the margin  
 to indicate the need for revision. The stanzas in the NLA notebook are attempted  
 revisions for the GDC text.  
The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

The wheat is ripe and sultry is the summer  
 Mine eyes are weary of the white and gold  
 My thoughts go back to an old-fashioned story  
 That in an ancient story-book is told  
 In the beginning of the barley-harvest  
 I read it is a tale of love and truth  
 And of a very tender tearful gleaner  
 Dear little Ruth

10 You were a pretty widow with no lover  
 And all excuses must be made for you  
 A dark and glorious Moabitish beauty  
 You sighed and sighed whatever shall I do  
 For life was bare to you the skies were ashen  
 'Twas hard indeed to sit and dream of Fate  
 Love was a glorious garden you were standing  
 Outside the gate

20 You knew no tricks at all at table tennis  
 You had no golf to fill the weary days  
 You had no bike you had no boating parties  
 You had no theatres with problem plays  
 You knew not ankle pads nor ladies' cricket  
 You never knew the splendour of a ball  
 You had (as far as I can make out) clearly  
 No chance at all

30 Had you but lived in these our later ages  
 The whole thing had been otherwise arranged  
 A lady stylish young and prepossessing  
 Would like to meet (photos may be exchanged)  
 A gent with means respectable and loving  
 Alas alas in your soft sunny youth  
 They had not learnt the art of advertising  
 Dear little Ruth

2 weary of] weary with GDC.  
 21 nor ladies'] or ladies GDC.



Still the girls glean but not for wheat or barley  
 Demure and very maidenish of mien  
 Are they when out on this important mission  
 'Tis theirs and it is only theirs to glean  
 And what they seek it does not greatly differ  
 From what they sought long centuries before  
 They haunt the pretty parlour now instead of  
 40 The threshing floor

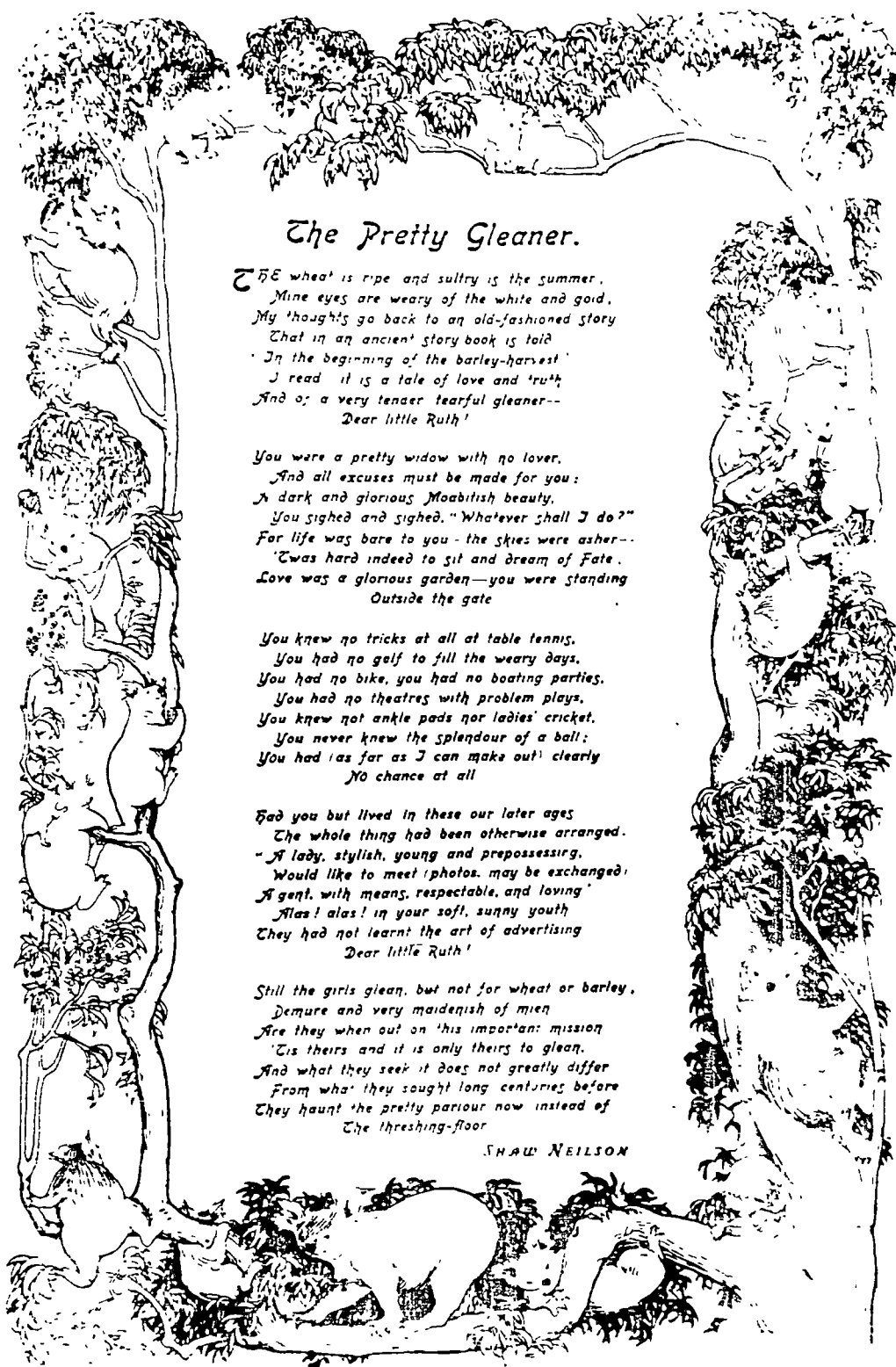
33 the girls glean] do they glean GDC.

NLA MS 1145/60, 91 reads:

A gent with means respectable and loving  
 But you — You had the short cut to the Truth  
 No dull Hypocrisy stood in your bosom  
 Dear little Ruth

NLA MS 1145/60, 25 reads:

Widows are widows still as they we[re] then dear  
 Delight[ful]ly at home to single men  
 Is it not strange about these dreadful men dear  
 They are so slow and stupid now and then  
 [I'm sure the girl[s] say his career is done for]  
 Doubtless the girls said his career is done dear  
 What could he see in her her face her clothes  
 A curious fact although you caught but one dear  
 (I'll chance it but I'm not supposed to pun dear)  
 You caught their Boaz (Beaux)



## The Pretty Gleaner.

THE wheat is ripe and sultry is the summer,  
Mine eyes are weary of the white and gold.  
My thoughts go back to an old-fashioned story  
That in an ancient story book is told  
In the beginning of the barley-harvest  
I read it is a tale of love and 'truth'  
And o' a very tender fearful gleaner--  
Dear little Ruth!

You were a pretty widow with no lover,  
And all excuses must be made for you:  
A dark and glorious Moabitish beauty,  
You sighed and sighed, "Whatever shall I do?"  
For life was bare to you - the skies were ashen--  
'Twas hard indeed to sit and dream of Fate.  
Love was a glorious garden--you were standing  
Outside the gate

You knew no tricks at all at table tennis,  
You had no golf to fill the weary days,  
You had no bike, you had no boating parties,  
You had no theatres with problem plays,  
You knew not ankle pads nor ladies' cricket,  
You never knew the splendour of a ball;  
You had (as far as I can make out) clearly  
No chance at all

Had you but lived in these our later ages  
The whole thing had been otherwise arranged.  
A lady, stylish, young and prepossessing,  
Would like to meet (photos. may be exchanged)  
A gent. with means, respectable, and loving  
Alas! alas! in your soft, sunny youth  
They had not learnt the art of advertising  
Dear little Ruth!

Still the girls glean, but not for wheat or barley,  
Demure and very maidenish of mien  
Are they when out on 'his important mission'  
'Tis theirs and it is only theirs to glean.  
And what they seek it does not greatly differ  
From what they sought long centuries before  
They haunt the pretty parLOUR now instead of  
The threshing-floor

SHAW NEILSON

## THE PRINCE TARRIES

'1907', 38<sup>b</sup>-39<sup>a</sup> (A0128-9), 40<sup>a</sup> & 41<sup>a</sup> (A0129-30) [JSN], draft. Stanza 1 and part-stanza 2 occur at 40<sup>a</sup>, and the poem continues with part-stanza 2 and stanza [3] at 41<sup>a</sup> (under title) and stanzas 4 & 5 at 38<sup>b</sup>-39<sup>a</sup> (under title).

A maiden's flush was on her face and I  
 Looked to her eyes then up to the blue sky  
 She looked but carelessly down a green way  
 It was the road where all the Princes stray  
 The Prince she lightly said comes not today

Good sir she said he is handsome and tall  
 And he could leap the very highest wall  
 So strong in war so swift in love is he  
 And have a care sir when he comes for me  
 10 He will be mad with pride and jealousy

I saw her when another year had flown  
 With a full woman's glory all her own  
 She looked more keenly down the road and then  
 Turned to me smiling the old smile again  
 She said he waits it is the way of men

I saw her many seasons watch the road  
 The roses in her cheek still fainter grew  
 Yet when I spoke the old time brightness showed  
 And ay she spoke proudly with pretty will  
 20 The Prince delays now I more mad shall be  
 To watch him riding down the greenery  
 I know the Prince will some day come for me

Sometimes she asked faintly with sad eyes  
 If wars were waged or robbers plundering ran  
 Or if some unknown thing might still arise  
 To make delay the Prince was but a man  
 Careless but skilled in every manly art  
 Then I talked soothingly for her poor heart  
 Did beat so quick it made my own to start

4 It was] It [is] <<was>> MS.

11 I saw her when] I saw [her] when MS.

12 woman's glory] woman['s] [flow] glory MS.

15] [The Prince she] said he waits | it waits it is the | way of men MS.

20 delays now] delays [and] now MS.

22 I know the Prince] I [know] the Prince MS.

24 robbers] robber[s] MS.

## A PROTEST AND A PROTEST

'1906', 27<sup>b</sup> (A0066) [A]. '1908', 6<sup>b</sup> (A0160) [A].

'1906', 27<sup>b</sup> is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

A certain old maid at Port Victor  
 Had many strange pets to afflict her  
 Her kangaroos fought  
 With the emus she caught  
 And when she protested they kicked her

## A PSALM OF LAW

'1915'E, 9<sup>b</sup> (A0296) [A], with title [JSN].

Lawyers whom we pay remind us  
 That our lives have been sublime  
 Those the other side pay find us  
 Desperate scoundrels all the time

## A PSALM OF LIFE

The Clarion January 1909.

(Apply to Rev. W.H. Stealit for the tune.)

We can tell all mothers cheaply  
 How their infants may be smacked  
 Missions interest us deeply  
 We would like to be a tract

Dried-up bones and blood We mix up  
 With some war whoops from afar  
 Good smoked sausages We fix up  
 Like the artists that We are

Various journals miles behind Us  
 Keep on grumbling as We climb  
 Editors sometimes remind Us  
 That We should be doing time

Finally beloved brothers  
 Trespass not on Our domain  
 Though We lift We don't like others  
 Lifting out of life again

## THE QUEEN I LOVE

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], 3 stanzas, with comment 'May have been printed', this cancelled and further note 'Book'.

Sun (Sydney) 3 December 1911, p.13; GDC.

The Sun text and the MS are identical and the GDC text has an additional stanza and variants throughout. It is most unlikely that Stephens would have contributed an additional stanza, but highly likely that he would have made alterations in editing the text for subsequent publication. The MS is therefore taken as a base text and the additional stanza in GDC incorporated.

Old as the Garden where four rivers ran  
 And Woman first made up her pretty dresses  
 Ere ever strong men learned the arts of war  
 Or ever poets chirped of tears and tresses  
 So old are queens but mine is sweet and seven  
 With big bright eyes and not long down from heaven

Alas for Queens they wed with Kings and Princes  
 Their lives at best are perilous and uncertain  
 They saunter down a world of sham and show  
 10 They flirt and fret but let us draw the curtain  
 If Love and Pain are born in golden glitter  
 Still sweet is sweet and bitter always bitter

But my sweet queen is plagued with wonderment  
 She dreams that I should know why grasses shiver  
 And where the skies have caught their white and gold  
 And why the water-birds so love the river  
 And I cannot tell why the wind is blowing  
 Nor why our friends the buttercups are growing

There is no room for anger in my heart  
 20 For hate or greed or anything forbidden  
 Some lingering laugh of childhood finds a home  
 Down underneath all worldly wisdom hidden  
 The queen I love is soft and sweet and seven  
 With big bright eyes and not long down from heaven

4] Or poets ever chirped of tears or tresses GDC.

7] Alas for queens the conquerors and kings GDC.

8] Made love to them their joys were all uncertain GDC.

9 saunter] sauntered GDC.

10] Until they stepped behind the big black curtain GDC.

11] They loved a child a man a flower a feather GDC.

12] And strove a little while in sunny weather GDC.

13-18] Omitted MS & Sun.

21] What I have learned I gladly would unlearn GDC.

22] All I have found I would that it were hidden GDC.

## THE READY TEACHERS

ML MS 3354/3, Item 1, 9/17<sup>a</sup>-9/17<sup>b</sup> & 10/19<sup>a</sup> [JSN], draft, 2 lines cancelled and replacement lines written.

Here is a man who eats our little town  
Explains our God His movements in the sky  
On this broad pavement where I hasten me  
He would most nobly teach me how to die

\* \* \*

My thanks strange kinsman but I need thee not  
I am not fearing God or the Great Sky  
And my good vassals here upon the spot  
Gladly already teach me how to die

10 The hands no longer take the keen delight  
In lifting up in fashioning as of old  
The tune they beat for me both day and night  
Is rest Oh rest and let the world be cold

The feet decline to wander as of yore  
To find where love in a green world could lie  
They will not dance however fine the floor  
Ah these my friend shall teach me how to die

The ears take up strange music from the hair  
Of some sweet child but oh the heavy brain  
Loiters until the sweetest songs of air  
20 Die and go deeper even into pain

The eyes declare we shall no longer vault  
Over the wistful rainbow on the sky

1 town] town, MS.

2 God] God. MS.

3 where] which MS.

7 the spot] the [sky] spot MS.

10 lifting up] lifting up — MS.

14] To find what love in a green world [might be] <<could lie>> MS.

18 some sweet child] some <<sweet>> child MS.

19] [Loiters and will not strive to have a share] MS.

Loiters until the sweetest of songs of [the fair] air MS, added at bottom of page.

20] [Love as a coward at the sight] of pain MS.

Die and go deeper even into pain MS, added at bottom of page.

22 Over] [Over] [Across] <<Over>> MS.

And the dull heart will say I fear me halt  
 Oh these my friend shall teach me how to die

23] The MS is confused and it looks as if three attempts have been made to alter this line.

The heart [full oft declares] [ <<the>> time] to halt  
 <And/ [the] <<dull>> heart | will say/ [no] prayers>  
 <And/ [the] <<dull>> heart | will say/ I <<fear>> me prayers>  
 <And the dull heart | will say/ I <<fear>> me halt>

24 Oh these] Oh/ [All] these MS.

#### A REMARKABLE LAMB

ML MS 4937/10, item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'Printed' and 'Nine Mile' written in the bottom left hand corner, and with an additional verse headed 'Verse 4, alternative'.

The Weekly Times ' / /06', HI, signed Shaw Neilson, Nine Mile.

JSN - FN 14 November 1941, McKimm MS 14, HI, not sighted. FN - JSN 16 November 1941, McKimm MS 14, HI, not sighted.

There is an illegible comment beside stanza 4 of the typescript and the stanza has a vertical line drawn through it [AGS]. Coincidentally, the cutting of the poem in the H. Pearce collection (n.d.) is marked with a large cross beside stanza 4, and has a correction to stanza 13 ('schooldays' to 'school days') [JSN?]. The 1906 publication date and the additional stanza with the typescript suggest that the typescript may post-date the Weekly Times text, which is therefore taken as the preferred text.

There is no mention of its sire  
 Nor aught about its dam  
 The author merely states the fact  
 That Mary had a lamb

This little lamb that Mary had  
 It had a snow-white fleece  
 But nowadays it always pays  
 To shear them in the grease

10 This little lamb that Mary had  
 It had a curious knack  
 Of always following Mary round  
 And keeping on her track

It followed her to school one day  
 That hardly was the thing  
 The teacher missed it with the cane  
 And gave himself a sting

The teacher said unpleasant things  
About that little lamb  
Until he got it out the door  
20 And gave the door a slam

That lamb it didn't hurry home  
Why no it hung around  
A very foolish thing to do  
It might have got in pound

The teacher was a learned man  
And yet he was a fool  
He could not with his puny arm  
Keep that lamb out of school

He merely was a mortal man  
30 And soon his eyes grew dim  
But Mary's little lamb lived on  
To have the laugh at him

The teacher now is in his grave  
And no one seems to care  
But Mary's snow-white little lamb  
Is famous everywhere

Wherever Britain's sturdy sons  
Unfurl the Union Jack  
There Mary and her little lamb  
40 Have got a beaten track

There's not a pretty little girl  
Of four years old or so  
But knows that Mary had a lamb  
And that 'twas white as snow

There's not an English-speaking boy  
Unless he be a fool  
Who knows not Mary's little lamb  
And how it went to school

How swift the boy becomes a man  
50 The school days how they run  
The pretty girls grow up and wear  
Their tresses in a bun

Then other toddlers take the seats  
Old teachers pass away  
But Mary and her little lamb  
Come trotting every day

The teacher always turns it out  
And yet it hangs around  
And what a most surprising thing  
60 It never gets in pound



It never grows to be a ewe  
 Or yet to be a ram  
 Immortal as the Wandering Jew  
 Is Mary's little lamb

MS 4937/10, Item 1, 'Verse 4, alternative' reads:

It followed her to school one day  
 Well that was rather strong  
 The teacher raged he almost swore  
 It would not move along

#### THE REPORTED MARRIAGE OF MR BENT

'1908', 22<sup>a</sup> (A0175) [JSN].

His eyes are bright and soft his chin  
 He tramps through every continent  
 Cupid the little larrikin  
 He spares not even Tommy Bent

1 eyes are] eyes is MS.

#### ROSES THREE

ML MS 3038/1, 37<sup>a</sup> (B0152) [JSN], fair draft. NLA MS 3330 [JSN], fair copy.  
Sun (Sydney) Sunday 9 March 1913, p.13; The Bookfellow 1 April 1913, p.88; GDC;  
HS 56; BLP 99; CP 50.

ML 3038/1, 37<sup>a</sup> = A; NLA 3330 = B.  
 The fair copy (B) is the preferred text.

What is a rose a white white rose  
 A sweetheart sweet'ning in the Spring  
 Shyly she lives and shyly grows  
 Mourner and mystic blossoming

What is a rose a red red rose  
 A woman proud in a proud hour

- 2 sweet'ning] sweetening Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 2] Oh a sweetheart — a subtle thing A.  
 3 grows] grows, B.  
 4] Deep is the swoon of blossoming A.  
 5 a rose] a rose — B.  
 6 proud] proud, B.

Scented of love she overflows  
It is the ripening of the flower

What is a rose a yellow rose  
A woman grave in the pale gold  
Braver than all she smiles and knows  
It is the quietening for the cold

7 love] love — B.

7] With the red love she overflows A (MS has 'reade').

9 a rose] a [flow] rose, B.

10] A woman grave, in the [pla] pale gold B.

11 than all she] than all — she B; than <<all>> she A.

12 quietening] quiet'ning Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

#### SAINTED JANE

'1908', 21<sup>b</sup> (A0174) [A], with title [JSN]. The whole cancelled.

Cold beef and mustard give me Keen's  
But as for reading Sainted Jane  
I tried it once 'twas in my teens  
It never shall occur again

#### SAUCY SUSETTE

ML MS 3038/2, 4<sup>a</sup> (B0009) [A], draft, with a line omitted and added at end of poem;  
8<sup>a</sup> (B0013) [FN], transcription, with comment.

The Bookfellow 15 November 1913; GDC.

The transcription has the comment 'rather like this piece but of course it's only  
'Light Verse'. Perhaps it could get put in with others.'

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

All the glad child is in her glistening ways  
All the magnificence of velvet days  
She a sweet challenge is her mouth a ruse  
Shyly she steps the sweetest thing in shoes  
Saucy Susette

Blessings of blossom time about her dance  
She is Religion she is Ripe Romance  
Subtle is she but very kind withal  
Shy as the white dew at the even fall  
Saucy Susette

3] She a sweet challenge [h] is — her [ro] mouth a [rose] ruse MS.

4] <<Shyly she steps — the sweetest thing in shoes>> MS.

7] She is [religion] she is [ripe romance] MS.

## A SAVINGS BANK

'The fable and fantasy dialogues', by Frank Neilson, p.93, attributed to 'Alexander Kirkwood', McKimm MS (written between 1912 and 1914). NLA MS 1145/76, typed transcription [FN], (1956).

The earlier of the two versions is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

McPhee paid his fare on a hearse  
 Though 'saxpence' he muttered a curse  
 And strange to relate  
 As he settled the freight  
 A bat flew out of his purse

## THE SEEKER

'1906', 5<sup>a</sup> (A0043) [A], fair draft.

When he was young he stood upon the ships  
 And saw the great sea washing many lands  
 Soft music heard from many women's lips  
 And caught from many honest hearts and hands  
 Old mysteries and many strange commands  
 Doubting at times he lingered with the dead  
 'Mid lilies gracious roses white and red

When he was old he sat and spoke at ease  
 To friends innumerable blue crimson white  
 That could not tarnish him nor taunt nor tease  
 And so he loved and waited for the night  
 Sometimes he smiled and seemed to read aright  
 But not from lofty peaks or lighted towers  
 He saw the soft slow soothing parables the flowers

4 many honest hearts] many <<honest>> hearts MS.

14 He saw] He [plucked] <<saw>> MS.

## THE SEVEN YEARS

ML MS A3038/2, 11<sup>b</sup> (B0018) & '1910', 3<sup>b</sup> (A0226) [JSN], incomplete.  
 The two leaves have been cut and the last word of line 4 lost as a result.  
 It is quite possible that the two stanzas are the complete poem.  
WS places '1910', 3<sup>b</sup> with 'There was a dream', but it has a different rhyme scheme from the other stanzas in that poem.

There was a whistling in the lane  
 And happenings in the dark and dusk  
 Dancers unterrified by pain  
 And the strong sense of [lust]

There was a maze of flowers and green  
 Green earth and skipping girls thereon  
 It was a play through every scene  
 We sat till merriment was gone

4 sense of [lust] ] The leaf has been cut off here.

5] There was a maze of [Seven] flowers [that] <<and>> green MS.

## THE SEXTON RECONCILED

'1906', 28<sup>a</sup>-28<sup>b</sup> (A0066-7) [JSN]. '1929', 43<sup>b</sup> (A0633) [A]. LaT MS 9419/3677, typescript, untitled.  
The Bookfellow 7 March 1907, p.7.

'1906', 28<sup>a</sup>-28<sup>b</sup> is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

A poor woman died down at Lexton  
 And she was the wife of the sexton  
 Do you know what he did  
 When they screwed down the lid  
 He said well here's luck to the next'un

## SIGNS OF THE SEASON

'1915'E, 12<sup>a</sup>-13<sup>a</sup> (A0298-9) [JSN], fair draft; 15<sup>b</sup>-16<sup>a</sup> (A0303), fair draft;  
18<sup>a</sup>-18<sup>b</sup> (A0305-6) [JSN], fair draft.

The Clarion 15 December 1908, p.5, entitled 'Signs of the seasons'.

12<sup>a</sup>-13<sup>a</sup> = A; 15<sup>b</sup>-16<sup>a</sup> = B; 18<sup>a</sup>-18<sup>b</sup> = C.

The third of the three fair drafts (C) is the preferred text.

The staggering postman stumbles to and fro  
Under an avalanche of Christmas cards  
I am as mad as Saul was long ago  
I don't want any old insane regards  
The shop-worn wish the soaring soul retards  
The penny trumpet's toot assaults the ear  
And Rechabites recant and call for Beer

Weary of food and dull with yellow fat  
The goose gives up the ghost and drapers sell  
To many a giggling girl a gorgeous hat  
And every youth must be a summer swell  
Mine ear-drums drink of Sounds Unspeakable  
Ah Carol Singers sing it is no crime  
To slay them in the Act at Christmas Time

- 1] Astounded postmen staggering to and fro A.
- 2 cards] cards. C.
- 3] Ever delivering parcels as they go A.
- 4] Prize platitudes and old <insane> regards A.
- 5] Done up by some infernal far off bards. A.  
From pompous pious pump[ed]-up-something bards B.
- 6] Satan I pray thee in the coming time A.  
The toot of troublous trumpets assau[ults] the ear B.
- 7] Reward each [rhymers] <<wretch>> according to his rhyme A.  
A time of much Bewilderment and — Beer B.
- 8 of food] with food A.
- 10] And every maid must have a summer hat A.
- 12] With sporting spotted ties unspeakable A.  
Lo the loud spotted Tie Unspeakable B.
- 13 sing it is] sing — It is C.
- 13] While Carol singers sing. Is it a crime A.  
When Carol singers sing — is it a crime B.

## THE SIGHT OF MEANS

'1906', (A0059) 20<sup>b</sup> [A].

She had a small brother named Adron  
 He said Sis has got her false hair on  
 She cried You young pest  
 There's a bull-dog ant's nest  
 I'll get you and hold you down thereon

## THE SILVER LINING

'1906', 27<sup>b</sup> (A0066) [A].

There was a young man of Port Pirie  
 Remarkably sanguine and cheery  
 When his mother-in-law  
 Got a touch of lockjaw  
 He said There's a rest for the weary

## THE SMOKER PARROT

Neilson refers to four separate poems by this title: 'The smoker parrot' [1], published in The Clarion 10 May 1909, p.22, with a transcription [FN] in '1936', 1<sup>a</sup>; 'The smoker parrot' [2], published in Shaw Neilson: A memorial 1942, with a fair draft at LaT MS 8910:1232/5C [JSN]; 'Smoker parrots', a fair draft [JSN], at '1927'C, 18<sup>b</sup>-19<sup>a</sup>; and 'Golden fugitive: To a departing smoker parrot', with various drafts in '1934' and '1935', with a fair copy at NLA MS 1145/49 [L], and published in BI.

Anderson and Blake are confused about the poems, and Devaney seems to have been unaware of them all. Anderson lists 'The smoker parrot' in his bibliography (Revised edition) as published in The Clarion May 1909 (Anderson, p.22) and continues the entry: 'In John Shaw Neilson: A memorial (1942). This poem given as hitherto unpublished.' The poem published in The Clarion is not the poem printed in the Bread and Cheese Club memorial volume, nor are these versions of the one poem. Then in the biography John Shaw Neilson Anderson and Blake refer to the 'first of the 'Smoker parrot' poems' (A & B, p.99) as amongst a number of pieces Neilson sent to Randolph Bedford in 1909, and quote:

He is alone; no bird so beautiful  
 The Northern children know  
 Gently they say he is not of the Earth  
 He only falls below.  
 The settler's sunburnt child  
 In him knows all that summer ever smiled.

They continue:

Other versions occur in Chisholm's collection of 1965 and Judith Wright's collection of 1970, which prints the 1927 draft with its fine ending:

Oh, up in the dry land no robber  
Is surely as bold.  
The smokers have washed in the sunlight  
And taken the gold.

The lines commencing 'He is alone' are not the poem, or part of the poem, published by Bedford in The Clarion. They are the first stanza of the text published for the first time in John Shaw Neilson: A memorial. This is the poem given to Mary Gilmore by Neilson and, later, by Mary Gilmore to Robert Croll [cf. A & B, p.163].

'The smoker parrot' [1] occurs in period 2; 'The smoker parrot' [2] and 'Smoker parrots' in period 3; and 'Golden fugitive: to a departing smoker parrot' in period 4.

### THE SMOKER PARROT [1]

'1936', 1<sup>a</sup> (A0769) [FN], transcription, with comment 'This appeared in Clarion May 1909'.

The Clarion 10 May 1909, p.22.

The Clarion is the preferred text.

He has the full moon on his breast  
The moonbeams are about his wing  
He has the colours of a king  
I see him floating unto rest  
When all eyes wearily go west  
And the warm winds are quietening  
The moonbeams are about his wing  
He has the full moon on his breast

### THE SOLDIER IS HOME

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 7<sup>a</sup>-7<sup>b</sup> [J] & '1908', 29<sup>a</sup> (A0185) [J], draft, 5 stanzas, numbered, with some cancelled lines. '1907', 41<sup>b</sup> (A0131) [JSN], a part stanza of 2 lines under heading 'Last verse', revision for draft; 42<sup>a</sup>, (A0131) [JSN], 2 part stanzas, under title, the first ruled off and the second numbered 2, revisions for draft. '1915'E, 15<sup>a</sup> (A0302) [JSN], 3 single lines and a part stanza, numbered (for stanzas) 1-3 and with large angled brackets in the margin beside each, revisions. ML MS A3038/2, 42<sup>a</sup> & 43<sup>a</sup> (B0052), typescript for CP, incomplete, 3 stanzas (3-5) with alterations [RHC]. NLA MS 605/34 [L], 1 stanza, under title, with heading 'New stanza', revision for CP (stanza 3). NLA MS 605/35 [RHC], 1 stanza, with comment [A] and initialled [JSN], revision for CP (stanza 1).  
The Clarion ' /4/1909', HI, not sighted. CP 158.

JSN - AGS 2 August 1931 (suggests might use this to replace one of the pieces he wants to drop from proposed collection); 22 September 1932 (repeats the above

suggestion). JSN - RHC 19 November 1933 (has sent this amongst some other 'typed pieces' for CP and now wants to alter one of the verses). JSN - JD 13 January 1935 ('pieces like 'The whistling jack', 'The soldier is home' and 'The ballad of remembrance' ... rub some people up the wrong way').

The draft and the first revisions in the '1907' notebook (c.1907) are part of the initial impulse of composition. However, the revisions in the '1915'E notebook (c.1908) appear on a leaf without any other material and may well be a later entry in that book as they relate to the CP text more closely than to the draft. Croll made no unauthorised alterations to the texts for CP and the text was obviously revised again to send to Croll for CP, and then altered again, twice, before printing.

In the absence of The Clarion text the draft is taken as a base text and the first revisions incorporated. Because the date of the second lot of revisions is uncertain these are shown in the notes.

MS 3354/2-6, 7<sup>a</sup>-7<sup>b</sup> & '1908', 29<sup>a</sup> = A; '1907', 41<sup>b</sup> = B; '1907', 42<sup>a</sup> = C; '1915'E, 15<sup>a</sup> = D; 3038/2, 42<sup>a</sup> & 43<sup>a</sup> = F; NLA 605/34 = F; NLA 603/35 = G.

Weary is he and sick of the sorrow of war  
 Hating the shriek of loud music the beat of the drum  
 Is this the shadow called glory men sell themselves for  
 How shall he speak to his God the God that is dumb  
 Ay ay the soldier is home

Still doth he think of one morning the flood of the sun  
 The whizzing of bullets deep darkness and next to his mind  
 Came the hours of his terrible torment when the red fighting  
 was done

- 4] A revised line from C.

[Bitter indeed is his heart and his eyes they are dumb] A.

The pangs in his heart have paled him and stricken him dumb D.

The pangs in his heart <<they>> have paled him and stricken him dumb G, with comment 'Think this stanza will do by putting in 'they' to make the length'; CP.

- 5] A revised line from C.

Oh yes the soldier is home G; CP.

- 6] A revised line from C.

Still does he think of one morning oh bright was the sun A.

Still does he think of one morning the march and the sun CP.

- 7] A revised line from C.

He heard the sharp whiz of a bullet and next to his mind A.

A smoke and a scream [an] and the dark and next to his mind D.

A smoke and a scream and the dark and next to his mind CP.

- 8] A revised line from C.

Came the hours of his torment [what h] when all the red fighting was done A. .

Comes the time of his torment when all the red fighting was done CP.



- And he sighed for the bonny brave leg he left in the desert  
behind
- 10 Ay ay the soldier is home
- Alas for the prating of priest the low mean manoeuvrings of  
kings  
The diplomat's delicate lying the cheers of a crowd  
But he he has learnt for himself the heart of these horrible  
things  
He that was young and knew not now almost his heart cries  
aloud  
Ay ay the soldier is home
- Now shall he sit in the dark his world shall be fearfully  
small  
He shall sit with old people who pray and praise God for  
fine weather  
Only at times shall he move for a glimpse away over the wall  
Where the men and women who make up the world are striving  
together
- 20 Ay ay the soldier is home
- Sometimes the sudden big tears will redden his eyes  
For no one may hear what he hears or see what he sees  
He shall be mocked by the sunlight the flush of the skies
- 10] Oh yes the soldier is home CP.
- 11] Alas for the prating of priests the low mean manoeuvres of Kings E.  
<<He was caught with the valour of words the glory of Kings>> [RHC] E.  
He was caught with the valour of music the glory of kings F; CP.
- 13] He[r] rages at all the shrill music the vile vapourings D.  
He rages at all the shrill music the vile vapourings E.  
<<And now does he hate the dull>> [music the vile vapourings] [RHC] E.  
And now does he hate the dull tempest the shrill vapourings F; CP.
- 14] He who was proud and no beggar now begs for a shroud D, cancelled and rewritten  
following revised line 13.  
He who was proud and no beggar now waits for his shroud E; CP.  
He who was proud and no beggar now waits for a shroud F.
- 15] Oh yes the soldier is home E; F; CP.
- 17 sit with old] sit with the old E.
- 19] Where the men and the women who make up the worlds are striving together E.  
19 and women] and the women CP.
- 20] Oh yes the soldier is home E; CP.
- 21] Simple salt tears full often will redden his eyes E; CP.
- 22] He shall hear the voice of a boy and know not the joy that he sees A.  
For no one may know hear what he hear[s] or see what he sees B, revised line.  
No one shall hear what he hears or see what he sees E; CP.
- 23] A revised line from B.  
[He] shall [shall] <<be>> mocked in the even when fair the world lies] A.  
He shall be mocked by a flower and the flush in the skies E.  
He shall be mocked by a flower and the flush of the skies CP.

He shall behold the kissing of sweethearts close by him  
 under the trees  
 Ay ay the soldier is home

24 by him under] by him here under E; CP.  
 25] Oh yes the soldier is home E; CP.

#### SOLOMON AND US

'1908', 31<sup>a</sup> (A0187-8) [JSN], fair draft.

Said Solomon  
 There's nothing beneath the sun  
 The whole thing has been overdone  
 Lucky I have my family  
 And so I have a little fun

Said We  
 Just look at us in latter days  
 Who still a feeble laugh would raise  
 Sifting the dead jokes joyfully  
 Treating them many different ways

2] The whole thing has been [theatres] overdone MS.

#### SOLOMON CRITICISED

'1908', 33<sup>b</sup> (A0190) [A].

Old Solomon to heights sublime  
 And great magnificence did climb  
 Sweet is the light he said but I  
 Prefer the Limelight every time

#### SOLOMON IN A BILIOUS MOOD

'1907', 13<sup>b</sup> (A0103) [JSN].

Nothing is new beneath the sun  
 Wisdom is ageing so is Fun  
 Sometimes I tell my family  
 The whole thing has been overdone

## SOMETHING NEW IN MILLINERY

'1906', 28<sup>a</sup> (A0066) [A]. '1907', 1<sup>a</sup> (A0089) [A], entitled 'Expecting too much'.  
 '1915'E, 20<sup>a</sup> (A0307) [JSN], entitled 'The sacrifice'.

The preferred text is '1906', 28<sup>a</sup>. Variants are not shown.

A charming young lady named Breuster  
 Trimmed her hat with the head of a rooster  
 When they asked can it crow  
 She smiled and said no  
 It can't do that now but it use'ter

## THE SONG AND THE BIRD

ML MS A3038/1, 1<sup>a</sup> (B0090) [JSN], fair draft, entitled 'The bird is bold', signed.  
HS 88; BLP 15; CP 78.

The HS text drops stanza 2 of the fair draft and introduces a new stanza 1. It is unlikely that Stephens would have altered the text to this extent and HS is therefore taken as the preferred text.

He hath his Heaven got  
 For Love he shakes the tree  
 Happy he heedeth not  
 The many gods that be

He telleth all his mad  
 Manoeuvring to the morn  
 The shy slow-footed lad  
 Hears him and is forlorn

10 And doth he grieve or think  
 In dreaming drab and dim  
 Can aught of dull air sink  
 Into the heart of him

He fears not wind or sky  
 He counts not moon or year  
 Or the many men who die  
 Or the green wheat in the ear

1-4] MS 0.

5-8] ≠ MS 1-4.

5] He tells of all his mad MS 2.

7] He smites a lover-lad MS 3.

8] With melody forlorn MS 4.

9] But never does he think MS.

10 dreaming] dreamings MS.

11] Sour Earth could never sink MS.

15] But in his trance will try MS.

16] To make his meaning clear MS.

He knoweth the false and fair  
 And the deeps of deep things  
 How shall I know this bird  
 20 Who sings and sings and sings

17 knoweth] knows MS.  
 18 the deeps] the deep BLP.  
 19] He talks to the thin air MS.  
 20 Who sings] And sings MS.

Discarded stanza

MS stanza 2, lines 5-8 reads:

He sings muffled and low  
 He shrieks in <<his>> fierce pain  
 All fears that lovers know  
 Fill up his voice again

### SONG FOR A SINNER

'1915'E, 17<sup>a</sup>-18<sup>a</sup> (A0304-5) [JSN], fair draft.

When you go under ground with all your airs  
 Your kindly lies and your ridiculous prayers  
 You shall not ever fear to face again  
 The strong man's rage the woman wild with pain  
 Nor Song nor Sigh will beat upon your Brain

The World shall mourn thee neither less nor more  
 Than all the Pawns who played the Game Before  
 The lover-lad will kiss his love anew  
 The water-birds will have their dance to do  
 And the rude Spring will gallop over you

The Men who Make will match the Men who Mar  
 The Eye Unsatisfied will seek a Star  
 Thy Visitor the worm will speak thee fair  
 The Bride will tremble and the Child will stare  
 And the red Summer will ride everywhere

3 not ever fear] not <<ever>> fear MS.  
 5 Brain] Brain. MS.  
 6 thee neither less] the[e] <<neither>> less MS.  
 11 Men who Mar] Man who Mar MS.

## A SONG WITHOUT A TUNE

'1907', 11<sup>a</sup>-12<sup>a</sup> (A0100-1) [JSN], draft.

Lift up my lad lift up your love close up unto your heart  
 The sleepy ships the sullen ships will bear us far apart  
 Oh the pretty palm trees that speak through mist and rain  
 Lift up my lad lift up your love her running tears are vain  
 For who shall know what winds will blow or who shall meet  
 again

The little fearless stars walk together in the sky  
 My pretty one I loved you but there's a dear goodbye  
 The waking ships the weary ships they only laugh at pain  
 Lift up my lad lift up your love her running tears are vain  
 For who shall know what winds will blow or who shall meet  
 again

The palm trees the palm trees have taken hold o'me  
 But never lips were half so sweet as those you gave to me  
 The moving ship the moving crowd the language loud and plain  
 Lift up my lad lift up your love her running tears are vain  
 For who shall know what winds will blow or who shall meet  
 again

- 4] Lift up my lad lift|up' [my lad lift|up your la<d>] love again|your love her |  
 running tears are vain MS.  
 5 will blow or who] shall blow [and] <<or>> who MS.  
 8 weary ships] weary ship[s] MS.  
 13 moving ship the moving crowd] moving ship |the busy ship| the moving crowd MS.  
 14 up my lad] up <<my>> lad MS.  
 15 who shall know what winds will] who[r] shall know what winds will MS.

## SONNET

(Written during a fit of temporary insanity)

'1907', 28<sup>a</sup>-28<sup>b</sup> (A0117-8) [JSN], draft.

Are we all driven by some Devil strong  
 Who hath not half enough to do in Hell  
 That we so ramble through the Right and Wrong  
 Get mad and fight or sit around and sell  
 Our Brain and Muscle while a fairy Bell  
 Calls us to dim delights 'mid woodland elves  
 Are we some other things or just ourselves

We Men and Women are we ever wise  
 We buy fine clothes and wear a patched-up smile  
 We talk of Truth and live among the Lies  
 We say that Pain is good and Love is guile  
 And other things not really worth our while  
 Hark to the Bell Oh the wish woodland elves  
 Are We some other Folk or just Ourselves

2 in Hell] in [it] Hell MS.6 us to dim] us <<to>> dim MS.8 Women] Womens MS.11 Love is guile] Love is [quite] guile MS.12 worth our while] worth [the] our while MS.14 Are We some] Are [So] We some MS.

## THE SOUL OF THE SANDFLY

There are three discrete versions of this poem, two with this title. A third version is entitled 'Not tumbled to', q.v.

## THE SOUL OF THE SANDFLY [1]

'1915'E, 3<sup>b</sup>-4<sup>a</sup> (A0289) [A], draft, entitled 'Not tumbled to', with gloss 'In the wake of Thomas Bracken'; 6<sup>a</sup> & 7<sup>a</sup> (A0291-2) [A], fair draft, entitled 'The soul of the sandfly', with sub-title 'Not tumbled to' and gloss '(Inspired by reading Thomas Bracken's poem 'Not understood')'.

3<sup>b</sup>-4<sup>a</sup> = A; 6<sup>a</sup> & 7<sup>a</sup> = B.

The fair draft (B) is the preferred text.

I am no anarchist no red insurgent  
I merely wonder why do Bishops pray  
So much for Edward it can't be so urgent  
This sort of thing just gives the King away  
Do you tumble

If roosters couldn't crow they would be quieter  
If tortoises could sprint they would be fast  
If woman couldn't scream that mouse would bite her  
And if she died the race could never last  
10 Do you tumble

If parsons weren't fogged they would be clearer  
If undertakers smiled they wouldn't score  
If cows combined milk kisses would be dearer  
Will these jokes die like lots that went before  
Not tumbled to

Great Scot if newspapers keep getting dearer  
And Editors more dense this world shall see  
A Tragedy this bard shall take a header  
Into the void No joker likes to be  
20 Not tumbled to

- 2] I love the King but why do parsons pray A.  
3] [But why] So much for Edward his case isn't urgent A.  
4] Then why this fuss prayers give the show away A.  
8] [Still women fears]  
If women wouldn't scream the mouse would bite her A.  
9] This circumstance remains for centuries past A.  
10] Not tumbled to A.  
11 If parsons] If Bishop[s] A.  
12 they wouldn't] they'd never A.  
14] Will these jokes snuff out others have before A.  
17] And Editors more dense. The world shall [cease] see A.

## THE SOUL OF THE SANDFLY [2]

'1915'E, 5<sup>a</sup> (A0290) [A], fair draft, with sub-heading 'A psalm of life' and gloss 'With apologies to the original psalmist'; 4<sup>b</sup> (A0290) [A], one stanza numbered 2, an attempted revision, under short title 'Psalm of life'.

Like some shark too cute to slumber  
Or some tortoise stuffed with steam  
We exploit the Ancient Number  
For the Concentrated Cream

Brother journalists who may not  
Know the game to you we say  
Fossick find out fish up pay not  
That's the way to make things pay

We find pictures of proud mothers  
Precious infants being smacked  
And Our Unconverted Brothers  
In the Great Headhunting Act

We find views of Alligators  
And of brave men being hurled  
From balloons down red-hot craters  
Sometimes half way through the world

'1915'E, 4<sup>b</sup> reads:

Brother journalists who may not  
Know the little game we play  
We<<'re>> <<are a>> just fossick <<as>> out we pay not  
That['s] the way to make things pay

## A SOUND CHURCHMAN

The Bookfellow 16 June 1914, p.141, with signature Charlie Chaucer.

He was a Bishop orthodox  
One of those good old earnest haters  
Of Progress with its sharps and shocks  
He was a Bishop orthodox  
Right from his hat down to his sox  
There was a soundness in his gaiters  
He was a Bishop orthodox  
One of those good old earnest haters



## THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION

'1906', 28<sup>a</sup> (A0066) [A]. '1907', 2<sup>a</sup> (A0091) [A], untitled, under heading 'Port Fairy'.

The preferred text is '1906', 28<sup>a</sup>. Variants are not shown.

There was a young girl of Port Fairy  
Exceedingly queer and contrary  
Her Pa was quite bald  
But when anyone called  
She used to say isn't Pa hairy

¶ 'Still laughing wearily with love's old shame'

'1909', 7<sup>a</sup>-7<sup>b</sup> (A0205-6) [JSN], incomplete, 3 stanzas, one unnumbered and incomplete and 2 numbered 4 & 5. The unnumbered stanza follows immediately after the signature attached to the previous poem, 'Sylvia and a salad', as if it were carried backwards from a leaf further on. However, there is some space following stanza 5 so it is not likely that the stanza at 7<sup>a</sup> was carried over backwards from those at 7<sup>b</sup>.

[ . . . . . ]  
Still laughing wearily with love's old shame  
Julia but Julia's soul oh where oh where  
The soul of Julia it went out with her hair

I have felt love about her pretty chin  
And the sweet neck of her (<has> it a sin)  
When she grew stronger I could hear her sing  
But the lost soul was not in anything

When her skirts rustle listening am I  
On her slim ankles I have kept an eye  
The nauseous nurse in this has had some share  
I have lost Julia with my Julia's hair

[Incomplete]

- 3 (first stanza) The soul of Julia [of] I went out with her hair MS.  
3 (first stanza) Julia, but Julia soul — oh where oh where MS.  
1 (stanza 5) When her skirts rustle listening [I] am I MS.  
3 (stanza 5) The nauseous nurse in this <<has>> had some share MS.  
4 (stanza 5) I have lost Julia with my Julia hair MS.

## STILL LIFE ON THE FARM

The fable and fantasy dialogues, by Frank Neilson, p.94, attributed to 'Alexander Kirkwood', McKimm MS.

The fowls — still — roosting in the Pine  
 The sleepy farmhand rising early  
 Away all day — back — tea at nine  
 The fowls still roosting in the Pine  
 He thought them fixed there like a sign  
 Black Orpingtons and Leghorns pearly

\*            \*            \*

The fowls still roosting in the Pine  
 The sleepy farmhand rising early

## THE STRATEGY OF JONAH

'1915'E, 10<sup>b</sup> (A0297) [A].

Old Jonah was by no means slow  
 As the whale dipped he slyly slid  
 Into the monster's mouth and hid  
 He jumped as prophet never did  
 Indeed he was his [only] show

## A STRAY COW

'1908', 4<sup>a</sup> (A0157) [A]. Alterations are not shown.

We have just been informed that a cow  
 Walked through a shop window somehow  
 She has eaten some beans  
 And a large stock of greens  
 We are led to believe there's a row

## THE SUN IS UP

ML MS A3038/1, 3<sup>a</sup> (B0093) & '1906', 33<sup>a</sup> (A0071 [repeated at A0073]) [JSN], fair draft. '1908', 3<sup>a</sup>-3<sup>b</sup> (A0156-7) [A], fair draft. ML MS A3038/1, 2<sup>a</sup> & 2<sup>b</sup> (B0091-2) & '1908', 10<sup>a</sup> (A0163) [JSN], fair draft.  
Australia (incorporating The Bookfellow) 15 August 1907, p.101; GDC; HS 10; BLP 11; CP 10.

JSN - RHC 25 February 1934, NLA MS 605/62-69 (corrections to proofs CP, with an alteration).

3038/1, 3<sup>a</sup> & '1906', 33<sup>a</sup> = A; '1908', 3<sup>a</sup>-3<sup>b</sup> = B; 3038/1, 2<sup>a</sup> & 2<sup>b</sup> & '1908', 10<sup>a</sup> = C.  
 The preferred text is the third of the fair drafts, 3038/1, 2<sup>a</sup> & 2<sup>b</sup> & '1908', 10<sup>a</sup> (C). (The draft is unusual in that all lines are heavily marked with stops at the end.)

Speak not of Death it is a merry morn  
 A glittering bird has danced into a tree  
 From his abundant heart bravely are borne  
 The loves of leafy choristers to me  
 Music is of the sunlight strong and free  
 The sun is up the death is far away  
 The first hour is the sweetest of the day

Blithely a bush boy wanders on a walk  
 Shaking with joy joyous in heart and limb  
 For his delight the trees have learned to talk  
 And all the flowers have little laughs with him  
 Watching the far sky beautiful but dim  
 The sun is up the death is far away  
 The first hour is the sweetest of the day

- 2 glittering] [rippling] <<glittering>> C.  
 3 bravely are] [sweetly] <<bravely>> is [JSN] B; bravely is C.  
 3] He doth not speak of any sorrows borne A.  
 4] He tells the loves of choristers to me A.  
 5] Music is [with] <<of>> the sunlight [Love] is free B.  
     Music is with the sunlight Love is free A.  
 6 The sun is up] The blood is [free] up B.  
 6 the death] and death Aus; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 8] Blithely a bush boy goes upon his morning walk A.  
 9 Shaking with joy] Full eyed with joy A.  
 10] For him the very tree[s] have learned to talk A.  
 12 beautiful but dim] beautiful and dim Aus; GDC; HS; BLP; wonderful and dim CP  
     (JSN - RHC 25 February 1934: 'I think wonderful would be  
     much better than beautiful. Beautiful seems very weak.').  
 12] He loves the sky — beyond the sky is dim A.  
 13 The sun] The blood A.  
 13 the death] and death Aus; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

## THE SUNDOWNER

'1907', 3<sup>a</sup>-4<sup>b</sup> (A0092-3) [JSN], fair draft, 6 stanzas numbered 1-6 and a revised stanza 1, with stanzas renumbered; 8<sup>a</sup> & 9<sup>b</sup>-10<sup>b</sup> (A0097 & A0099-0100) [JSN], fair draft, 6 stanzas numbered 1-6 (stanza 6 at 9<sup>b</sup>, stanzas 1-5 at 10<sup>a</sup>-10<sup>b</sup>) & an unnumbered stanza (at 8<sup>a</sup>, an attempted revision of stanza 2) under title 'The sundowner'. '1908', 29<sup>b</sup>-30<sup>b</sup> (A0186-7) [JSN], draft, 7 stanzas numbered 1-7, and an additional 3 stanzas, 5 stanzas cancelled and the stanzas renumbered, entitled 'The passing of the sundowner'. '1915'E, 1<sup>a</sup>-1<sup>b</sup> (A0286-7) [A], fair draft, incomplete, 7 stanzas numbered 5-11.

'1934', 44<sup>a</sup>-45<sup>a</sup> (A0733-4) [L], transcription, headed 'With some apologies to the author of 'London Streets', with comment under title 'This appeared in Clarion 15 September 1908. Clarion copyright', 13 stanzas, stanza 12 misnumbered and stanza 7 cancelled and rewritten. NLA MS 1145/65, typescript [JD], 11 stanzas, enclosed with letter JSN - JD 17 February 1935. NLA MS 1145/65 [L], transcription, 11 stanzas, enclosed with letter JSN - JD 17 February 1935 and headed 'The sundowner (Original Version). This appeared in Clarion 15 September 1908'. '1936', 2<sup>a</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> & 5<sup>b</sup> (A0770-1) [FN], transcription, 11 stanzas, with comment 'this appeared in Clarion 15 September 1908. Clarion copyright', with a stanza headed 'Odd verse' [A], and revisions [L] under heading 'Alterations. The sundowner' (with a heading 'Odd verse', a stanza headed 2nd stanza, a stanza numbered 4 and a line under heading '1st stanza, 4th line' [L]), revisions for BI. NLA MS 1145/65 [L], fair copy, headed 'The sundowner. Revised version. With some apologies to the author of 'London Streets'. This appeared in Clarion 1908', 11 stanzas, with stanza 7 cancelled and rewritten.

JSN - JD 17 February 1935, NLA MS 1145/65 (enclosing a typed copy 'was it you that typed it?' and discussing poem). JSN - JD 12 January 1936, NLA MS 1145/65; 19 January 1936, NLA MS 1145/67; 27 January 1936, NLA MS 1145/65; 26 April 1936, NLA MS 1145/67; 30 April 1936, NLA MS 1145/65; 3 May 1936, NLA MS 1145/67.

On 12 January 1936 N told Devaney that he thought he could improve 'The sundowner'; on 19 January 1936 he said he would do it 'in a few days time'; on 27 January 1936 he wrote that he was 'enclosing the revised version' and explained the background to the piece; on 26 April 1936 and 30 April 1936 he said he had received Devaney's letters and 'typed stuff' and manuscript and said that 'The sundowner' may need little corrections'; and on 3 May 1936 he sent a list of corrections for BI with the comment 'Page 16 & 17 The sundowner. Correct'.

The Clarion 15 September 1908, p.21; BI 30.

The poem was conceived first as a short piece of 6 stanzas and extended to 7 stanzas, and then extended to become a longer poem of first 10 stanzas and then 11 stanzas, and the MSS at '1907' (c. mid-1907), '1908' (c.1907) and '1915'E (c.1908) are part of the one impulse of composition which resulted in the Clarion text. The poem was then revised in 1935-1936 for inclusion in BI in 1936.

'1907',  $3^a-4^b = A$ ; '1907',  $8^a$  &  $9^b-10^b = B$ ; '1908',  $29^b-30^b = C$ ;  
 '1915'E,  $1^a-1^b = D$ ; '1934',  $44^a-45^a = E$ ; NLA MS 1145/65 (typescript) = F;  
 NLA MS 1145/65 (transcription [L]) = G; '1936',  $2^a-3^a$  &  $5^b = H$ ; NLA MS 1145/65  
 (fair copy [L]) = I.  
 The Clarion is the preferred text.

I know not when this tiresome man  
 With his shrewd sable billycan  
 And his huge Nosebags rarely washed  
 His Programme of Protest began

Irresolute revengeful grand  
 Majestic'llly he roamed the land  
 Why were the Squatters kind to him  
 Ah the Wax Matches in his hand

- 1-4]  $\neq$  A 1-4 & A [1-4] '1st verse corrected';  $\neq$  B 1-4; C  $\emptyset$ ; D  $\emptyset$ ;  
 $\neq$  E 1-4; = F 1-4;  $\neq$  G 1-4;  $\neq$  H 1-4;  $\neq$  I 1-4;  $\neq$  BI 1-4.
- 1] I know not how he first began A.  
 I know not how this tiresome man A 'corrected'.  
 [I kn] [There is no date — he just began]  
 I know not [why] when this tiresome man E.  
 I know not whence this tiresome man G; H.
- 2] His pilgrimage this tiresome man A.  
 His programme of protest began A 'corrected'.  
 With his cantankerous billy can B.
- 3] With his [high] <<huge>> nose bags rarely washed A.  
 With his high nosebags rarely washed A 'corrected'.  
 And his unwashed Democracy E; I; BI.
- 4] And his commodious billy can A.  
 And his black bottomed billy can A 'corrected'.  
 His boomed-up Pilgrimage began H, a line under heading 'Alterations'.  
 The sundowner' 1st stanza, 4th line'; BI.  
 His unpaid Pilgrimage began E; I.
- 5-8] A  $\emptyset$ ;  $\neq$  B 5-8; C  $\emptyset$ ; D  $\emptyset$ ; = E 5-8; = F 5-8; = G 5-8; = H 5-8;  $\neq$  H 'Odd  
 verse' & H 'Odd verse. 2nd stanza'; = I 5-8;  $\neq$  BI 9-12.
- 5] Floundering Flat-footed through the Land B.  
 Tall was the grass I understand H 'Odd verse' & H 'Odd verse 2nd stanza';  
BI.
- 6] Irresolute revengeful grand B.  
 Then did the Squatter rule the land H 'Odd verse'.  
 When the old squatter ruled the land H 'Odd verse. 2nd stanza'; BI.
- 6 Majestic'llly] Majestic'llly F; Majestically E, G, H & I.
- 7] Why was the Squatter kind to him B.  
 Why were the conquerors kind to him H 'Odd verse' & H 'Odd verse. 2nd  
 stanza'; BI.

- Sometimes he wandered far Out-Back  
 10 . On a precarious Tucker-Track  
 Sometimes he lacked Necessities  
 No Gentleman would like to lack
- Snugly beneath some five-wire fence  
 He slept next morning loitering hence  
 Slowly reluctantly he humped  
 His swag conspicuous immense
- In the full splendour of his power  
 He travelled quite one mile an hour  
 Pausing anon persistently  
 20 For a Pint Pannikin of Flour

- 9-12] - A stanza [2] 12; D Ø, D Ø; - E 9-12; - F 9-12; = G 9-12; = H 9-12;  
 = I 9-12; = BI 5-8.
- 13-16] A Ø; B Ø; ≠ C 5-8 (stanza [2][7] 7); D Ø; = E 13-16; = F 13-16; = G 13-16;  
 = H a stanza numbered 4 under heading 'Alterations The sundowner';  
 = I 13-16; ≠ BI 13-16.
- 13] Where bullockies with oaths intense H; BI.
- 14] Made of the dragged-up trees a fence H; BI.
- 15] Slowly he humped resourcefully C.  
 Calmly he slept with snakes then rolled H.  
 Gambling with scorpions he rolled BI.
- 16] His swag supremely loud immense C.
- 17-20] ≠ A 13-16 (stanza [4] 8); B Ø; ≠ C 9-12 (stanza [3] 8); = D 17-20;  
 ≠ E 17-20; = F 17-20; = G 17-20; = H 17-20; ≠ I 17-20; ≠ BI 17-20.
- 17] In the bright heyday of his power A.  
 Full speed ahead going full power C.  
 In the full splendour of his [hour] power H.
- 18 quite one] just one A; C.
- 18] Rarely he touched one mile an hour E; I; BI.
- 19] The slow sun moved at even-fall C.  
 What was the goal historians say E; I.  
 Dawdling at sundown History says BI.
- 20] A pile[d] up pannikin of flour C.  
 'Twas the Pint Pannikin of Flour  
 For the Pint Pannikin of flour BI.

Seldom he worked he was I fear  
 Unreasonably slow and dear  
 Little he earned and that he spent  
 Deliberately drinking Beer

His clothes of many a darksome hue  
 From time to time he did renew  
 Lo the Proud Patches on his Pants  
 Rudely irregular askew

- Always we know him at a glance  
 30 This old rough recognised Romance  
 'Mid the old ornamental gods  
 Surely our friend should have a chance

- 21-24]  $\neq$  A 21-24 (cancelled stanza); = B 13-16;  $\neq$  C 21-24; = D 21-24;  
 = E 21-24; = F 21-24; = G 21-24; = H 21-24; = I 21-24; = BI 21-24.  
 21] Sometimes he [walked] <<worked>> a month a year A.  
 Sometimes he worked a month a year C.  
 22 Unreasonably] [Unsufferably] D.  
 22] But an unwritten law austere C.  
 23] Courting the sack he spent his all A.  
 Frowned on [all]// him [as he/ [labour all he] earned [he/ [earned]  
 //spent C.  
 24] Deliberately drinking/ [He spent in buying mainly] beer C.  
 25-28] A  $\emptyset$ ;  $\neq$  B 17-20;  $\neq$  C cancelled stanza [6] 11; = D 25-58; E  $\emptyset$ ;  
 = F 25-28; = G 25-28; = H 25-28; I  $\emptyset$ ; BI  $\emptyset$ .  
 25] He has been mentioned as a mule B.  
 Tho he [did seem a] <<was>> stubborn as a mule C.  
 26] Nay but he was no common fool B.  
 He was not any fool C.  
 27] Patches he put upon his pants C.  
 28] Bewilderingly beautiful B; C.  
 29-32] A  $\emptyset$ ; B  $\emptyset$ ; C  $\emptyset$ ; = D 29-32; = E 25-28 (cancelled stanza); = F 29-32;  
 = G 29-32; = H 29-932;  $\neq$  I 25-28 (cancelled stanza & rewritten stanza);  
 $\neq$  BI 25-28.  
 29] Hopeless sore-footed child of chance E (replacement stanza).  
 Cheerful sore-footed child of chance I (cancelled stanza & replacement  
 stanza); BI.  
 30 rough] [rude] <<rough>> D.  
 30] Sadly sore-footed child of chance E (replacement stanza).  
 Swiftly we know him at a glance I (cancelled stanza & replacement stanza);  
BI.  
 31] Always the Self compassionate E (replacement stanza); I (cancelled  
 stanza).  
 Boastful <<and>> Self-Compassionate I (replacement stanza).  
 Boastful and self-compassionate BI.  
 32] Australian Interstate Romance E (replacement stanza); I (cancelled stanza  
 & replacement stanza).  
 Australia's Interstate Romance BI.

Yet he shall live in Robust Rhyme  
Soliloquies and Odes Sublime  
(Strictly between Ourselves he was  
A rare old Humbug all the time)

In many a Book or Bushland Dim  
Mopokes shall give him greeting grim  
The Bunyip pottering in the reeds  
40 Shall pass the time-o-day to him

On many a Page our Friend shall take  
Small sticks his evening fire to make  
Shedding his Waistcoat he shall mix  
On its smooth back his Johnny-Cake

- 33-36] A  $\emptyset$ ;  $\neq$  B 21-24;  $\neq$  C cancelled stanza [9] 12;  $\neq$  D 33-36; = E 29-32;  
= F 33-36; = G 33-36; = I 29-32;  $\neq$  BI 29-32.
- 33] Long shall he live in Prose and Rhyme B.  
So shall he live in prose and Rhyme C (cancelled stanza).  
Yea he shall live in Robust Rhyme D.  
Shall he not live in Robust Rhyme BI.
- 34] Yea he shall flourish he shall climb B.  
And many <<an>> awkward sand hill climb C (cancelled stanza).
- 35] Between ourselves I think he was C (cancelled stanza).
- 37-40]  $\neq$  A 9-12 (stanza [3] 13); B  $\emptyset$ ; C  $\emptyset$ ; = D 37-40;  $\neq$  E 33-36; = F 37-40;  
 $\neq$  G 37-40;  $\neq$  H 37-40;  $\neq$  I 33-36;  $\neq$  BI 33-36.
- 37 Book or] Book of E, I, F, G, H.
- 37] In Story book of Bushland Dim A.
- 38 Mopokes] Mopoke A.
- 39 in the reeds] 'mid the reed A.
- 39 The Bunyip] The old swans E, I, BI.
- 40 time-o-day] time of day BI.
- 41-44] A  $\emptyset$ ; B  $\emptyset$ ; C stanza numbered [10][13] 11; = D 41-44; = E 37-40;  
= F 41-44; = G 41-44; = I 37-40; = BI 37-40.
- 41 On many] In many C.
- 44 On its] On [his] <<its>> C.

The Clarion text and the transcription H finish with 'Amen' after line 44,  
an addition by Randolph Bedford (JSN - JD 12 January 1936).

Discarded stanzas

A stanza 5, lines 17-20:

By slippering swamp <<and>> blinding sand  
By a strong sun long dazed and tanned  
Reluctantly year in year out  
Flat-footedly he trod this land



B stanza 3, lines 9-12 & C cancelled stanza [5] 9, lines 17-20:

So shall he not unsung expire B.  
 Let him <<not>> rashly so so expire C.  
 The sun shall listen to his sire B.  
 Let not thy son hear it from his sire C.  
 Here was a man who held he had B.  
 Here was a man who thought he had C.  
 The right to always start a Fire B & C.

B an unnumbered stanza following stanza 6, attempted revision of stanza 2;  
 Floundering flat-footed through the land  
 Irresolute revengeful grand  
 [A patient strategist he planned] The vile Fat Man's Discomfiture  
 This patient strategist he planned

C cancelled stanza 1, lines 1-4:

All up and down this glorious land  
 Through the sly salt pan gravelled sand  
 [Hand] He walked as walked the Wandering Jew  
 By his own bold inertia banned

C stanza [4][8] 9, lines 13-16:

Half hidden by the grime and [murl] murk  
 Deep in his dismal soul did lurk  
 Strange notions neither new or old  
 A strong forgetfulness of work

C stanza [7] 10, lines 25-28:

Our Friend is tired the day is done  
 Sadly/ [Smiling] he slips down with the sun  
 Lawson a grim Chief mourner stands  
 [He is the]  
 A funeral — well there isn't on[e]

E stanza 11, lines 41-44 & E 3 lines following a revised stanza 7;

I stanza 11, lines 41-44; and an additional stanza in BI, lines 41-44:

Tumbling [or 'Fumbling'] with leaves and silvery bark E 41.  
 'Mid the dry leaves and silvery bark E the second of the 2 stanzas;  
I; BI.  
 Often at nightfall would he park E 42; omitted in the second of the  
 two stanzas.  
 Often at nightfall will he park I & BI.  
 Close to some giggling creek and hear E 43.  
 Close to a harmless creek and hear E the second to the 2 stanzas; I;  
BI.  
 The bunyip paddling in the dark E both stanzas; I; BI.

A cancelled line at the end of the MS E reads:

[Move at the sunrise with the moving shade]

This was probably intended for the second of the 2 stanzas at E which has  
 only 3 lines.

JSN - JD 17 February 1935:

I am enclosing a typed copy of the 'Sundowner'. It appeared in the 'Clarion' about 1908. Have you already seen this piece? Was it you that typed it? I am sure I forget. The 'amen' is not my idea. Randolph Bedford put that in. Randolph was always rather blasphemous.

Such a line as 'the shrewd sable billy-can' was put in to imitate Arthur Adams' peculiar use of adjectives. The piece is a parody on Adams' 'London Streets'. I like the metre very much and I think Adams did some fine things in it.

JSN - JD 27 January 1936:

I was attempting to parody Arthur Adams' piece 'London Streets'. He used a great many out of the way adjectives which sometimes didn't fit in very well. I was also trying to ridicule the hero-worship of swagmen which Lawson was making rather popular.

Neilson's poem and one by W.P. Brunton, entitled 'A swaggie's growl', were published together under the heading 'The Swagman. Two Points of View'.

## SURELY GOD WAS A LOVER

ML MS A3038/1, 8<sup>a</sup> & 9<sup>a</sup> (B0102 & B0104) [JSN], fair draft, 7 stanzas; 10<sup>a</sup> & 11<sup>a</sup> (B0106 & B0108) [JSN], fair draft, 6 stanzas.  
Sun (Sydney) Sunday 9 October 1910, p.9; The Bookfellow 15 July 1914, p.xxvii  
 Supplement; GDC; HS 51; BLP 75; CP 45.

N dropped 3 stanzas from the first draft at 8<sup>a</sup> & 9<sup>a</sup> in the second draft at 10<sup>a</sup> & 11<sup>a</sup> and introduced 2 new stanzas, and he then discarded the second draft in favour of the first for publication. The Sun text omits stanza 3 of the first draft and the variants there are corrections of a grammatical kind. Because these are the kinds of alteration Stephens commonly made, the fair draft at MS A3038/1, 8<sup>a</sup> & 9<sup>a</sup> is taken as the preferred text.

3038/1, 8<sup>a</sup> & 9<sup>a</sup> = A; 3038/1, 10<sup>a</sup> & 11<sup>a</sup> = B.

Surely God was a lover when he made the day begin  
 Soft as a woman's eyelid white as a woman's skin

Surely God was a lover with a lover's faults and fears  
 When he made the seas as bitter as a wilful woman's tears

Surely God was a lover dreaming of damoisels  
 At the dawn's calm and the eve's calm his quiet love he tells

Surely God was a lover with the madness love will bring  
 He wrought while his love was singing and put her soul in  
           the Spring

Surely God was a lover by a woman's wile controlled  
 When he made the Summer a woman thirsty and unconsolated

Surely God was a lover when he made the trees so fair  
 In every leaf is a glory caught from a woman's hair

Surely God was a lover see in the flowers he grows  
 His love's eyes in the violets her sweetness in the rose

- 2 eyelid white] eyelid — white A; eyelids white B.  
 4 seas as] sea [so] as B; sea as Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 5-6] Omitted B; omitted Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 5 damoisels] damosels A.  
 7-8] Omitted B; = lines 5-6 Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 9-10] Omitted B; = lines 7-8 Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 11-12] ≠ B 9-10; = lines 9-10 Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 11 the trees] the sky B 9.  
 12] And the [g] clouds like winsome women changing and fading there B 10.  
 13-14] ≠ B 11-12; ≠ lines 11-12 Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 13 a lover see] a lover see — A.  
 13] Surely God was a lover when every wind he throws B 11.  
 14 violets] violets — A; violet Sun; Boo; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.  
 14] Carries the voice of violets — the mad musk of the rose B 12.

Discarded stanzas

B stanzas 3 & 4, lines 5-8:

Surely God was a lover when he made the Spring so green  
And the dawn's calm and the eve's calm and the glistening day between.

Surely God was a lover [w<sup>l</sup>] hating the dark and cold  
When he made the summer a woman thirsty and thick with gold

### THE SURRENDER

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 10<sup>a</sup> [JSN].

Softly he used the lover's art  
Till all her wintry ways were gone  
As easily ran out her heart  
As butter on a new-made scone

### THE SWEETEST SWEET

'1915'C, 3<sup>a</sup> & 4<sup>b</sup> (A0314 & A0316) [JSN], draft, entitled 'The sweetest wine', with title cancelled and retitled 'The sweetest sweet'; 6<sup>a</sup>, 7<sup>a</sup> & 8<sup>a</sup> (A0317, A0318 & A0319) [JSN], fair draft.

3<sup>a</sup> & 4<sup>b</sup> = A; 6<sup>a</sup>, 7<sup>a</sup> & 8<sup>a</sup> = B.

The fair draft 6<sup>a</sup>, 7<sup>a</sup> & 8<sup>a</sup> (B) is the preferred text.

Your hat delightful sombre wide  
A softening shadow cast  
Your face filled up with witchery  
Smiled at me as I passed  
Forgive me as a thirsty man  
Because a sigh I drew  
The sweetest wine in all the world  
Would be a kiss from you

10 A babe there is about the world  
A busy babe I trow  
His work is here and there and I  
Have felt his arrows now

1 delightful] deligh[t]some A.

2 softening] violet A.

4 Smiled at me] Appalled me A.

8 kiss] [drink] <<kiss>> B.

9] There is a baby in the world A.

10 babel] [baby] A.

12 now] [more] A.

Forgive me as a thirsty man  
 Whose dull eyes wandering knew  
 The sweetest wine in all the world  
 Would be a kiss from you

Of sweets there are about the world  
 A hundred thousand kinds  
 And some there are the faintest scents  
 20 That walk upon the winds  
 And some are fair and white flowers  
 And saffron mauve and blue  
 But still I think the sweetest sweet  
 Would be a kiss from you

Oh some are fond of sunsets red  
 And stars that stare and gleam  
 And some sing loud in green days  
 And some in summer dream  
 Oh there be many kinds of sweets  
 30 Since Eden's garden grew  
 But still I think the sweetest sweet  
 Would be a kiss from you

14] Who [only] could not help he knew A.  
 15] But oh the sweetest wine I think A.  
 17 the world] the Earth A.  
 20 winds] wind A.  
 21] And some there are as fair flowers A.  
 22] Strange <Queens> among the dew A.  
 23] But still I know the sweetest thing A.  
 26 stare] glare A.  
 27 some sing loud] some go mad A; some [some] <<sing>> loud B.  
 28 dream] dreams A.  
 29 Oh] And A.

#### SYLVIA AND A SALAD

'1909', 7<sup>a</sup> (A0205) [JSN], fair draft.

When Sylvia a salad makes  
 How earnestly she takes a salad  
 How lovingly she lifts and shakes  
 When Sylvia a salad makes  
 How truthfully she builds and breaks  
 Breathless as rhymer at his ballad  
 When Sylvia a salad makes  
 How earnestly she takes a salad

6 Breathless] [Earnestly] [Earnest] Breathless MS.

## TELL ME AND TELL ME ALL

ML MS A3038/1, 37<sup>b</sup> (B0153) & '1912', 7<sup>a</sup> (A0255) [JSN], unfinished.

Tell me and tell me all  
Of little Love again  
Whose play is perilous  
Whose way is black with Pain

Tell me of Love whose lips  
Have brought the Heavens near  
The honey of his hope  
Has made a war on fear

10 He wages cruel war  
By many a bare bedside  
He sears the heart of her  
Who may not be a bride

Tell me of Love whose touch  
Has shaken all our days  
He does delight and cheat  
And chasten and amaze

20 Tell me of little Love  
So short a time have I  
I fear the Long black cloud  
Over the western sky

Tell me of gentle Love  
Creamy and white and fair

[Unfinished]

5-6] [Tell me of Love for I

No other sound would hear] MS, cancelled lines preceding new lines 5-6.

11 the heart of her] the heart heart of her MS.

16 amaze] <amaze> MS: the word looks like 'unmaze'.

## THAT LAMB AGAIN

The Clarion 1 March 1909, p.14, under heading 'Condensed Classics'.

Sweet Mary a little lamb had  
And after her it made a pad  
It went on with its rot  
Till her teacher forgot  
He said Dammit all this is too bad

# THAT NIGHT

'1909', 15<sup>b</sup> & 16<sup>a</sup> (A0214) [JSN], fair draft.

We tenderlings were all too much afraid  
 If Love was with us why were we so dumb  
 It was a famous night for gathering wool.  
 We were afloat the flight was beautiful  
 Although we sat beneath the cherry plum

Out through the air where all the riddles are  
 Boldly we thought to dim the awful sun  
 If Life and Love are good why should a Death  
 Sit on our lips and fight against our breath  
 'Twas thus we thought beneath the cherry plum

I fear we learned to love in mid air  
 There was not left to us one little crumb  
 Of all the manna of the green green time  
 Oh but our enterprise was black  
 That night we sat beneath the cherry plum

4 afloat the flight] afloat — the flight MS.

6 air] Air MS.

14 enterprise was] enterprise [not] was MS.

# THERE CAME A WHISPER

'1915'C, 1<sup>b</sup>-2<sup>a</sup> (A0313) [JSN], fair draft.

There came a whisper  
 On a day to me  
 Saying ye shall look far  
 Look and fail to see

Ye shall thirst and hunger  
 In a Paradise  
 Ye shall fear gladness  
 With the grave grave eyes

Ye shall doubt the morrow  
 Ye shall hate the day  
 And the little home about you  
 And the field far away

2 day to me] day to to me MS.

Ye shall speak to blue winds  
 Winds that never tire  
 The long cold will claim you  
 And the old world will maim you  
 With its flowers of fire

# THERE IS NO CHANGE

'1907', 35<sup>a</sup> (A0124) [JSN]. A cancelled quatrain.

There is a thing that doth not change  
 While Nature's forces work their will  
 The Woman's ways with hats are strange  
 The Man he hath to pay the Bill

# THERE WAS A DREAM

'1910', 19<sup>a</sup>-19<sup>b</sup> (A0240-1) [JSN], fair draft.

There was a little dream of mine  
 In the cold wind it grew and grew  
 And the ludicrous moonbeams made  
 Strange countries white and blue

Where all the citizens were girls  
 With most delightful legs to see  
 Bravely they beat about my heart  
 Stirring the little dream in me

10 And in the mist were quiet flowers  
 That widows in their dim days knew  
 Kindness and kisses and the ways  
 Of brown hawks listing in the blue

The red lights and all the blood  
 All the green drunkenness of Spring  
 And the white girls in the white street  
 Lispering of love and junketing

Then did I cry one night  
 I am not tired of sun or rain  
 But oh the dream is in me  
 20 It is upon me in its pain

1 a little dram] a [dream] little dream MS.

3 moonbeams] moon[made ] <<beams>> MS.

7 they beat] the[y] beat MS.

20 upon me in] upon [me] in MS.



¶ 'There was a gentle woman dropping tears'

ML MS A3038/1, 36<sup>b</sup> (B0151) [JSN], incomplete.

[. . . . .]

\* \* \*

There was a gentle woman dropping tears  
 There was a painted girl wistful and witty  
 There was a red lane in a black city  
 And a green hate eating hilarious years

There was a strong man with a proud name  
 Loving his work he toiled and he did spend  
 All his life willingly for love but at the end  
 There at the dark they found his hidden shame

There was a maid who could not be a bride  
 And she did ache with Love there was a child  
 Sucking dry breasts but Oh my heart is wild  
 [. . . . .]

[Incomplete]

4 years] years. MS.  
 6 toiled and he] toiled <<and>> he MS.  
 10 Love there] Love — There MS.  
 11 Oh my] Oh — my MS.

¶ 'There was a young lady named Alice'

'1908', 7<sup>a</sup> (A0160) [A].

There was a young lady named Alice  
 Exceedingly hardened and callous  
 While her maiden aunt slept  
 Up softly she crept  
 And pinched her just out of pure malice

¶ 'There was an old farmer at Droun'

'1907', 2<sup>a</sup> (A0091) [A].

There was an old farmer at Droun  
He'd had a brown and [a] blue'un  
With the brown one he stared  
With the blue one he glared  
And his wife said I get a fair doing

¶ 'They were hanging a man up at Bright'

'1907', 2<sup>a</sup> (A0091) [A]. NLA MS 1145/76, typed transcription [FN], untitled.

The preferred text is '1907', 2<sup>a</sup>. Variants are not shown.

They were hanging a man up at Bright  
He had been a temperance light  
When they showed him the rope  
He said I do hope  
That it isn't inclined to get tight

#### THE THING THAT HATH BEEN

'1906', 5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> (A0043-4) [A], fair draft. ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'Unpublished'.

'1906', 5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> = A; 4937/10-1 = B.

There are substantial differences between the two texts and since it is unlikely that Stephens would have altered the text to this extent MS 4937/10-1 (B) is taken as the preferred text.

Did ever schoolboy sweet seclusion seek  
Leaving his morning lessons all undone  
To rob a bird to crawl along a creek  
To meet his friends the forest and the sun

1] Did ever boy seek out sequestered nook A.

3] To rob a bird to paddle in a brook A.

Did ever maiden kneeling long at prayer  
 Drift in a dream a million miles away  
 To bind a new-born blossom in her hair  
 To frame a frock to crown a summer's day

Did ever King in any age or clime  
 Do evil deeds and live among the Lies  
 And leave a son to hear the people's rhyme  
 The King has gone to God in Paradise

Did ever dreamer drinking the bright air  
 In ecstasy among the saffron hours  
 Prate of a woman's Eyes or Lips or Hair  
 Or filch a secret from the quiet flowers

- 5 kneeling long] musing much A.  
 6] Walk [Wake] in a wink a million miles away A.  
 7] To find some new manoeuvring for her hair A.  
 8] Some frock to glorify a summer's day A.  
 13] Did ever dreamer drink the blue air A.  
 14] His soul upspringing with the saffron day A.  
 15] Did poet prate of women false and fair A.  
 16 Or filch] Or wrest A.

¶ 'This froggie foolishly would go'

'1907', 54<sup>a</sup> (A0143) [JSN], unfinished.

This froggie foolishly would go  
 A-wooing though his ma said no  
 Why did this youth unfilial roam  
 It serves him right we told him so

Tramping along he dipped his hat  
 'Twas a most influential rat  
 Buck up my lad he said your ma  
 Is well all women are like that

Still hurrying on they reach a stream  
 The rat remarked that it did seem

[Unfinished]

- 1 froggie foolishly] frog<<gie>> [he][wo] foolishly MS.  
 2 said no] said [no] MS.  
 5 Tramping along] Tramping [out] along MS.  
 8 well all women] well— all women MS.

## THIS KITCHEN OF OURS

ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> [A], fair draft, with gloss 'Original proprietor of this metre not known'. '1915'E, 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> (A0288) [A], fair draft; 8<sup>a</sup> (A0294) [A], fair draft, signed, with gloss 'Original proprietor of this metre is not known'. The Clarion 15 December 1908, p.26.

The texts appear to have been generated within a twelve-month period and may be regarded as parts of the one impulse of composition; and because it is unlikely that an editor would alter the text to the extent seen in The Clarion without authority this is taken as the preferred text.

MS 3354/2-5, 5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> = A; '1915'E, 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> = B; '1915'E, 8<sup>a</sup> = C.

Fate like an old cantankerous cook doth rise up  
To light the fire for yet another day  
Hope for a season shines things up then dries up  
And sneaks away

On Love's red range are cooked life's greatest hashes  
Hearts call to hearts from fierce pots overflowed  
And who's that old chap taking out the ashes  
Death Well I'm blowed

- 1] Youth is the Yeast Fate favours most to rise up A, B & C.  
2] Life's Little Loaf she bakes for us each day A, B & C.  
3] Hope shines up things and washes up and dries up A, B & C.  
5-8] = A, B & C 9-12.

Discarded stanza

A, B & C stanza 2, lines 5-6 read:

In Solemn Saucepans Souls sit singeing stewing  
Our Joys are poached we all prefer them so A & C.  
Joys Poached and Buttered Creeds we can't forgo B.  
The past comes like a Bailiff we keep shooing A & C.  
We make the Meal nor mind the Trad[es]men suing B  
But he won't go A & C.  
For what we owe B.

## THIS LITTLE MILLINER

ML MS A3038/1, 4<sup>a</sup> & 5<sup>a-b</sup> (B0095 & B0097-8) [JSN], fair draft. '1908', 14<sup>b</sup>-16<sup>a</sup> (A0168-9) [JSN & A], draft. ML MS A849, pp.128-130 [A], fair copy. Australia and The Bookfellow 20 June 1907, p.10; GDC, entitled 'The little milliner', annotated [AGS]; HS 30, entitled 'Little dead milliner'.

JSN - AGS 15 February 1919 (in response to a question from AGS: N cannot remember what suggestions he had — he thinks 'they were chiefly about 'Little milliner' which [he] shortened'; 15 October 1922 (wants to drop this from BLP: 'I think the 'Milliner' is altogether abominable. It is not such bad verse but it is slobbery' and puts him in mind of 'a drunken man crying about his mother'). AGS - JSN 28 June 1924, NLA MS 1145/26, HI, not sighted. JSN - RHC 19 November 1933, NLA MS 605/30 (asks Croll to omit this from CP).

The text at '1908', 14<sup>b</sup>-16<sup>a</sup> is a revision of MS 3038/1, 4<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> and the fair copy is derived from this revision. N blocked the GDC text to indicate the need for revision and Stephens has comments and queries at lines 31, 53 and 55, with the comment 'You can improve' at the bottom of the page.

MS 3038/1-4<sup>a</sup> & 5<sup>a-b</sup> = A; '1908', 14<sup>b</sup>-16<sup>a</sup> = B; A849, pp.128-130 = C. MS A849, pp.128-130, the fair copy (C) is the preferred text.

She she is gone from us  
 She whom we knew  
 Of the face beautiful  
 And the eyes blue  
 When the Earth only gives  
 Heart-ache and toil  
 The purest will perish the  
 Sweetest will spoil  
 Tell me Oh God  
 10 Is there no spirit still in her  
 Who has been false to  
 This little dead milliner

1 She she] She — she A; So she Aus; GDC; HS.

1] She [whom we] she has gone from us B.

5-10] A reads:

Day a great dragon grew  
 Night was too long  
 Is there no one to ask  
 Who did her wrong  
 Is there no answer no  
 Sweet spirit still in her

6 and toil] and [pail] toil B.

7 perish the] perish Aus; GDC; HS.

8 Sweetest] The sweetest Aus; GDC; HS.

Blue eyes once showed to her  
 All the world fair  
 Red sunlight made for her  
 Joy everywhere  
 Hearts that are holiest  
 Bright eyes and blind  
 These make the tragedies  
 20 Of humankind  
 Is there no answer no  
 Sweet spirit still in her  
 Who has been false to  
 This little dead milliner

Had she been dull and cold  
 As she was warm  
 Had she but loved the calm  
 Dreaded the storm  
 Had all Creation been  
 30 Otherwise planned  
 Had not God painted her  
 With his own hand  
 Pain had not pressed her so  
 Is there not still in her  
 Something that speaks for  
 This little dead milliner

She in her fevers felt  
 Many fires burn  
 Back to the bitter road  
 40 How could she turn

16] [All the world fair]

Joy everywhere B.

21 answer no] answer Aus; GDC; HS.

22 Sweet] No sweet Aus; GDC; HS.

16-24] A reads:

Red was her rushing blood  
 Woman's one call  
 Heart ache and heart hunger  
 She knew them all  
 Tell me Oh God Is there no  
 Spirit sweet still in her  
 Who has been false to  
 This poor little milliner

25-36] A Ø.

25 been dull] been [col] dull B.

28 Dreaded] Hated HS.

31 painted] planted GDC (all copies), underlined and with a question mark [AGS].

33-36] B has these lines at the end of stanza 5, with a note 'for 3rd verse'.

37 fevers] fever Aus; GDC; HS.

Stars white mysterious  
 Lighted the sky  
 Dying she gazed at them  
 Did she know why  
 Is there no answer no  
 Sweet spirit still in her  
 Who has been false to  
 This little dead milliner

- Though in the years to come  
 50 We may forget  
 Mourning eyes still shall make  
 All the Earth wet  
 Young hearts shall know the  
 Grim death that she died  
 Fairest flowers are the flowers  
 Plucked in their pride  
 Tell me Oh God  
 Is there no spirit still in her  
 Who has been false to  
 60 This little dead milliner

- 41] Stars — dim — mysterious A.  
 42 Lighted] Studded A.  
 44] B has a line drawn after line 44 and a note '4th verse & 2nd verse same ending'.  
 45 answer no] answer Aus; GDC; HS.  
 46 Sweet] [No] sweet B; No sweet Aus; GDC; HS.  
 48 This little] This [poo] little B.  
 48] B has a note following line 48 '4th verse & 2nd verse same ending'.  
 49 Though] Tho — A.  
 50 forget] forget — A.  
 51] Eyes still shall mourn their dead A.  
 52 All] Make A.  
 53 know the] know Aus; GDC; HS.  
 53-55] A reads:  
     Young hearts shall know her pain  
     Died as she died  
     Fairest flowers — are the flowers  
 53-55] GDC has alterations and comments by Stephens:  
     Young hearts shall [know] //pity ['2 syllable <word> like 'pity' [AGS]].  
     The [grim] death that she died ['leave out 'grim' [AGS]].  
     Fairest flowers are the flowers //that are [AGS].  
 54] Grim [Dea] death that she died B; The grim death that she died Aus; GDC; HS.  
 56 their pride] the pride B.  
 56] B has a line drawn after line 56 with a note 'also for 1st & 5th verse the same'.  
 57] Tell me [God] Oh God A.  
 60 This little] This [poor] little B.

## THE TIME FOR A TOAST

'1908', 21<sup>b</sup> (A0175) [A], with title [JSN].

When we have swilled a lot of wine  
 The Empire is our proudest boast  
 Our navy never was so fine  
 Oh then's the time to give a toast

4 then's] then<<'s>> [JSN] MS.

## THE TIME OF TUMULT

'1915'E, 5<sup>b</sup> (A0291) [JSN & FN], fair draft, 2 x 6-line stanzas: 6<sup>b</sup> (A0292) [A], fair draft, 2 x 5-line stanzas. '1934', 45<sup>b</sup> (A0735) [L], fair draft, 1 x 7-line stanza. '1936', 1<sup>b</sup> (A0770) [FN], transcription, 1 x 10-line stanza, with comment '10 lines', and 2 lines [L], revision (for '1934', 45<sup>b</sup>); 5<sup>b</sup> (A0774) [L], 1 line, under title, with heading '4th line', revision (probably for '1934', 45<sup>b</sup>); 10<sup>b</sup> (A0779) [L], draft, 1 x 9-line stanza [a line omitted in error?], with 2 revised lines [A]. NLA MS 1145/67 [L], transcription, 1 x 10-line stanza, with note 'Original version', and note 'appeared in Clarion 1908' [with letter JSN - JD 27 January 1936]; NLA MS 1145/67 [L], fair copy, signed, 1 x 7-line stanza, and note 'appeared in Clarion 1908' [with letter JSN - JD 27 January 1936]; NLA MS 1145/67 [L], corrections to proofs BI.  
The Clarion 15 December 1908; BI 23.

JSN - JD 27 January 1936, NLA MS 1145/65 (enclosing a revised version of 7 lines). JD - JSN 16 February 1936, McKimm MS (likes the first version of the poem better than the second [that is, the revised version of the published text]). JD - JSN 8 March 1936, McKimm MS (has noted 'your new line'). JD - JSN 17 April 1936, McKimm MS (praises the poem and offers suggestion for final line). JSN - JD 26 April 1936, NLA MS 1145/67 (discusses alterations at length); 30 April 1936, NLA MS 1145/65 (JD should have the alterations now); 3 May 1936, NLA MS 1145/67 (discusses alterations and includes corrections to proofs BI).

The two drafts of the version in the '1915'E notebook (c.1908) were revised to give the second version of the poem published in the Clarion. This was then rewritten (with a draft at '1934', 45<sup>b</sup>) and sent to Devaney as the 'Revised version' for BI, and a transcription of the Clarion text was sent afterwards as the 'Original version'. Devaney did not agree with N's opinion of the two versions and the drafts in the '1936' notebook are attempted revisions of the Clarion text in response to Devaney's suggestions which are discussed in detail on a page of comment attached to the letter JSN - JD 26 April 1936. (The 'Original version' and the 'Revised version' are also attached to this letter).

The various versions involve significant shifts in emphasis and the text is best considered as three discrete versions, with the third version placed in Period 4.



## THE TIME OF TUMULT [1]

'1915'E, 5<sup>b</sup> (A0292) [JSN & FN], fair draft, 2 x 6-line stanzas; 6<sup>b</sup> (A0292) [A], fair draft, 2 x 5-line stanzas.

There are numerous instances in the MSS of a second draft, often of lesser quality, immediately following the first and abandoned in favour of the first. The first draft at 5<sup>b</sup> is taken as the preferred text on this basis.  
5<sup>b</sup> = A; 6<sup>b</sup> = B.

It is the time when sinners grieve no more  
For all the ghosts that come up from old times  
When scented air is at the sick man's door  
And strong men leap and even cripples climb  
In the green days when little rivers roar  
And rhymers seek the wilderness for rhyme

It is the time when cherries lose their green  
When new-weaned lambs have heavy sorrowing  
And mad maids teach their lovers to be keen  
Oh time of tumult when all choirs sing  
Tempest of all the colours fierce and clean  
Oh blazing merriment Oh Spring

1-6] B 1-5 reads:

There is a time it seemeth set apart  
For all who would old mysteries explore  
When tender thoughts assail the tender heart  
And scented air is at the sick man's door  
In undimmed days when little rivers roar

7-10] ≠ B 6-9.

8 When] [And] <<When>> A.

9 And] When B 8.

11] Tempest of colour oh terrific spring B 10.

12] B Ø.

## THE TIME OF TUMULT [2]

'1936', 1<sup>b</sup> (A0770) [FN], transcription, 1 x 10-line stanza, with comment '10 lines', with 2 lines [L], revision for '1934', 45<sup>b</sup> [version 3]; 5<sup>b</sup> (A0774) [L], a revised line, under title, with heading '4th line' (probably for '1934', 45<sup>b</sup>); 10<sup>b</sup> (A0779) [L], draft, 1 x 9-line stanza (a line omitted in error?), with 2 revised lines [A]. NLA MS 1145/67 [L], transcription, 1 x 10-line stanza with note, 'Original version' and note, 'appeared in Clarion 1908', enclosure with letter JSN - JD 27 January 1936; NLA MS 1145/67 [L], corrections to proofs BI.

JSN - JD 27 January 1936, NLA MS 1145/65 (enclosing a revised version of 7 lines and copy of original [Clarion] version); 26 April 1936, NLA MS 1145/67 (discusses alterations at length); 30 April 1936, NLA MS 1145/65 (JD should have alterations now); 3 May 1936, NLA MS 1145/67 (discusses alterations and includes corrections to proofs BI).

The Clarion 15 December 1908; BI 23.

N sent a 'revised version' of 7 lines of the Clarion text to Devaney for BI but Devaney rejected this in favour of a less radical revision.

NLA 1145/67 'Original version' = A; '1936', 1<sup>b</sup> = B; '1936', 5<sup>b</sup> = C; '1936', 10<sup>b</sup> = D.

The Clarion is the preferred text.

Joy in the wilderncss joy in the mart  
A mystery beats in at every door  
The tender thoughts assail the tender hearts  
In undimmed days the little rivers roar  
The gaudy flowers amaze us more and more

It is the time when cherries lose their green  
When new-weaned lambs have heavy sorrowing  
And mad maids teach their lovers to be keen  
Oh Time of Tumult when all choirs sing  
Tempest of all colours whistling Spring

2 beats in at] beats at A; beats <<on us>> at B.

3 hearts] heart A; B; D; BI.

4 In undimmed] In the undimmed A; D; BI; In rippling C.

6] This line omitted in D (an error in copying).

8] When young maids' eyes [can tell] <<foretell>> what love can mean D.

And young love on the cloudless day is seen D (a revised line [A]).

And young maids know the most that love can mean BI.

10] Tempest of all the colours whispering Spring A; B; D.

Tempest of all the colours Jubilant Spring D (a revised line [A]); BI.

JD - JSN 16 February 1936:

I must say that I like the first version of 'The time of tumult' better than the second. When the poem arrived I thought it quite in your best vein, and then came the original version, which is surely better still. I send herewith a typed copy of both, with some remarks.

JD - JSN 8 March 1936:

I have also [noted] your new line for 'Time of tumult', also new revise of 'Beauty imposes'.

JD - JSN 17 April 1936:

Your poem 'The time of tumult' is such a perfect little lyric that you must really be patient about rounding it off. I don't think you realise yourself what a splendid lyric this one is! It seems to me now in final form except that one word 'ruddy'. The phrase 'ruddy Spring' is perfectly good, but it is not the best for your whole line:

Tempest of all the colours, ruddy Spring

A three-syllabled word there instead of a two-syllabled one would be exact. Beside, that word 'ruddy' suggests more an overseas Spring than ours. Your ear is right as usual about the clash of R's in

'hovering Spring'.

Other words you suggest are: Sovereign, and Circling. The original word 'whispering' brings in I-N-G twice, 'Whispering Spring'. Therefore I don't think the word we are after should end in I-N-G. ... what about:  
 Tempest of all the colours, carnival Spring  
 or 'jubilee' or 'revelry'.

JSN - JD 26 April 1936:

I think that 'Time of tumult' is improved a great lot from the version in the 'Clarion'.

The page of comment attached adds:

Re alterations to 'Time of tumult'.

Line 7.

The one you had was I think 'When young maids know the most that love can mean' Maybe just as good as the one I put in, or perhaps 'When young maids tell the most that love can mean'.

The line I give has an 'all' in it and there are 'alls' in succeeding lines. You will notice that I put the word 'jubilant' in the last line. It was suggested to me by your word 'jubilee'. I like 'jubilee' very much, but I like 'jubilant' a little better. It sounds rather more joyous. Your suggestion of 'carnival' was also good, but I could not fit it in somehow.

Both the 'jubilee' and 'jubilant' jump just a little. They are far ahead of 'whispering'. I enclose another line which is perhaps worth considering.

Tempest of Invitation, Sovereign Spring.

It sounds alright to me but I think that you will like the line I have given better. If you like 'jubilee' better than 'jubilant' put it in by all means. I think any of these three lines would do but as you like.

JSN - JD 3 May 1936 has the comment:

I think that 'jubilant' or 'jubilee' is much better than 'ruddy' in 'The time of tumult'.

A list of corrections attached has the further comment:

Page 10. The time of tumult.

You have corrections for this piece. I don't like 'ruddy' at all now. The 3rd last line seems fairly good but I think the line I sent you in its stead is a little better.

## THE TIMES OF SOLOMON

'1907', 37<sup>a</sup> (A0126) [JSN].

They knew not that they didn't know  
 They had strange ways of doing things  
 It was a time of Bluff and Blow  
 <Cardan Kerors> Concubines and Kings

## A TIRED POET'S VOICE

Sun (Sydney) Sunday 27 August, 1911, p.11, under the name Horace O'Hazy;  
The Bookfellow 15 June 1914, p.142.

The piece was written for a competition run by the Sun which was inspired  
 by N's verse 'From a coffin', q.v.

The Sun is the preferred text.

A drowsy world it was no place for strife  
 I did not fight all noise I did abhor  
 But it was sweet before the fire of life  
 To dream and drift and know what dreams were for

To beg I was afraid and as for theft  
 It was too strenuous some folks thought it wrong  
 I loved and laughed and loafed until I left  
 Ah soon there came the time to say so long

## TO A BED-BUG

The Clarion 21 October 1909, p.9.

Indecently thou dost secure  
 For thy sweet feast the rich and poor  
 Scented unsufferable sot  
 Ancient voracious evildoer

## TO A BLUE FLOWER .

ML MS A3038/1, 26<sup>a</sup> (B0132) [JSN], draft, 2 stanzas numbered 1-2, entitled 'Blue flower of the Spring'. '1910', 13<sup>b</sup>-14<sup>a</sup> (A0235) [A], fair draft, 5 stanzas numbered 1-5.

Sun (Sydney) Sunday 3 September 1911, p.11; GDC; HS 13; BLP 17; CP 13.

The Sun text corrects the awkward reading of the third stanza of the fair draft (B) and, on the evidence of the variants in the GDC text, would seem to have been taken from the missing fair copy. On this basis the Sun is taken as the preferred text.

3038/1, 26<sup>a</sup> = A; '1910', 13<sup>b</sup>-14<sup>a</sup> = B.

I would be dismal with all the fine pearls or the crown of  
a king  
But I can talk plainly to you you little blue flower of the  
Spring

Here in the heart of September the world that I walk in is  
full  
Of the hot happy sound of the shearing the rude heavy scent  
of the wool

Soon would I tire of all riches or honours or power that they  
sing  
But you are my own of my own folk you little blue flower of  
the Spring

I was around by the cherries today all the cherries are pale  
The world is a woman in velvet the air is the colour of ale

And I would be dismal with all the fine pearls or the crown  
of a king  
But I can give love talk to you you little blue flower of  
the Spring

1-2] ≠ A lines 3 & 2.

1 or the crown] [or] of the crown [AGS] GDC; of the crown HS; BLP; CP.

1] I would be awkward with orchids or pearls or the crown of a king A 3.

2] But I can <<talk>> plainly to you my old crowning you little quiet common blue flower A 2.

5-6] ≠ A lines 1 & 4.

5 that they sing] that they fling GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

5] I would get tired of fine linen [or] and [an] [the] purple of honours and power A 1.

Soon would I tire of all riches or honours or power B.

6] But you are my own of my people you common blue flower of the Spring A 4.

But you are my own of my own for [folk] you little old common blue flower B,  
a mishearing.

9 And I] I would B; GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

9 pearls or the crown] pearls of the crown GDC; HS; BLP; CP.

## TO A DEBUTANTE

LaT MS 9419/3677, typescript, entitled 'An attempt at the manner of Charles Kingsley', under heading 'Limericks by John Shaw Neilson'.

The Clarion 15 July 1908, p.7, with gloss '(After Kingsley)'.

The Clarion is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

Be chic sweet maid let those who will be stodgy  
Mash while you may nor ever think it's wrong  
Time the unmerciful no one can dodge he  
Allows not long

## TO A DIVINITY

'1915'C, 1<sup>a</sup>-1<sup>b</sup> (A0312-3) [JSN] draft, 2 x 4-line stanzas ruled off, followed by a third stanza of 5 lines, and with cancelled lines. The MS is nearly illegible in places and the reading is therefore necessarily conjectural.

You are the Spring sweetheart you are the Spring  
Glad green with life tempestuous and young  
With new-born joys leaping and quivering  
Oh such a Song as you was never sung

You are the Summer love all saffron-wise  
With [golden] melody your soul a sun  
If God should put a pain in your dear eyes  
Would I not curse him fiercely little one

You are [a] song a rose-red song unsung  
You [are] a wine and no man may be sane  
If he should touch you there will rise a storm  
You are the Spring dear child sunlight and rain  
Are one with you and Summer wild and warm

4] The line commenced with 'But' which was cancelled, and the completed line was then cancelled.

5 all saffron] [sm]all saffron MS.

6] This line is nearly illegible:

With <hold> <and> melody [~~Sung~~] [Song] of Soul] <<your soul a sun>> MS.

9 a rose-red] a [red rose] rose MS.

11 he] [she] MS.

12 child sunlight] child. Sunlight MS.

TO A YOUNG LADY  
Singing ('Oh to be a flower')

ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 24<sup>a</sup>-24<sup>b</sup> [JSN], fair draft, entitled 'To a soulful young lady.  
Oh to be a flower'.

The Clarion 21 October 1909, p.9.

The Clarion text has new lines 9 & 10 which make less sense than those in the MS  
and the fair draft is therefore taken as the preferred text.

What would it profit you to be a flower  
You have all hues already in your clothes dear  
It would not add to your attractive power  
To be a Rose dear

Young ladies are I think inclined to make  
Statements that are astonishingly silly  
Hearken my dearest and hold on a shake  
Don't be a Lily

Don't be a flower at all at any price  
The wild warm wind would wither you too early  
Don't be ridiculous take my advice  
Just be a Girlie

Title] Oh to be a [Bu] Flower MS.

4 Rose] [rose] MS.

7 Hearken] [You] MS.

9] Surely you have some honey yet to sip Clarion.

10] Still eager arms around your waist would curl dear Clarion.

11 take my advice] but take my tip Clarion.

TO JOSEPHINE

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'This has never been printed'.

What shall I wish my dimpled friend  
Good yellow gold I'll wish thee dear  
Good health good luck a merry heart  
And dainty dresses every year  
Wondrous bewildering silks to shine  
And now what more for Josephine

Good friends and lovers not a few  
Kisses caresses all things sweet  
What more but ah I know full well  
Impatient as your tripping feet  
Your dreams run on 'twas ever so  
God makes a little girl to grow

## TO MOTHER

'1915'E, 13<sup>a</sup>-13<sup>b</sup> (A0299-A0301) [JSN], fair draft.

White face of long ago  
 Long ere I knew  
 All that a man must know  
 I would ask you  
 Did you too have the dream  
 Seek for the sign  
 Did you hear the devils scream  
 Mother o'mine

Seasons to me have brought  
 Promises fair  
 Seasons to me have taught  
 Parables rare  
 We could have lived so long  
 Your heart to mine  
 Making each other strong  
 Mother o'mine

\*                    \*                    \*

Blackest of all black hours  
 Never quite dim  
 White face and many flowers  
 Prayers and a hymn

## TO SUSETTE

ML MS A3038/1, 21<sup>a</sup> & 22<sup>a</sup> (B0124-5) [JSN], fair draft, 5 stanzas. ML MS A3038/2, 5<sup>a</sup> (B0010) [FN], transcription, 4 stanzas, entitled 'To Susette', with sub-title 'To a letter carrier', annotated 'by John S.N. about [1911] 1910' and '120 words'. The transcription omits stanza 5 of the fair draft.

JSN - JD 10 August 1935, NLA MS 1145/68 ('The old rhyme 'Susette' needs another stanza as you say. If I could get another verse out it may be worth considering [for BI].').

When first I saw you in your flapper days  
 You were a sly sweet puss a charming child  
 My faint heart thumped a thousand different ways  
 And you you smiled

1 flapper days] flapper [stage] days MS.  
 4] And you — you smiled. MS.



What shall I call you a bewildering bird  
 Or a proud pansy of delightful hue  
 I'd like to call you something more absurd  
 Will angel do

10 This town I think has quite a goodly share  
 Of blessings and should render thanks profound  
 For in no other does an angel fair  
 Take the mail around

In your dark eyes brave challenges still dance  
 In your sweet voice old witcheries still flow  
 You have the temperament of sunlit France  
 Where rare wines grow

Something there is I scarcely can define  
 Something about you men may not forget  
 You must be French French women are divine  
 20 My Sweet Susette

8 do] do. MS.

12 around] [a]round MS.

15 of sunlit France] of [sunlight] <<sunlit>> France MS.

16 grow] grow. MS.

17 I scarcely] I [ca] scarcely MS.

18 about you] about [men] you MS.

## TO THE SUMMER GIRL

ML MS A3345/2, Item 7, 7<sup>a</sup> & 8<sup>a</sup> [FN], transcription, annotated 'Appeared in print in Bulletin Dec 24, 1908 page 11 illustrated by N Lindsay'. NLA MS 1145/54 [L], transcription (copied from MS 3345/2-7, 7<sup>a</sup> & 8<sup>a</sup>).

The Bulletin 24 December 1908, p.11.

JSN - AGS 30 November 1919 ('The piece you enquired about 'The summer girl' appeared in Bulletin'). JSN - JD 31 March 1935, NLA MS 1145/46 (sends a clipping and asks JD to type a copy of it for him); 12 January 1936, NLA MS 1145/65 ('I enclose the copy of 'The summer girl'. Frank copied it off in the library'); 27 January 1936, NLA MS 1145/65 (listed as 1 of 11 pieces sent for BI).

The Bulletin is the preferred text.

Have I been blinded with excess of light  
 Have I been charmed with any wild bird's whistle  
 Have I been routed in a fearsome fight  
 Or merely stunned with some most grievous missile  
 Or mocked by thee thou sun-burnt butterfly  
 Dear Summer Girl goodbye

Oh shady Summer Hat Oh Golden Head  
 Oh flimsy frocking far too faint for flounces  
 They weighed you when your owner went to bed  
 And all you weighed was nearly seven ounces  
 Oh honey lips and eyes extremely shy  
 Dear Summer Girl goodbye

Should we two meet in the brown time to come  
 (An unkind Fate sometimes such sport arranges)  
 Would you be sorrowful would I be dumb  
 Sweetheart the game is off the order changes  
 A keen cool wind is battling through the sky  
 Dear Summer Girl goodbye

## TOP O'THE TIDE

The Clarion 15 June 1908, p.24, signed Horace C. Halloran.

Rugged old face with its elf-locks of grey  
 Tanned with the sun and the breath of the spray  
 Honest old eyes that look kindly at me  
 Blue with the fathomless blue of the sea  
 Down where the headlands the breakers divide  
 Lives the old fisherman 'Top o'the tide'

Sinewy arms with their gnarled knotted hands  
 Moving so deftly between the brown strands  
 Hands that are 'stained' so the narrow folk say  
 10 'Top o'the tide' has been wild in his day  
 Courage and penitence who shall deride  
 Give me the hand of old 'Top o'the tide'

Often I lie at his feet on the grass  
 Watching his face with its shadows that pass  
 Weaving life-dramas in which he took part  
 Musing on secrets deep down in his heart  
 What youthful folly what passion or pride  
 Claimed as an exile old 'Top o'the tide'

We have been friends for a season or more  
 20 Rovers together by sea and by shore  
 Sharing some hardships a danger or two  
 Moments in which the veneer is rubbed through  
 Comrade and gentleman brother and guide  
 Always I've found in old 'Top o'the tide'

Many an hour I list to his tales  
 Stories of shipwrecks in terrible gales  
 Eerie night voices and cries of unrest  
 Fair drowned women with babes at their breast  
 White upturned faces with eyes staring wide  
 30 Tenderly closed by old 'Top o'the tide'

Gospels that Solitude speaks to the hills  
 Secrets that Ocean may tell if she wills  
 Sermons the surf thunders over the bars  
 Knowledge that comes in long nights 'neath the stars  
 These have built up a philosophy wide  
 Learned not in cities by 'Top o'the tide'

In his old boat with her ragged tan sails  
 Still he is weathering Life and its gales  
 Still in unorthodox faith does he live  
 40 Till the great Pilot his signal shall give  
 To some fair haven then safe may he glide  
 Crossing the bar at the top o'the tide

## TRIOLET

ML MS A3038/2, 3<sup>a</sup> (B0008) [FN], transcription, with note 'Note: may possibly have been sent for a view of AGS don't think it ever appeared in Print! It's a good triolet' '50 words'.

God left us Love the mystery  
 And it was pure and fair  
 It that can make all sorrows flee  
 God left us Love the mystery  
 So that of all sweet things that be  
 We all might have a share  
 God left us Love the mystery  
 And it was pure and fair

TRIOLET  
 (For The Bulletin)

The Bulletin 20 February 1908.

My girl is veiled in gossamer  
 To meet the kiss of Spring  
 Along the world the breezes stir  
 My girl is veiled in gossamer  
 Fan lightly the sweet face of her  
 Winds of the evening  
 My girl is veiled in gossamer  
 To meet the kiss of Spring

## THE TULIP IN THE RAIN

ML MS 3354/3, Item 1, 8/15<sup>a</sup> [JSN], fair draft. ML MS A3038/2, 18<sup>a</sup> (B0026), [FN], transcription, with notes, 'about 1910' and 'note! just get this!' 'about 70 words'. The fair draft is the preferred text.

The rain was on her left shoulder  
 And on her right the Sun  
 Of all the flowers in all the world  
 She was the tenderest one

No scent from any loitering flower  
 No honey in the tree  
 Could add a fragrance to her face  
 So delicate was she

The rainbow on her left shoulder  
 Had cast a heavenly chain  
 The low sun on the west did kiss  
 That tulip in the Rain

5 loitering] The letter formation is uncertain and the transcription and WS have 'listening'. However, the 'r' following 'e' is the same formation as the second 'r' in 'fragrance' at line 7 and the 'o' is similar to the 'o' in 'world' at line 3.

### THE TURNING OF THE YEAR

The Sun (Sydney) 26 January 1913 (HI), not at this location.  
 The text is taken from GDC (A & B), p.100.

At every turning of the year  
 A madness moves into the hours  
 The roses in the rainy time  
 The frail sweet family of flowers  
 How tenderly they speak to me  
 Sweetheart my longing is for thee

Did ever love so burn as ours  
 'Mid all tempestuous loves of yore  
 The light that dances from the sky  
 Shows for a moment and no more  
 Down in this world of mystery  
 Sweetheart my longing is for thee

### AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN

'1908', 21<sup>a</sup> (A0174) [JSN].

The Greek youth ain't overclean  
 I think he 'ad better stop on board  
 The Pure Food Act is swift and keen  
 And cruel as a two-edged sword

3] The [Board] <<Pure>> [of] Food Act [Health] is swift and keen MS.

## UNDER A KURRAJONG

The Bookfellow 15 September 1913, p.208; GDC; HS 74; BLP 19; CP 66.  
The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

Here is the ecstasy  
 Of sun-fed wine and song  
 Drink It is melody  
 Under a kurrajong

What sweeter space on earth  
 For glistening youth and maid  
 To find the quiet mirth  
 Under the quiet shade

What sweeter place than this  
 10 For loving eyes to see  
 For lovers' lips to kiss  
 Under the lovers' tree

It is the time to blow  
 Hot kisses on the Spring  
 When dreams begin to go  
 Under the blossoming

Let not the mouth be cold  
 Love is not over-long  
 Only today is gold  
 20 Under a kurrajong

Title] 'Kurrajong' spelt 'currajong' Boo, and throughout; [currajong] kurrajong  
GDC, throughout.

## THE UNSOLVED

'1906', 8<sup>a</sup>-8<sup>b</sup> (A0046-7) [A], draft, a 5-stanza poem with stanzas numbered [1], 2-5,  
 stanza 4 at bottom of 8<sup>a</sup> with 3 lines and rewritten at top of 8<sup>b</sup> with 4 lines, and  
 a stanza following stanza 5 headed '2nd verse'.

I got me hence and wore my sweetest smile  
 To buy a postage stamp I gave a shilling  
 The lordly person glared at me meanwhile  
 Haughty and hard and cold and most unwilling

1] I got [my hints] <<me hence>> and wore my sweetest smile MS.

The sun is still the earth is running round  
 Turning as turns a dog chain on a swivel  
 I do not dabble much in things profound  
 But why are civil servants all uncivil

10 Why why I said still pondering as I walked  
 By all the lost souls ever doomed to shrivel  
 By all the seers that ever winked or talked  
 Why are the civil servants still uncivil

They have good pay their offices are warm  
 In winter and throughout the summer season  
 Serenely cool they know not hail or storm  
 For all their Rage there is not any reason

Some things there are that man may never mend  
 Lawyers must live and editors must drivell  
 No doubt it will be so until the end  
 20 The civil servant must remain uncivil

6 swivel] Shirell MS, a mishearing?  
 7 dabble] dapple MS, an obvious mishearing.  
 16 Rage] [rage] MS.  
 17 there are that] there are [but] <<that>> MS.  
 18 drivell] [dribble] drivell MS.

Discarded stanzas

Stanza 2, lines 5-8:

Compel and get aboard the morning train  
 I sought a stern-eyed person at the station  
 Half over-awed suavely I tried in vain  
 And he he used a wicked [explanation] exclamation

Stanza 4, lines 13-15:

They have good pay their offices are warm  
 [I'm] In winter and serenely cool in summer  
 They know not drought or dust or hail or storm

#### THE UTTER UNREASONABLENESS OF CASABIANCA

ML MS 3038/3, 10<sup>a</sup> (B0071) [FN], transcription, entitled 'The burning deck'.  
The Clarion 1 March 1909, p.14, under the heading 'Condensed Classics'.

The Clarion is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

The boy on the warm deck was standing  
 His manner was cool and commanding  
 But why stood he there  
 In that horrible glare  
 And what could he gain by so standing

## A VEXATIOUS DELAY

'1906', 20<sup>a</sup> (A0058) [A].

My friends said the Chief ere we scatter  
 I think that the most urgent matter  
 That calls for comment is  
 This new chap they sent us  
 He don't seem to get any fatter

4 This] [the] [JSN] MS.

## THE VICTORY OF JOHN

'1906', 23<sup>b</sup>-24<sup>a</sup> (A0062) [JSN], fair draft.

I met a charming eight year old  
 Upon her way to school  
 Her pinafore was starched and ironed  
 Her face was sweet and cool

Where are your parents my sweet maid  
 She smiled they are away  
 And why I said does brother John  
 Not come with you today

10 They have gone to see the doctor sir  
 She smiled her eyes were blue  
 They put the fastest horses on  
 And Johnny he went too

What ailment has thy mother now  
 Or is thy father ill my dear  
 Speak little one she smiled and smiled  
 And hesitated still

20 Well sir at last she shyly said  
 (She was a sweet-eyed lass)  
 Mother she sent us all to play  
 Out on the barley grass

First we all played at Snigar nuts  
 And then at Kick the tin

3 pinafore was] pinafore [had] was MS.

13 What] 'What MS.

15 Speak little one] Speak [little] little one MS.

16 still] still. MS.



Then we put grass seeds in our ears  
Just put them out and in

We tried who'd get one furthest in  
And didn't we have fun  
When all us tried then Johnny tried  
And Johnny well he won

23 seeds] seed MS.

24] Jes put them out an in MS.

#### THE VOICE OF THE DARK

ML MS 3354/3, Item 1, 9/17<sup>a</sup> [JSN], unfinished, a stanza and a part-stanza numbered 1-2 and drawn off after line 6.

An old man is the Dark he lies  
Deceitfully behind and tries  
Telling the people of the sighs  
Bring all your bitterness to me

He will not utter praise nor chide  
Such merriment as falls to sin

[Unfinished]

1 Dark] [dark] MS.

2 and tries] a[nd] tries MS.

5] He will not utter praise — nor [chil] chide MS.

#### THE VOICE OF THE STIFF

ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 23<sup>a</sup> [JSN], fair draft, 1 stanza cancelled. Lines 9-12 occur (with variants) in the 8-line piece 'From a coffin'.

Don't muster any tears  
Give me no 'Kid'  
I drank me many beers  
What if I did

I saw things beautiful  
Kissed lips divine  
I charge you that you pull  
No leg of mine

2] [Don't make a shine] MS, cancelled line preceding line 2.

I want no epitaph  
 No sugared rhyme  
 I had my little laugh  
 Once on a time

Cancelled stanza following stanza 3:

[Patching up all my ways  
 Making them sound  
 I shall have lots of day  
 Here underground]

### THE WAITING OF MARTIN'S WOMAN

NLA MS 1145/60, 49 [FN], fair draft.

Martin is down at the little town drinking his whisky neat  
 And many there be that swear by him and steady him on his  
     feet  
 And many there be who drink with him and hasten to call him  
     friend  
 All will be pleased with the God who made the man who was  
     out to spend

\*           \*           \*

Three miles west is a little hut where two babes are asleep  
 And the little fire and the chimney holds beings that rise  
     and peep  
 The night is cold and the night is still 'tis nearly ten by  
     the clock  
 Martin's woman is there at the fire making a baby frock

### WE LOVE BUT ONCE

(After the manner of Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

NLA MS 1145/60, 22-23 [FN], fair draft.

The Bookfellow 15 July 1914, p.163, signed Charlie Chaucer Vic; Stage and Society  
 17 May 1926, p.18, signed Charlie Chaucer N.S.W.

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

We love but once in a blaze of passion  
 By sulphurous hurricanes flailed and fanned  
 We may not move in the leisurely fashion  
 That Moses moved to the Promised Land

We boil we bubble we singe we soften  
 We squeal and suffer and growl and swear  
 As a dead man growls in an ill-shaped coffin  
 At an undertaker who doesn't care

Our hearts are hot and our heads are spinning  
 10 We're shy and solemn and shaky-kneed  
 As Adam was in the Black Beginning  
 Shortly after that Awful Feed

We mope and grovel and lamely fish up  
 Ghostly bodies of dreams long gone  
 We look as odd as a thoughtless Bishop  
 With only one of his gaiters on

We scowl we challenge we foam with fury  
 And all for nothing as one might say  
 Like a judge impressing a cool calm jury  
 20 Cunningly squared on the previous day

We storm and stagger we keep on burning  
 Though we hardly know what there is to burn  
 We seem like an old dame bent on churning  
 With never an ounce of cream to churn

The lightnings leap and the thunders bellow  
 We live on frenzy and grope for rhyme  
 And often we find that some other Fellow  
 Is buying her Chocolates all the time

We love but once and you ask the reason  
 30 I think it's this I whisper it low  
 It's nothing to do with the Soul or Season  
 But we have no Cash for another go

Gloss] (An attempt at the manner of Ella W W ) MS.

3] We scorch right on in the reckless fashion MS.

4 moved] scorched MS.

6] We squirm and squabble we growl and swear MS.

9 Our hearts are hot] Our red hearts throb MS.

13 mope] grieve MS.

17 foam] smoke MS.

21] We mope and mumble and keep on burning MS.

23 seem] cr..m MS (there is a hole in the paper here).

25 thunders bellow] thunder bellows MS.

26 on frenzy] of[f] frenzy MS.

## THE WEDDING IN SEPTEMBER

NLA MS 1145/60, 87-89 [A], with alterations [JSN], draft, 9 stanzas numbered 1-9, with some renumbering and with cancelled lines, and 1 cancelled stanza unnumbered. '1915'B, 4<sup>b</sup> (A0361) [A], 3 stanzas numbered 1-3 under heading 'Odd verses'; 10<sup>b</sup>, (A0367) [A], 3 stanzas, 1 unnumbered and cancelled, followed by 2 numbered 4 & 6; 11<sup>b</sup> (A0368) [A], 2 stanzas, unnumbered; 12<sup>a</sup>-14<sup>a</sup> (A0368-0370) [A], fair draft, 13 stanzas, unnumbered apart from one stanza numbered 5. ML MS 4937/7, Item 4 [A], fair copy, 16 stanzas.  
HS 83; BLP 22; CP 74.

JSN - AGS 17 August 1919 (following publication of poem in HS: 'I never thought the Wedding would be so readable'). JSN - RHC 25 February 1934, NLA MS 605/62-69 (a correction to proofs CP). JSN - JD 28 October 1934, NLA MS 1145/68 (discusses 'Wedding in September', 'The cat and the fiddler' and 'Petticoat green').

In his letter to Stephens N said that he was pleased the poem had gone into HS and added 'I think the notion in it is good but I never could manage to alter it and it is very hard to feel or think the same as one could a few years back.' This seems to imply that he tried to revise the piece some time after he wrote it, perhaps for HS. However, he later told Devaney (JSN - JD 28 October 1934) that he 'finished both 'The wedding in September' and 'Petticoat green' in a few weeks' and the MSS occurrences in the notebooks support this statement. The MSS show an approach to composition that N used quite often: that is, a first attempt, followed by a second written with a slightly different perspective, which was then abandoned in favour of the first.

NLA MS 1145/60, 87-89 is the first attempt, stimulated by 'The cat and the fiddler' which occurs in this notebook at 5<sup>a</sup>-7<sup>a</sup>, and the second attempt occurs at '1915'B, 12<sup>a</sup>-14<sup>a</sup>. ('The wedding in September' repeats several lines and phrases that occur in 'The cat and the fiddler'.) The stanzas at '1915'B, 4<sup>b</sup> relate to this second draft and appear to be revisions for the stanzas at 13<sup>b</sup>-14<sup>a</sup>. N then returned to the first attempt and the stanzas at 10<sup>b</sup> & 11<sup>b</sup> extend this draft. Part lines between stanzas numbered [6] & [7] 8 and [7] 8 & [8] 9 and at the end of a cancelled stanza following the stanza numbered 10 at NLA MS 1145/60, 87-89 are placed there as reminders (for revision) and the fair copy is derived from these various drafts.

NLA MS 1145/60, 87-89 = ; '1915'B, 10<sup>b</sup> = B; '1915'B, 11<sup>b</sup> = C; '1915'B, 12<sup>a</sup>-14<sup>a</sup> = D; '1915'B, 4<sup>b</sup> = E; 4937/7 - 4 = F.  
 ML MS 4937/7 - 4, the fair copy (F) is the preferred text.

They talked as neighbours solemnly  
 Of lambs and wheat and wool  
 The stripling said 'twill not be dark  
 Tonight the moon is full

Into the wedding feast there came  
 The many psalms of Spring  
 The fiddler by the seamstress sat  
 And said not anything

The bridegroom was the happiest man  
 10 That ever stepped the town  
 But the little seamstress she had cried  
 And made the wedding gown

Oh ask me not why she has cried  
 Nay ask a simpler thing  
 Why do the little birds go out  
 To meet the kiss of Spring

\* \* \*

In with the dark the dancing came  
 In a little yellow room  
 And by the flowers the old folks said  
 20 The young ones love the bloom

1-4] ≠ A 1-4.

1 as neighbours] like neighbours A 1.

2 lambs] lands A 2.

5-6] = A 5-6; ≠ B unnumbered stanza, cancelled.

5] [Into the dainty wedding feast] B.

6] [There came the blaze of Spring] B.

9-12] = A 9-12; ≠ D 5-8.

9 happiest] proudest D 5.

13-16] ≠ D 33-36; ≠ E stanza numbered 2.

13 Oh] And D 33.

13] Nay ask me not of what she thought E.

14 a simpler] an easier D 34.

14 Nay] But E.

15] Why do the speechless butterflies E.

16 the kiss] the mouth D 36.

16] Tell parables of spring E.

17-20] ≠ A 13-16.

17-18] A has 2 cancelled lines, with replacement lines following line 16 [JSN]:

[After the feast they slowly walked]

[To the little yellow room]

After the dark the dancing came

In a little yellow room

19 And by] Beside A 15.

The fiddler was a witless man  
 By night or noon or day  
 But the world had need of moistening  
 And he had tears to play

He played the darkness into death  
 And stood where joy had been  
 The bridegroom could not see the bride  
 Or know what Love could mean

30 He played of maids and merriment  
 And the young blood of the rover  
 Of sacraments he played and tolls  
 And the baby joy of clover

The fiddler was a handless man  
 That could not sow or reap  
 He did not know the care of kine  
 Or the many ways of sheep

Of water-birds he played and boats  
 And the white legs in a stream  
 Of hot love in the market place  
 40 And the spinning of a dream

He played for timorous worshippers  
 Who have no God to call  
 He played to make the flowers grow  
 To make the manna fall

He played of falls and holiness  
 And the whistling of a rover

21-24] = A 17-20.

25-28] ≠ A 21-24.

26 joy] joys A 22.

28 Love] [love] F 28.

29] A part line follows A 24 [JSN]: 'He play maids & merriment'.

33-36] ≠ A 25-28; ≠ D 17-20.

34 That could] He could A 26.

34 or reap] nor reap D 18.

35 He did] He could A 27.

37] A part line follows A 28 [JSN]: 'He play water birds'.

37-40] ≠ C the 2nd of 2 stanzas.

38 And the white] And white C.

39 Of hot love] Of meetings C.

40 a dream] the dream C.

43-44] = A 3rd & 4th lines of a cancelled stanza following lines 33-36; = D 21-22.

45-48] ≠ A 29-32; ≠ D 25-28.

45] He played of love that will not love D 25.

Of sacraments he played and tolls  
And the baby joy of clover

The fiddler played on lies or hate  
50 He would not waste a tune  
A bridesmaid pale with jealousy  
Was patient as the moon

The seamstress had the unsoiled heart  
That suffers heat and chill  
And God had plagued her in the eyes  
With pity hot to spill

He played of all that men call death  
Too deep a thing to end  
And Life the unfilled Reveller  
60 That has a coin to spend

He played of deeps and loneliness  
And the whistling of a rover  
Of merriment he played and maids  
And the summer-time in clover

47] He played of sacraments and tolls A 31.

He played of tolls and sacraments D 27.

49-52] ≠ B a stanza numbered 6.

50 would] could D.

51-52] ≠ D 11-12.

51] And [a] little maid with jealousy D 11.

52] Went yellow as the moon D 12.

53-56] = B a stanza numbered 4.

54 heat] [hate] <<heat>> F 54.

57-60] = A 33-36; ≠ C the 1st of 2 stanzas.

58] That is to[o] deep to end C.

58 deep] dear HS; BLP; CP 58.

59 And Life] Of life A 35.

59] And life that eats of old hope C.

60 That] And C.

61-64] ≠ C stanza numbered 3.

61] He played of skulls and concubines E.

63] He played of love the death of love E.

64] And mellow days in clover E.

Discarded lines and stanzas

A a cancelled stanza, following lines 33-36:

[He did not hear as man may hear  
When a woman['s] whispers call  
He played to make the flowers grow  
To make the manna fall]

A cancelled lines, following the cancelled stanza:

[He played the chills of paradise  
And the softening of the moon]

A a part line under the number 11, following the cancelled lines at the end of the draft:

He play Love will <out> bide

D stanza 1, lines 1-4:

There was a little creek that ran  
 Light-hearted as a rhyme  
 And ewes who lingered for their lambs  
 Came crying all the time

D stanzas 3 & 4, lines 9-16:

Oh the white silk was delicate  
 In the gold of afternoon  
 And [a] little maid with jealousy  
 Went yellow as the moon

The fiddler came he could not smile  
 By night or noon or day  
 But the evil things that sat by him  
 Did move him in his play

D stanzas 6-8, lines 21-32:

He played to make the flowers grow  
 To make the manna fall  
 The little heart and the lame heart  
 Was sighing in it all

He played of love that will not love  
 And the whistling of [the] <a> rover  
 He played of tolls and sacraments  
 And the baby joy of clover

The bride she had a lissom waist  
 And the eyes of melting brown  
 But the little seamstress she had cried  
 And made the wedding gown

D stanzas 10-11, lines 37-44:

She dreamed too long of a quiet home  
 And in her dream she smiled  
 She did not dream of a long day  
 Of the sickening of a child

It is indeed the cleanest dream  
 Since dreaming first began  
 'Twas all of the white children  
 And the lordship of a man



D stanza 12, lines 45-48:

The bride she had the sweetest face  
That ever blessed the town  
But the little seamstress she had cried  
And made the wedding gown

D stanza 13, lines 49-52:

The fiddler plays the <<ayed>> of sealed love  
And the whistling of the rover  
He played of tolls and sacraments  
And the baby joy of clover

E stanza numbered 1:

Perchance she dreamed of a green heaven  
Of Singers undefiled  
Of raids and rites at the full moon  
Or the sickening of a child

JSN - JD 28 October 1934:

Two bits of verse I remember well are 'The wedding in September' and 'Petticoat green'.

I was often struck by the dreadful sounds made by cats during their nightly concerts. I believe I attempted to write something about these evil sounds but I failed. I tried in some way to connect the mysterious sounds from the fiddle with the mysterious sounds from the cat. I don't remember ever having read any attempt of this sort by any poet. [He is referring here to 'The cat and the fiddler' which occurs in the same notebook as 'The wedding in September' and which was the stimulus for this poem.]

As I have told you before, one winter I was taking some dope after I had a bad back. I felt in very good spirits and started writing some verse. I finished both 'The wedding in September' and 'Petticoat green' in a few weeks. The fiddler playing about so many different things all started from the dreadful sounds that came from the cat.

I think I wrote 'Petticoat green' because green is such a delightful colour for weak eyes. These two pieces [three pieces] are I think twins in spirit. They ramble about the influence of colour and sound on the human being.

## A WELCOME TO TOMMY BURNS

The Clarion 15 September 1908.

High Priest of Bash O Basher unabashed  
Director of the Punch What shall we say  
To Thee O Smiter of the Mighty Smashed  
Thrice welcome here today

## THE WHEAT IS IN THE EAR

'1912', 6<sup>b</sup> (A0255) [JSN], fair draft, one stanza numbered 1.

Delight is at the heart  
 Delight is on the eye  
 It is no time to part  
 It is no time to die  
 The taste of gold is here  
 We shall not suffer fear  
 Let us pause and often  
 For the old year's coffin  
 The wheat is in the ear

9 is in the] is «in» the MS.

## WHEN CELIA'S NEAR

'1909', 8<sup>a</sup> (A0206) [JSN].

How can I talk of work or stilled play  
 To blab of blue rain or the summer shine  
 It were impossible the night the day  
 Are all in paradise and she is mine

3] It were impossible —the night —the day MS.

4 paradise] paradise MS.

## WHEN DOES A BURGLAR HAPPEN TO SHAVE

There are two discrete versions of this poem. The first was written c.1913 and the second, derived from this, c.1934, when N was trying to interest Devaney in publishing some of his light verse.

## WHEN DOES A BURGLAR HAPPEN TO SHAVE [1]

NLA MS 1145/60, 52-54 [FN], fair draft, 1 stanza cancelled and a replacement stanza following under heading 'The last' [JSN]; 55-57 [JSN], unfinished, under short title 'Burglar', with end words for 4 lines following the 4 lines of stanza 3 (the finishing point) and end words and the space for two stanzas numbered 4 & 5 at 57.

The fair draft NLA MS 1145/60, 52-54 is the preferred text and the unfinished draft is shown separately in the notes.

In days when Maeterlinck's bird of blue  
 Told us all its garrulous fibs  
 I used to read as a youth will do  
 Of burglars bold and the crackings of ribs  
 And every burglar I could find  
 Had shaved some time ago this thing gave  
 Rise to a riddle that vexed my mind  
 When does a burglar happen to shave

10 When he has collared the family plate  
 He opens the cupboard and eats cold pie  
 Juicy and sweet a tempting bait  
 Good to the palate and good to the eye  
 A burglar must be a hungry soul  
 Always brutally strong and brave  
 I think that he somehow lacks control  
 When does a burglar happen to shave

20 Oh reckless fellow such risk to run  
 The price is surely exceeding high  
 A burglar caught is a burglar done  
 And a pie is really only a pie  
 But ah why linger let us dismiss  
 This frivolous thing for a quest more grave  
 Answer me answer me answer me this  
 When does a burglar happen to shave

30 Of all the sorrows that keep man down  
 Render him helpless hopeless mean  
 Leave him insipid and dull and brown  
 Is a short thick stubble uncouth unclean  
 A stubble from two to five weeks old  
 Would make an emperor look like a knave  
 But here's a thing I've never been told  
 When does a burglar happen to shave

40 But curiosity never stops  
 Is there an hour that he counts as his  
 When his stolen razor he sullenly strops  
 And carefully scrapes that horrible fizz  
 Even an aeon you must allow  
 Is born ere ever it finds a grave  
 And stubble must start sometime somehow  
 When does a burglar happen to shave

I know it's killing me this delay  
 The chemist chuckles to hear me cough  
 The undertaker was heard to say  
 Strange how Chaucer's putting it off  
 Oh welcome death though your ways be sharp

1 Maeterlinck] Maeterlinck, Count Maurice 1862-1949: author of a play  
 'The Bluebird'.

If ever I gain the golden pave  
 I'll ask some angel twanging a harp  
 When does a burglar happen to shave

Cancelled stanza, numbered 6:

[I'm weary asking the same old thing  
 From saint and sinner from young and old  
 From those who suffer from those who sing  
 Never oh never am I consoled  
 Doctors differ and go their rounds  
 Emperors cackle reformers rave  
 A little stranger is worth five pounds  
 But when does a burglar happen to shave]

The unfinished draft NLA MS 1145/60, 55-57 reads:

The world goes on and a summer hat.  
 Is fairly cheap at an autumn sale  
 Though the earth <<is round it>> is often flat  
 And very often uncommonly |Bad luck/ [stale] //flails [sic]  
 Scientists says that the sun grows cold [sic]  
 (An nice way that for the sun to behave [sic]  
 But here is a thing that I haven't been told  
 When does a burglar happen to shave

In every thing that the |The poor old/ public choose  
 In choosing the worst |court the insipid/ they never [fail] //seek the stale  
 Churchmen cheerfully take broad views  
 Leaving Jonah without a whale  
 Earthquakes quiver in old Japan  
 And somebody else has a tidal wave  
 But I ask you steadily man to man  
 When does, etc [sic]

The scholar solemnly takes his swill  
 Of fired out Roman[s] and dead cold Greeks  
 The Scotchman skit[els] to the whole world still  
 Of Burn and bawbees Haggis and breeks

## WHEN THE TIRED WOMEN DIE

'1909', 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> (A0201) [JSN], draft, 5 stanzas entitled 'Will there be love again', with stanza 3 misnumbered and corrected; 3<sup>b</sup>-4<sup>a</sup> (A0202) [JSN], fair draft, 4 stanzas, entitled 'Will there be love again', stanza 1 renumbered 1 very prominently, stanza 3 renumbered 2 (similarly) and stanza 4 misnumbered 3 and corrected to 4 in the same way; 5<sup>a</sup> (A0203) [JSN], incomplete, 1 line and a stanza numbered 3. ML MS A 3038/1, 14<sup>b</sup> (B0113) [JSN], incomplete, 3 lines under numbering for stanza 1, entitled 'Will there be love again'. ML MS A3038/2, 13<sup>a</sup> (B0020) [JSN], fair draft, signed, with stanza 3 misnumbered 2 and corrected.

'1909', 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> = A; '1909', 3<sup>b</sup>-4<sup>a</sup> = B; '1909', 5<sup>a</sup> = C; 3038/1, 14<sup>b</sup> = D;  
3038/2, 13<sup>a</sup> = E.

The MSS are all part of the same impulse of composition and ML MS A3038/2, 14<sup>b</sup>, the fair draft signed, is the preferred text.

They have no tears to tell us  
Nor any strength to sigh  
I fear me I tremble  
When the tired women die

Their lips turn up for kisses  
And Oh their eyes are keen  
As children they know not  
What all the dark may mean

They crave not any pardon  
They fear not any pain  
But in black swoons they murmur  
Will there be Love again

1-4] = B 1-4.

5-8] ≠ A 13-16; ≠ B 9-12.

5] Their dreams are all of kissing time A 13.

Their lips turn up for kissing B 9.

6] [And] Their great eyes are keen A 14.

And Oh their eyes are keen B 10.

And Oh their [lips] <<eyes>> are keen E 6.

7] As children they know B 11.

[And] As children they know not E 7.

9-12] ≠ A 9-12; ≠ B 13-16; = C.

9] They [make a friend of] <<faint not [at] >> <<for>> Bitterness A 9.

They pray for no forgiveness B 13.

10] They [fight a fight with] <<tremble not for>> Pain B 10.

11] [And] But whisper [still] Oh beseechingly A 11.

Discarded lines and stanzas

A stanza 1, lines 1-4:

If you could only know my man  
If you were standing by  
[Oh] If <<but>> your heavy ears could hear  
When the tired women die

A stanza 2, lines 5-8:

They cry not for summer sun  
 Nor a green world in flower  
 They fret not for little sins  
 Nor evil day or hour

A stanza 5, lines 17-20:

If you could only hear my man  
 Your tears would run like rain  
 For oh they sigh beseechingly  
 Will there be love again

B stanza 2, lines 5-8:

I know their dreams are sweetened  
 With love walks and flowers  
 With lads that were so lovable  
 In the green green hours

C a line preceding the stanza 3 [line 8 of the missing text]:

Of the roaring green hours

D 3 lines under numeral 1:

Over the road to darkness  
 So passively they go  
 Having no tears to call us

## WHEN THIRTY-SEVEN COMES

ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 27<sup>b</sup> & 28<sup>a</sup>-28<sup>b</sup> [JSN], fair draft. Stanzas 1-3 occur at 28<sup>b</sup> under the title 'At thirty seven After the Queen', stanzas 4-5 and part stanza 6 at 28<sup>a</sup> under the title 'When 37 comes', and stanza 6 finishes at 27<sup>b</sup>. The text is annotated [FN] '(fair copy in 'The bloke that is me'))'.

The Summer's like a doctor  
 Who leaves us thin and flat  
 And the Spring is like a young girl  
 Always in a picture hat

The Autumn's like a matron  
 Stout of figure green of gamp  
 The Winter's like an old chap  
 Complaining of the damp

10 The pie of Life we've opened  
 And if we find no plums  
 We know it hardly matters  
 When thirty-seven comes

7 The Winter's] The [fe] Winter MS.

Our cheek is quite amazing  
 Our style is dignified  
 We thank the Lord for all things  
 But mostly for our hide

Our Creditors still haunt us  
 Vile of lip from day to day  
 But they hear our splendid story  
 20 And they sadly slip away

We get quite used to Sheol  
 And we don't yell out for Heaven  
 We know that life's a muddle  
 At good old Thirty-Seven

#### WHERE THE PELICAN BUILDS

'1906', 26<sup>b</sup> (A0065) [A], entitled 'Where the pelican builds its nest'.  
The Clarion 21 October 1909. '1906', 26<sup>b</sup> is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

A curious old chap at Deniliquin  
 Made a pet of a pretty white pelican  
 When it started to stray  
 He said it'll lay  
 It'll get away outback to Hell again

#### WHITE AUSTRALIA

'1906', 14<sup>a</sup>-15<sup>a</sup> (A0052-3) [A], draft, 5 stanzas numbered 1-5, followed by 2 stanzas under the heading '1st verse', replacement stanzas for stanzas 1 & 2.

Child of the white man welcome to thy place  
 Great are thy needs and piteous is thy cry  
 If thou are scorned alas the race is lost  
 Thy mother's love is in her watchful eye

For very life for home our fathers fought  
 Proud is their record for a thousand years  
 Our simplest liberties were dearly bought  
 Shall we now halt because of craven fears

Traitors are they who say fling wide the gates  
 10 Let us have people God has given soil

5 life for home] life [as] for home MS.

How are you blind well know we the vile fates  
Of the slave peoples robbed and born to toil

Trust not to those who preach for Greed of Gain  
If to our heart we take a keen-eyed foe  
Soon shall we learn that pretty prayers are vain  
With the forgotten people we shall go

'Tis for no Godless conquest we would arm  
Traitors and cowards sophists smooth and mild  
Have sought thee little one to do thee harm  
20 And it is ours to guard the white child

12 robbed and] robbed [of] and MS.

Discarded stanzas

Stanza 1:

Oh little novice in a troubled time  
Old is the east and wakeful is the west  
If we are timorous now how shall we climb  
God help us guard [our heritage and thine] <<thee Baby at the breast>>

They call us fools with hellish hates filled up  
By loud-mouthed priests have we been reviled  
Yet all we ask is liberty to make  
Our land a home for thee sleeping child

## THE WHITE CHILD

'1907', 24<sup>a</sup> (A0113) [JSN], unfinished, 1 x 2-line stanza numbered 1, with the rest of the page left blank; 31<sup>a</sup> (A0120) [JSN], incomplete (the previous leaf removed), 1 x 6-line stanza numbered 2 and 2 lines following (the lines following separated from the stanza by a row of crosses); 35<sup>b</sup>-36<sup>b</sup> (A0125-6) [JSN], fair draft, 3 x 6-line stanzas.

24<sup>a</sup> = A; 31<sup>a</sup> = B; 35<sup>a</sup>-36<sup>b</sup> = C.

The fair draft (C) is the preferred text.

The sun goes high the summer bird doth tell  
How he doth love his love and all is well  
The pleasing petals every frailest thing  
Runs riding merry races through the Spring  
Peace in the air it seemeth every day  
Good for to sleep and dream the world away

2 well] well. C.

4 Spring] Spring. C.

6 away] away. C.



\*                      \*                      \*

Red lipped is she red lipped as tropic flower  
 Growing into the glory of her power  
 Blue eyes are hers she hath the lily's skin  
 Of our blood is she our very kin  
 For such men fought and died and dying smiled  
 Fairest of all God's fairest things a child

Love we the Land the Land wherein she grew  
 Softly she speaks a sermonette to you  
 If thine own foe thou art then who shall be  
 Thy friend in thy first grim adversity  
 How can ye fear the shadow men call Fate  
 Lift up your eyes and Lo the Unguarded Gate

7] = A 1.

8] Drunken with long delight A 2.

10 is she] is she — C.

12 child] child. C.

14 speaks] speak[s] C.

18] Lift up [thine] <<your>> eyes and Lo the Unguarded Gate. C.

Discarded lines and stanzas

B stanza numbered 2 and lines following:

Shall we forget when gladness fills the cup  
 Our Fathers struggling from the long mists up  
 For these <<two>> eyes with life['s] young flood aglow  
 Mothers have fought with dragons [long] ago  
 The brave blood gush[ed] the tears ran out like rain  
 The rugged centuries about their pain

\*                      \*                      \*

Oh falling hair oh softened cheek and chin  
 What kiss comes sweeter [than] the kiss of kin

## THE WHITE PLAYER

'1915'C, 11<sup>b</sup>-12<sup>b</sup> (A0323-4) [JSN], unfinished.

It is the old moon Teenie mellow and tired with tears  
The old compassionate player wise with the weight of years

It is the old moon sweetheart that plays to a million cells  
Giving us hope and favours in its maze of parables

She plays on the pipes of pity cries on the querulous strings  
Her heart is big with the loving of flutt'ring human things

She gives her light to lovers her peace to thriving trees  
She is more than a prayer to the sailor out on the leaping  
seas

She gives to the brooding mother love for the child unborn  
She stirs the joy in a young man's blood and cries with a  
man forlorn

It is the old moon Teenie the pulse of the rushing Spring  
Is all in her heart with the winter's death and the summer's  
junketing

It is the old moon sweetheart I hear while the hour is mine  
I will kiss to the mellow music and walk in the yellow wine

Oh the moon is a white player kind with a mother's charm  
Lovers and all the children may have come to harm

[Unfinished]

1 tears] tear[s] MS.

3 to a million cells] [with] <<to>> a million [bells] cells MS.

4 hope and favours] hope and and favours MS.

5 She plays on] [It] She plays [of] on MS.

7] She gives her light //to lovers | her peace [to] thriving trees MS.

10 man's] man['s] MS.

12] Is all in <<her>> heart [and] <<with>> the winter['s] death MS.

15 mother's] mother['s] MS.

Cancelled part-line following line 16:

[She gives them peace for a promise]

## WHY THE LITTLE FIDDLE CRIED

'1910', 5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> (A0227-8) [JSN], 3 stanzas numbered, with the third misnumbered 2, and 1 unnumbered; 6a (A0228) [JSN], incomplete. Two leaves have been torn out between 5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> & 6<sup>a</sup> and the top of 6<sup>b</sup> has been cut out. There are no traces of writing above the lines at 6<sup>b</sup> and it is possible that the lines at 6<sup>b</sup> are a revised line 16 and an additional stanza.

'Twas on a night the moon had made a mist  
Over our eyes and left our red hearts calm  
Oh every hour was holy as a psalm  
Evil and Hate and Doubt were all dismissed

There was a fiddler I was by his side  
And in my soul he put a pretty storm  
How could I know I was too soft and warm  
I could not know why the little fiddle cried

It was a happy world of friends and flowers  
Why should the little fiddle crush me down  
Was it a murmur from some far-off town  
Why did I dream of dark unholy hours

\*                    \*                    \*

'Twas long ago the many years divide  
The warm boy from the man and here am I  
Eager to learn from earth and quiet sky  
But now I know why the little fiddle cried

3 holy as] holy [as] MS.

'1906', 6<sup>a</sup> reads:

I know I know why the little fiddle cried

Love is a little beggar mad with pride  
Love is [a] little bird fighting for breath  
Love is the pink birth and the pale death  
I know I know why the fiddle cried

## WHY WILL YE DIE?

The Clarion 1 July 1909, p.3, under heading 'Our Medical Column'.

Away with the doctors and nurses  
Our anti-die sudden disperses  
All ill's that you know  
It's the untiring foe  
Of the men with the black plumes and hearses

## THE WIDOW MOVES

ML MS A3038/1, 25<sup>b</sup> (B0131) [JSN] & ML MS A3038/2, 11<sup>a</sup> (B0017) [JSN], draft. ML MS A3038/2, 12<sup>a</sup> (B0019) [FN], is a transcription of MS 3038/2, 11<sup>a</sup> with comment by FN who was obviously unaware of the other stanzas.

In yellow mist of the tempestuous Spring  
Shyly she takes the spice of suffering  
Making strange music purple and alone  
Glistening with merriment white as a stone  
The Widow moves

What man is brave those red lips to resist  
Brothers be cautioned let her go unkissed  
Lissom her figure all her face a ruse  
Softly she steps the sweetest thing in shoes  
The Widow moves

Fair is her forehead and her hair is jet  
With Youth and Mourning strangely set  
A challenger in purple calm and deep  
Doubtful as death Imperious as sleep  
The Widow moves

3] Making strange music [in a daintily she steps] the purple <<and>> alone MS.

This is difficult to read in parts: it appears to have been

Making strange music daintily she steps

Making strange music// [in [...] | daintily she steps the] | purple <<and>>  
alone

8 her face a ruse] her face [her] a ruse MS.

11 jet] The writing is not clear and this word may be 'yet': 'jet' is apposite  
in this context.

12 strangely set] strangely dimly set MS.

13 challenger in] challenger [of] [a?] in MS, (writing not clear).

14 as sleep] a sleep MS.

15] The leaf has been cut below line 14, but the lettering is just discernible.

The comments at MS A3038/2, 12<sup>a</sup> read:

Note by Frank :- This fragment is apparently a Quatrain by Shaw Neilson (his own handwriting). I think it is about a dead child just put in a coffin before the lid is <fast>. (It seems striking to my way of thought) [The stanza is then given.]

I don't think the word 'Mourning' is 'Morning'? Perhaps 'Doubtful in Death Imperious in sleep' is more what Shaw Neilson meant? No title was above the verse.

## WIGLEY'S REWARD

ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], with comment 'Never been printed'.

Have you ever heard of Wigley  
 Have you heard of Wigley's well  
 Listen just awhile I'll tell you  
 'Tis a simple thing to tell  
 Of the hardy and heroic  
 Of the children of the soil  
 And the chances that are open  
 To the men that do the toil

10 In the land of tears and trouble  
 In the land of Chronic Drought  
 Where the wheat is full of deadheads  
 And the Banks are full of doubt  
 Lived a People suffering struggling  
 Carting water night and day  
 From our one good decent river  
 It was thirty miles away

20 In the long days hot and horrid  
 Underneath a glaring sky  
 Did old Wigley bore for water  
 And the world was very dry  
 Then the neighbour's heads shook sagely  
 And they told in solemn style  
 How the sun his brain had softened  
 For they often saw him smile

30 Wigley well I'd call him hardy  
 And his young ones tough as hide  
 Just a dozen with the baby  
 And he counted them with pride  
 Shifting seasons found him poorer  
 Working harder year by year  
 He had failed in different places  
 In the Southern Hemisphere

40 He had seen the frost in Springtime  
 When the North Wind blows to burn  
 When the green wheat droops and sickens  
 And the settler's face is stern  
 And he bore it like a Stoic  
 No unkind remark he made  
 For you can't put down old Wigley  
 Till you plant him with a spade

\* \* \*

Twenty-seven bores were salty  
 (And the summer days were long)  
 On the twenty-eighth he struck it

And he swore the stream was strong  
 Right around him stood the neighbours  
 They had many things to tell  
 All agreed it would be salty  
 If he opened up a well

But old Wigley he knew better  
 50 So he sank his little shaft  
 Hewed out good pine slabs and slabbed it  
 (For he's not afraid of graft)  
 And the water good as ever  
 Then they praised him to his face  
 And old Wigley seemed contented  
 He should die without disgrace

To the little lignum hollow  
 In the centre of his block  
 All the neighbours came for water  
 60 They and all their thirsty stock  
 There were no complaints from Wigley  
 But at times it made him think  
 When he almost had to ask them  
 Leave to give a horse a drink

Then they called old Wigley wise man  
 Benefactor of his kind  
 So they got up a petition  
 Fussed around and got it signed  
 Very carefully they wrote it  
 70 Very humbly did they pray  
 To a Great Man's Great Department  
 In a fit and proper way

'Twas a tale of drought and famine  
 And of Wigley's months of toil  
 Of the blessing he had brought them  
 All the people on the Soil  
 Yea they spoke like men and brothers  
 And in figures good and round  
 Did they value all the water  
 80 That the honest man had found

But the Great Man never answered  
 He had water close at hand  
 So he cared not for the People  
 And he cared not for the Land  
 All their hearts began to sicken  
 All their indignation grew  
 Till they loudly cursed the Great Man  
 But the Great Man never knew

The reply came one warm evening  
 90 When their hopes were three months old  
 But some other Great Man wrote it

As the outside covering told  
 Neighbours sat around and argued  
 As a simple people may  
 That the first Great Man they wrote to  
 Well he must have been away

All agreed that the Department  
 Though it seemed a trifle slow  
 Must be meaning something handsome  
 100 P'raps a thousand quid or so  
 And no man there would begrudge it  
 When they thought of Wigley's graft  
 All the hard toil he had saved them  
 With that wondrous little shaft

It was hard to understand it  
 Still they grasped it in a while  
 And it told in stately language  
 In a tall and off-hand style  
 Re allotment eighty-seven  
 110 (Wigley looked a trifle blank)  
 The Department had reserved it  
 For a catchment for a tank

Then the neighbours' language varied  
 (But old Wigley never swears)  
 Something only did he murmur  
 About getting land on 'shares'  
 For you can't run down old Wigley  
 In the next world who can tell  
 He may get some compensation  
 120 For the finding of the Well

## THE WINDOW TO THE HEAVENS

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 14<sup>a</sup> [?], fair draft, incomplete (part of the right edge of the leaf has been torn off). NLA MS 1145/76, p.17, typescript, HI, not located.

My Love is not as others those [. . . . .]  
 Whose souls are clogged who hear not birds singing  
 Whose eyes call up the eyes of mild cattle  
 Whose feet step not to the uplifting music  
 Not as these is my love my window to the heavens

Spring in her heart she hastens as the whirlwind  
 To love her is perpetual violence  
 Her brown eyes ask so much and there close under  
 Lieth a land of calls and creeds and shadows  
 How fair is my love my window to the heavens

For all her scorn yet has she a kind pity  
 Once did her tears make rain fast rain and heavy  
 'Twas when a white lamb bleated at the midnight  
 Striving to find his dumb dead mother  
 How did she weep my window to the heavens

1 those] This is followed by the letters 'wh' and what may be either an 'a' or an 'o'.

8 brown eyes] brown [ask as] eyes MS.

14 his dumb dead] his dumb his dead MS.

## THE WINE

ML MS 3354/2, Item 5, 21<sup>b</sup> [JSN], fair draft, 2 stanzas.

The Clarion 10 May 1909, p.12, 3 stanzas.

The Clarion is the preferred text.

The Drink of Life it is a drink divine  
 Of an old vintage sometime fallen through  
 A glist'ning god one day weary with wine  
 Spilt of his blessing all along the blue

I drink I dream upon a thousand rides  
 In a red chariot all along the green  
 Lovers are everywhere and scented brides  
 With all their men make merry walk between

3] Some glistening God weary with joy and wine MS.

6 all along] over all MS.

8 make merry] made merry MS.



Delightful drink the drinker buys and buys  
 Ere the inn closes for the night is near  
 With a sweet summer thirst he cries and cries  
 Let us be drunken while the day is here

9-12] MS Ø.

#### THE WISE FATHER

'1906', 31<sup>b</sup> (A0070) [A], entitled 'Taking no risks'. '1907', 1<sup>b</sup> (A0091) [A], under name 'Sealake'. '1929', 44<sup>a</sup> (A0633) [A], entitled 'The valour of caution'. LaT MS 9419/3677, typescript, untitled, under heading 'Limericks by John Shaw Neilson'. The Clarion 21 October 1909, p.9, under heading 'A Column of Shaw Neilson'.

'1906', 31<sup>b</sup> is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

A cooking class girl at Sea Lake  
 Cooked her father a big birthday cake  
 When she pressed him to eat  
 He replied no my sweet  
 I must try and live on for your sake

#### WISHES VAIN WISHES

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 4<sup>b</sup>-5<sup>a</sup> [JSN], draft, 5 stanzas numbered, stanzas 3 & 4 misnumbered 2 & 3. This appears in *The fable and fantasy dialogues*, by Frank Neilson, p.156 (without attribution), McKimm MS.

I would I were a blue wren  
 That little blot of blue  
 Whose voice is mostly merriment  
 Whose coat is always new

But if I were the blue wren  
 With the blue blue breast and wings  
 No doubt I'd have to hustle  
 For grubs and seeds and things

10 I would I were a buttercup  
 That grows so prettily  
 But would a butter cow come up  
 To make short work of me

10 grows] grow[s] MS.

11 But would] But [it] <<would>> MS.

12 To make] To/ [She'd] make MS.

I would I were a wild swan  
Producing a sweet song  
But Ah my feet would both be wet  
My neck would be too long

I would I were an angel  
Above all other things  
But if I were an angel  
20 I mightn't like the wings

15 Ah my feet] Ah — my feet MS.

16 long] long. MS.

## A WOMAN AND THE SPRING

'1915'E, 22<sup>a</sup>-22<sup>b</sup> (A0309-A0310) [A], fair draft, 2 x 3-line stanzas and 4 x 2-line stanzas.

Child I am tired but the blossoms are crying for me to sing  
 Breath of my life O beat of my heart  
 Be glad in the Spring

Child I have nought to tell you and none to me could tell  
 For the foolish heart of a woman is deep as a parable

Child I have seen long summers and have learned o'er the many  
                   years  
 What is the man God made him a lion and full of fears

Child I have read all Stories and never a one is true  
 But my eyes are glad for green trees and the white clouds  
                   in the blue

O God that lives I suffered I feared not death but pain  
 All that I loved and hated I would love and hate again

Child I am tired but the blossoms are crying for me to sing  
 Breath of my life O beat of my heart  
 Be glad in the Spring

2 heart] heart [be] MS.

4 tell you and] tell you [for] <<and>> MS.

6 o'er the] of the MS. The context suggests that this is a mishearing.

13 life O] life [of] Oh MS.

## THE WOMAN DYES

'1908', 19<sup>b</sup> (A0173) [JSN].

Do we forget when Woman dyes  
 Her beauteous tresses dark or fair  
 Maybe we're soft but we have eyes  
 We've always noticed Woman's hair

3] [Not this] <<maybe>> We're soft MS.

## THE WOODLAND WAY

'1908', 20<sup>a</sup> (A0173) [JSN]. '1909', 5<sup>a</sup> (A0203) [JSN], entitled 'In the wilderness'.  
ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 12<sup>b</sup> [JSN].

'1908', 20<sup>a</sup> is the preferred text.

I walked along the woodland way  
Brimming with love and big with Hope  
On a mere sapling softly grey  
I read of Skitely's Shaving Soap

'1909', 5<sup>a</sup> reads:

Sweet was the wilderness: the air  
Blessed and balm full of hope  
But ah the poster fiend was there  
I read of Skitely['s] Shaving Soap

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 12<sup>b</sup> reads:

The cool bewildering woodland  
Gave unto me a heart of hope  
On a mere sapling slim and softly grey  
I read of Skitely's Shaving Soap

## THE WORSHIPPER

'1910', 16<sup>b</sup> (A0238) [A], fair draft, with corrections [JSN].

What should I know of God he lives so far  
In that uncanny country called the blue  
Sweetheart I cannot worship moon or star  
I'll worship you

I shall have miracles of light above  
My church will be an acre of green spring  
And while I pray I'll see the world you love  
Still blossoming

I shall be lifted with the scent of air  
And the strong sun will wash my doubts away  
You will be near me when I go to prayer  
To hear me pray

1 lives] live<<s>> [JSN] MS.

4 I'll] I<<'ll>> [JSN] MS.

8] <<Still blossoming>> [JSN] MS.

## YOU AND YELLOW AIR

'1909' 5<sup>b</sup> & 6<sup>a</sup> (A0204) [JSN], incomplete. ML MS A3038/1, 15<sup>a</sup> (B0115) [JSN] & '1909', 6<sup>b</sup> (A0205) [JSN], incomplete. ML MS A3038/1, 27<sup>b</sup> (B0135) [JSN], incomplete. '1909', 9<sup>b</sup>-10<sup>a</sup> (A0208) [JSN], unfinished; '1909', 11<sup>a</sup>-13<sup>b</sup> (A0209-0212) [JSN], incomplete. ML MS A3038/1, 17<sup>b</sup> (B0117) [JSN], incomplete; A3038/1, 17<sup>a</sup> & 18<sup>a</sup> (B0116 & B0118) [JSN], fair draft, signed.  
Sun (Sydney) Sunday 4 September 1910, p.9; The Bookfellow 1 October 1912, p.254 (in an article by Stephens); GDC; HS 52; BLP 88; CP 46.

JSN - JD 21 October 1934, NLA MS 1145/68 (says 'I wrote 'You and yellow air' in a few weeks, but it was sent back and I was about two weeks altering it').

The MSS include numerous incomplete drafts with extensive revision, including cancelled lines and stanzas, renumbering of stanzas and, in one instance, assigned stanza numbers repeated in the same draft. The published text is derived from the various drafts, with further revision and two new stanzas and the Sun is therefore taken as the preferred text.

'1909', 5<sup>b</sup> & 6<sup>a</sup> = A; 3038/1, 15<sup>a</sup> & '1909', 6<sup>b</sup> = B; 3038/1, 27<sup>b</sup> = C; '1909', 9<sup>b</sup>-10<sup>a</sup> = D; '1909', 11<sup>a</sup>-13<sup>b</sup> = E; 3038/1, 17<sup>a</sup> & 18<sup>a</sup> = G. 3038/1, 17<sup>b</sup> = F  
 The derivation of the published text is shown in the notes first, and transcriptions of the various drafts are shown separately.

I dream of an old kissing-time  
 And the flowered follies there  
 In the dim place of cherry trees  
 Of you and yellow air

It was an age of babbling  
 When the players would play  
 Mad with the wine and miracles  
 Of a charmed holiday

Bewildered was the warm Earth  
 10 With whistling and sighs

1-4] ≠ G 1-4.

2] And the enchantments there G 2.

3-4] ≠ A 3-4; ≠ B [3-4]; ≠ D 3-4; ≠ E stanza 4.

3] There is a town of cherry trees A 3.

In the dim town of cherry trees B 3; E stanza 4 (line 3); G 3.

[There is a] <<In the dim>> town of cherry trees D 3.

5-8] ≠ F stanza 7 (lines 3-6).

5] Oh ye uplifting colours F stanza 7 (line 1).

6] That played as players play F stanza 7 (line 2).

9-10] ≠ G 5-6; ≠ D 5-6; = C stanza numbered 5.

9] In the wilderness [of clear air] <<clear>> above C stanza 5 (line 1).

10] Rode boisterous butterflies C stanza 5 (line 2).

With whistlings and sighs D 6; G 6.

And a young foal spoke all his heart  
With diamonds for eyes

You were of Love's own colour  
In eyes and heart and hair  
In the dim place of cherry trees  
Ridden by yellow air

It was the time when red lovers  
With the red fevers burn  
A time of bells and silver seeds  
20 And cherries on the turn

Children looked into tall trees  
And old eyes looked behind  
God in His glad October  
No sullen man could find

Out of your eyes a magic  
Fell lazily as dew  
And every lad with lad's eyes  
Made summer love to you

It was a reign of roses  
30 Of blue flowers for the eye  
And the rustling of green girls  
Under a white sky

I dream of an old kissing-time  
And the flowered follies there  
In the dim place of cherry trees  
Of you and yellow air

11-12] = G 7-8; = D 7-8; ≠ C stanza numbered 5; = A 7-8.

11] Gravely a young foal spoke his heart C stanza numbered 5 (line 3).

13-16] ≠ G 13-16; ≠ E stanza numbered [7] [8] [5] 4.

13] Your face was a full parable G 13; E stanza [7] [8] [5] 4, (line 1).

14] And hymns were in your hair G 14; E stanza [7] [8] [5] 4, (line 2).

15] In the dim [town] place of cherry trees E [7] [8] [5] 4, (line 3).

16] Of you and yellow air G 16; E [7] [8] [5] 4, (line 4).

17-20] = G 17-20; ≠ E stanza 7; ≠ E stanza 4 6 5.

17 when red] for red E stanza 7 (line 1).

18] When kisses bite and burn E stanza 7 (line 2).

19 and silver] of silver E [4] [6] 5, (line 3).

21-24] = G 9-12; ≠ D stanza [4] 3.

22 eyes] men D stanza [4] 3 (line 1).

23-24] = D cancelled stanza 3 (lines 3-4).

24 sullen] solem D stanza [4] 3 (line 4).

25-28] A new stanza.

29-32] A new stanza.

33-36] = G 25-28.

A 3 unnumbered stanzas:

The red stone the Quarry men  
 In all my dreams have share  
 There is a town of cherry trees  
 Of you and yellow air.

A black colt capered in the green  
 Over a grass rise  
 And a young foal spoke all his heart  
 With diamonds for eyes

A blue bird did his love delight  
 With Quip and threat and trill  
 'Mid the plain a brown Hawk came  
 Slyly from the hills

B an unnumbered stanza & stanzas numbered 2 & 3:

The red stones and quarrymen  
 In all my dreams have share  
 In the dim town of cherry trees  
 Of you and yellow air.

The velvet virgin flowers beheld  
 Brave lover[s] on the dew  
 But I held not your little hand  
 Nor spoke a word with you

While all the pleading water-birds  
 Made love along the Spring  
 To you the Princess of the wor[l]d  
 I could not dare to sing

C a stanza numbered 5 & lines each under numbering for 6:

In the wilderness [of clear air] <<clear>> above  
 Rode boisterous butterflies  
 Gravely a young foal spoke his heart  
 With diamonds for eyes

[ 'Twas in the heart of kissing time  
 With wonderment of green ]

The Earth in <<an>> old kissing time  
 Was clamorous in green

D stanzas numbered 1 & 2; cancelled stanza 3 (3 lines), followed by numbering for stanza 4 (page left blank); second cancelled stanza 3; stanza numbered [4] 3, followed by numbering for stanza 5:

Oh/ The red stones and quarrymen  
 In all my dreams [have share] are there  
 [There is a] <<In the dim>> town of cherry trees  
 Of you and yellow air

Bewildered was the warm Earth  
 With whistlings and sighs  
 And a young foal spoke all his heart  
 With diamonds for eyes

[A blue bird did his love delight  
 With quips and threats and thrills  
 Into the plain a brown hawk broke]

[A blue bird did his love delight  
 With [tunes of//sunny songs] sunny <<and>> kind  
 God in his glad October  
 No sullen man could find]

Children looked into tall trees  
 And old men looked behind  
 God in his glad October  
 No solemn man could find

E stanzas numbered 4; 5 (cancelled); [5] [6] 4 (cancelled); 7 (cancelled); 6 (cancelled); [7] [8] [5] 4; 8 (cancelled); second stanza 8 (cancelled); 7; 8; [4] [6] 5; [7] 6 (cancelled); 8 (with note 'same as first' & 2 lines); 6; second stanza 7; third stanza 8 (cancelled):

Oh/ The red stones and quarrymen  
 In all my dreams [have share] are there  
 In the dim town of cherry trees  
 Of you and yellow air

[The velvet virgin flowers beheld  
 Suave lovers in the dew  
 But I held not your little hand  
 Nor spoke a word with you]

[While all the impetuous pleading water birds  
 Made love along the Spring  
 'Twas in my heart down in my heart  
 A florid song to sing]

[In that uproarious kissing time  
 When lovers would lean  
 Too closely to their dear loves  
 I was where God had been]



[While all the pleading water-birds  
 Made love along the Spring  
 To you the Princess of the World  
 I could not dare to sing]

Your face was a full parable  
 And hymns were in your hair  
 In the dim [town]|place/ of cherry trees  
 Of you and yellow air

[The Earth in an old kissing time  
 Was clam[or]ous in the green  
 You were the subtlest miracle  
 The soul of man has seen]

[The love talk lingered in the grass  
 And crowned the | the creamy skies  
 I dreamed of strong arms trembling  
 And women's velvet sighs]

It was the time for red lovers  
 When kisses bite and burn  
 A time of bells and silver seeds  
 And cherries on the turn

Oh clamorous Oh green time  
 That quietened too soon  
 Oh Love that lived delirious  
 Under the full moon

It was the time when red lovers  
 With the red fevers burn  
 A time of bells of silver seeds  
 And cherries on the turn

[In/ [A] that green time and clamorous  
 That quietened too soon  
 |A time of aching merriment  
 Under a white moon]

[Headed 'same as first']  
 You were the subtlest miracle  
 Under the white moon

You were as Eve in innocence  
 Where the Four Rivers ran  
 You were the subtlest melody  
 That ever [moved] <<soothed>> a man

I dreamed of the Spring dying  
 And summer three moons old  
 And/ Of [the] impetuous water birds  
 Pleading and unconsolated

[Oh [the]<<ye>> uplifting colours  
That stirred these feet of mine  
[How can a man be sober  
When all the world is wine}]

F 2 cancelled lines; numbering for stanza 9 (with note 'Same as first', cancelled);  
stanza 7; and numbering for stanza 9 (with note 'Same as first'):

[<Shall> a [morbid] man be sober  
When the calmed air is wine]

Oh ye uplifting colours  
That played as players play  
Mad with the wine and miracles  
Of a charmed holiday

G reads:

I dream of an old kissing time  
And the enchantments there  
In the dim place of cherry trees  
Of you and yellow air

Bewildered was the warm Earth  
With whistlings and sighs  
And a young foal spoke all his heart  
With diamonds for eyes

Children looked into tall trees  
And old eyes looked behind  
God in his glad October  
No sullen man could find.

Your face was a full parable  
And hymns were in your hair  
In the dim place of cherry trees  
Of you and yellow air.

It was the time when red lovers  
With the red fevers burn  
A time of bells and silver seeds  
And cherries on the turn

You were as Eve in innocence  
Ere ever Toil began  
You were the subtlest melody  
That ever moved a man

I dream of an old kissing time  
And the flowered follies there  
In the dim place of cherry trees  
Of you and yellow air

## THE YOUNG MAN IN HIS STRENGTH

'1909', 8<sup>a</sup> (A0206) [JSN].

Quietly he caught a horse he rode all day  
 By many a yellow lane and sleepy farm  
 At night the old folk looked the other way  
 And a white girl was circled by his arm

## YOUTH AT WORSHIP

The Clarion July 1908, p.7, under heading 'Some Parodies' and sub-heading  
 '(Some Hopeless Attempts at the Manner of James Hebblethwaite)'.

The young lad heard the tender words  
 Of sermons sweet in monotone  
 And straightway dreamed of killing birds  
 With shanghai and a rounded stone

PERIOD 3: 1917-1927

## AFTER SUNDOWN

'1927'A, 5<sup>a</sup> (A0536) [A], fair draft. .

You can be far from me  
And your feet turned away  
But give me of your heart's blessing  
For a holy day

The sun was a grave revel  
His crimes decay  
Give me of your heart's blessing  
For a holy day

The sun and his foiled army  
Wander away  
Give me of your heart's blessing  
For a holy day

5 revel] rebel WS. The less common 'revel', linked with 'foiled', meaning 'armed with foils' (SOED) makes sense and the MS reading is therefore retained.

## APRIL WEATHER

The Bookfellow 15 April 1920, p.96; NP 18; CP 123.

JSN - AGS 30 November 1919 ('I am sending you 'April weather' which I wrote last Easter').

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

How long but nay it is not long since we two chirped together  
And oh we spoke unwittingly and it was April weather

The sun did seem as one well past all jealousy and fretting  
And as an old man lonesome smiles remembering and forgetting

The cool wind waited patiently for all the sun's delaying  
And as a fallen player spoke the bitterness of playing

Tears were upon us and the pain of all the poor misplanted  
Of Famine old and merciless and children disenchanting

1 two] too Boo.

6 And as] And like NP; CP.

The sky came up with chronicles beyond the blue air blowing  
 The bitterness of Love lived on and Love himself was going

How long but nay it is not long since we two chirped together  
 And oh we spoke unwittingly and it was April weather

#### THE ASCENT OF DOROTHY

'1925', 24<sup>b</sup> (A0415) [JSN], fair draft.

That night she was uplifted and the air  
 Did for all ill some clamour healing hold  
 Angels took foothold with her she could dare  
 That evening she was nearly nine years old

#### AT THE DANCER'S GRAVE

'1927'A, 30<sup>a</sup> (A0561) [A], fair draft.

This is no place for stately sorrowing  
 But for the simple amens and the flowers  
 And the full hearts that come about the Spring

'Tis not the wise men of illustrious years  
 Live in remembrance but some butterfly  
 Who in the sunlight made a storm of tears

'Tis not the chaste benevolent the pure  
 Put the strange glow upon us here was she  
 Lived as a folly died without a cure

2 amens] omens MS.

## THE BALLAD OF REMEMBRANCE

'1927'C, 11<sup>a</sup>-14<sup>b</sup> (A0445-0449) [A], fair draft, 24 stanzas, entitled 'The shooting of a hare', with 13 stanzas numbered 1-13 first and then some renumbered and followed immediately by 11 stanzas under heading 'Odd verses' and numbered 6-15; 31<sup>a</sup>-31<sup>b</sup> (A0465-6) [A], incomplete, 3 stanzas, entitled 'The Englishman's defence'. NLA MS 1145/66 [L], fair copy, 23 stanzas, entitled 'The Englishman's defence', enclosure with letter JSN - JD 4 September 1933.  
CP 169.

JSN - JD 4 September 1933, NLA MS 1145/66 (gives the background of the poem and offers to revise it). JSN - FN 29 October 1933, McKimm MS 14 (says JD 'has suggested a good few alterations'). JSN - RHC 29 December 1933, NLA MS 605/49-51 (says he is sending 'the ballad' and discusses the background); JSN - RHC 1 January 1934, NLA MS 1145/52-54 (he has 'just got 'The Englishman's defence' completed'); JSN - RHC 10 January 1934, NLA MS 1145/57-60 (says 'I never liked the title very much' and suggests alternative titles and discusses an error in one of the lines); JSN - RHC 6 March 1934, NLA MS 605/71-75 (corrections to proofs CP and approves Croll's choice of title from those suggested).

There are two versions of the poem: one completed c.1927, and a revision commenced in the latter half of 1933 and completed in early 1934. The poem was written first as a 13 stanza piece and then extended ('1927'C, 11<sup>a</sup>-14<sup>b</sup>), and the verses at '1927'C, 31<sup>a</sup>-31<sup>b</sup> are an abandoned attempt at another version made at that time. N dropped 1 stanza from the fair draft at 11<sup>a</sup>-14<sup>a</sup> in the later, revised version sent to Devaney in 1933, and then added 2 new stanzas in the version sent to Croll for CP. The revisions do not involve a significant shift in meaning and the two versions are therefore regarded as theoretic versions only.

'1927'C, 11<sup>a</sup>-14<sup>b</sup> = A; '1927'C, 31<sup>a</sup>-31<sup>b</sup> = B; 1145/66 = C.  
 The fair draft of the first version, '1927'C, 11<sup>a</sup>-14<sup>b</sup>, is taken as the preferred text.

I met a man out Bathurst way in the middle of the year  
 He had an honest kindly face and eyes without a fear  
 A pleasant man to look upon and a pleasant man to hear

And he would talk as men will talk of what his hands had done  
 Of plains and hills and wilderness where sheep and cattle  
     run  
 The bitterness of frost and rain and the blinding of the sun

1-3] = C 1-3; = CP 1-3.

4-6] ≠ C 4-6; ≠ CP 4-6.

4 his hands had] their hands have C; their hands had CP.

5 and wilderness] and the wilderness C; CP.

6 and the blinding] and | the/blinding A.

6 The bitterness] Of the bitterness C; CP.

One thing I saw when e'er I talked of England's power at sea  
 Of England's pluck in battles fought in all red history  
 He listened quietly but would say no generous word to me

- 10 His quietness did displease me and I did then more and more  
 Speak of the Empire there had lived never on Earth before  
 A race so just and wise and brave his silence made me sore

One night he said when I did speak of what the English do  
 If you will listen I will tell one little thing to you  
 The thing that I saw with my own eyes and all men know it's  
 true

My father he had heart and I am proud to be his son  
 I saw him fight two hours or more on old O'Grady's run  
 And the man he fought was young and fast and yet my father  
 won

- My father was a tender man I mind how mournfully  
 20 One day when splitting in the bush we fell a heavy tree  
 And a nest was there with young birds and he spoke so huskily

7-9] ≠ C 7-9; ≠ CP 10-12.

7 of England's power at sea] of all red history C; CP.

8] Of England's victories on land and her strength upon the sea C.

Of England's victories on the land her strength upon the sea CP.

10-12] ≠ C 10-12; ≠ CP 13-15.

10 did then more] did <<then>> more A.

10 and I did then] then would I C.

10] The silence of the man was such that I would more and more CP.

11 the Empire] the English CP.

12] A race as just and merciful his silence made me sore C.

A race so just and merciful his silence made me sore CP.

13-15] = C; ≠ CP 16-18.

13] One night I spoke of English law and what the English do CP.

14] Listen he said and I will tell a shameful thing to you CP.

15] 'Twas old when I was born this night it comes up ever new CP.

16-18] ≠ C 16-18; ≠ CP 22-24.

16 had heart] had the heart C.

16] My father he could fight although he was but bone and skin CP.

17] When he was old he fought two hours and then he was not done C.

I saw him fight with a big man who had the heavy chin CP.

18 and fast and yet] and fit and still C.

18] And the heavy fist. I stood two hours and saw my father win CP.

19-21] ≠ C 19-21; ≠ CP 25-27.

19] My father was a tender man no softer man than he C.

My father had the slow speech and his words came tenderly CP.

20] We two were splitting in the bush one day we fell a tree C.

When we were splitting in the bush one day we took a tree CP.

20 fell] Discussion about this word occurs in extracts from letters given at the  
 end of the notes.

21] With young birds in a nest all day he could not speak to me C.

With young birds in the nest all day he could not speak to me CP.



My father was a good neighbour as all his neighbours tell  
 He was not hard on anything he strove to teach us well  
 He said there's something in a man that they dare not buy  
     or sell

My father could not read or write now little children can  
 Of things like Death and the back of Death his simple musings  
     ran  
 And he said I can't believe that God is bitter like a man

My father was a quiet man they said his eyes were dim  
 Sometimes he drank his jaws would change and all his face  
     grow grim  
 30 And the things at the bottom of his heart came tumbling out  
     of him

There are some things my father said I keep remembering  
 A man's body is coarse he said though he should be a king  
 But the body of a sweet woman that is a holy thing

My father dare not fish or hunt and he did dare to kill  
 Where is the man who will not move his belly's needs to fill  
 It was a hungry land by God and it is hungry still

There was the food before his eyes and why should he be bound  
 The rich men owned each inch of earth and the riches  
     underground  
 They would have owned the soul of man could such a thing be  
     found

22-24] ≠ C 22-24; ≠ CP 28-30.

22] An open-handed man he was as all who knew him tell C; CP.

23 hard on] hard in C; CP.

25-27] ≠ C 25-27; ≠ CP 31-33.

26 simple musings ran] teachings sometimes ran C.

26] Of Death and the things at the back of it his simple reasoning ran CP.

28-30] ≠ C 28-30; ≠ CP 34-36.

28] How quiet he was because he stared they said his eyes were dim CP.

29] Sometimes he drank his eyes would change and his jaws would be so grim C.

But when he drank those eyes would change and his jaws would be so grim CP.

30 things] thoughts CP.

31-33] ≠ C 31-33; ≠ CP 37-39.

31 There are some things] Some things there are C; CP.

32 he should] he may C; CP.

33 a holy] the holy C; CP.

34-36] ≠ C 34-36; ≠ CP 40-42.

34] In England my father starved and he did dare to kill C.

'Twas in your England that he starved and he would not dare to kill CP.

35] Who made the law that said to him his mouth he must not fill C.

He knew the law and the law it said his mouth he must not fill CP.

36] All wisdom came from God he heard and the hunger was His Will CP.

37-39] ≠ C 37-39; ≠ CP 43-45.

39 could such] had such C; CP.

- 40 Those laws I said were harsh but they have long since  
disappeared  
Wherever strong men live and think the English flag is cheered  
That flag is loved and we are proud to know that it is feared
- But the man said ah you boast that all England's laws are  
fair  
Such talk is cheap I count it like the dust upon the air  
For the English tried my father once for the shooting of a  
hare
- I am not learned in anything my reasoning may be raw  
You had a father would you love so much the English law  
If on his back you once had seen the horror that I saw
- They say that England's laws are just that all her fights  
are fair
- 50 That there is no other land where men so many good things  
share  
But the English sent my father here for the shooting of a  
hare
- Those laws I said were cruel laws they lived in every land  
The English gave you all you have you fail to understand  
That laws are made by the English at the people's own command

40-42] ≠ C 40-42; ≠ CP 46-48.

40 Those laws] These laws C; CP.

41 think] thrive C.

41] Wherever strong men live and thrive is English law revered CP.

43-45] ≠ C 43-45; ≠ CP 49-51.

43] But the man he said You boast that all England's laws are fair C.

But the man he said You boast that all the English laws are fair CP.

44] Long have I heard such tales they seem like dust upon the air CP.

45 tried my father once] sent my father here C; CP.

46-48] ≠ C 46-48; ≠ CP 58-60.

46 anything my reasoning] anything [but] my reasoning A.

46] The man he said I know not much my reasoning may be raw C.

The man he said I may be dull you speak of English law CP.

47 You had a father] Had you a father C.

47] Would you so love it had you seen the shameful thing I saw CP.

48 horror that I] horror <<that>> I A.

48] For me that back is always bare those wounds are always raw CP.

49-51] A stanza [6] [9] 17; C ∅; CP ∅.

52-54] A stanza [7] 18; ≠ C 49-51; ≠ CP 55-57.

52] These laws I said were cruel laws they were in every land CP.

53 you have you] you have and you C; CP.

54 made by the English] made [for] <<by>> the English A.

54] That laws are made for the English by the people's own command C; CP.

Listen he said my father worked long years till he was free  
 When I was in my boyhood something he showed to me  
 And even now when I think of it my eyes can hardly see

His master was a tyrant such as thrive in every land  
 Once in a rage he put a note into my father's hand  
 60 And said take this to Bathurst then perhaps you'll understand

My father was no coward and he would not flinch at pain  
 That day he walked to Bathurst gaol 'twas in the blinding  
     rain  
 And they flogged his flesh into his bone and he walked back  
     again

You say that English laws are good that all her fights are  
     fair  
 We are a part of England and in English freedom share  
 But the English sent my father here for the shooting of a  
     hare

My father was of England and 'tis against my will  
 Of any nation of the Earth to spread a tale of ill  
 But the marks upon my father's back Oh God I see them still

55-57] A stanza [8] 19; ≠ C 52-54; ≠ CP 52-54.

55] The man he said My father said some fierce things when he was free C.

One day we were in the deep bush my father's tongue was free CP.

56] I was not far into my 'teens and his back he showed to me CP.

57 hardly] scarcely CP.

58-60] A stanza [9] [12] 20; ≠ C 55-57; ≠ CP 61-63.

58] [My father was no tenderling to flinch at any pain] A cancelled line preceding  
 line 58.

He was assigned to a squatter here when the squatter ruled the land C.

He was a convict forced to work when the squatter ruled the land CP.

59] [One day he said] Once in a rage he put a note into my father's hand A.

A letter this old tyrant put into my father's hand C.

For some slight fault his master put a letter in his hand CP.

60] And said take this to Bathurst gaol and then you'll understand C.

And he said Take this to Bathurst Gaol they'll make you understand CP.

61-63] A stanza [10] [13] 21; ≠ C 58-60; ≠ CP 64-66.

61 no coward and he] no chicken heart he C.

61] Too well the law my father knew the law of Lash and Chain CP.

62] That day he walked to Bathurst and 'twas in the blinding rain C.

63 bone and he] bones and he C; bones then he CP.

64-66] A stanza [11] [14] 22; = C 61-63; ≠ CP 67-69.

64] The man he said I have always heard that English laws are fair CP.

65 in English freedom] her fighting glory CP.

67-69] A stanza [12] [15] 23; ≠ C 64-66; ≠ CP 70-72.

67 'tis] it is C; CP.

68] Of any nation on the earth to speak one word of ill CP.

69] But I know the English by one mark by God I see it still C.

But I know the English by one mark my eyes can see it still CP.

70 Still did I speak of England's might I would not likely yield  
 I said her laws are just the poor man she doth shield  
 But the man he said those marks I saw they never can be healed

70-72] A stanza [13] [16] 24; ≠ C 67-69; ≠ CP 73-75.

70 likely yield] likely [to] yield A.

70] Then spoke I still of England I would not lightly yield CP.

71] Her laws are just I said she does the little nations shield C.

England I said is strong she does the little nations shield CP.

72 marks I saw] marks [he said] <<I saw>> A.

72] But the man he said That thing I saw it never can be healed C.

And the man he said some things there are that never can be healed CP.

#### Additional stanzas

CP stanza 3, lines 7-9:

He had the bushman's ready eye and he heard the faintest sound  
 The names he knew of all that flew or ran upon the ground  
 His knowledge was not of the kind that is with scholars found

CP stanza 7, lines 19-21:

Too long have I been in the bush my thinking may be slow  
 But when you praise the English then knowing all I know  
 If I did not speak then I should feel the lowest of the low

#### Discarded stanzas

B reads:

[They] <<You>> call me Chum two years ago I left the motherland  
 And I have seen your wealth in sheep [and] I have eaten of your sand  
 But there are some things here that I scarcely understand

Wide is your land your freedom is an ever glorious thing  
 And yet for all your [wits] <<width>> your thoughts go it a little ring  
 But I seldom meet a man who puts his brain to reasoning

[Oh you are full of sweet talk and full of kindly ways]  
 Though you are full of merry talk and the roar of holidays  
 Something there is the scent of it I meet in many ways  
 Still lives and moves a bitterness a thing of other days

JSN - JD 4 September 1933:

When I was over in N.S.W. I learned that men were actually flogged at  
 Bathurst Gaol sixty years ago, or perhaps it was more.

JSN - RHC 29 December 1933:

In '27 I attempted this ballad and sent it to A.G. He did not seem to like  
 it but he said he would not mind printing it as literature. I therefore put  
 it away and did not bother about it again till last winter when I got my sister  
 to read it to me twice. In the spring I sent it to my friend Devaney for

his opinion. He wrote back saying he thought it would make a good ballad, but it wanted some alteration. He marked about eight stanzas, some very lightly.

I have altered all these and also some that he did not mark. I have cut out one of the old stanzas and put in a fresh one. I think it has been improved a good deal.

Neilson advised Croll (10 January 1934) that the word 'took' in line 26 of the CP text (line 20 of the first version) was 'wrong'.

The last two lines in one of the stanzas runs like this

When we were splitting in the bush one day we fell a tree

With young birds in the nest all day he could not speak to me

I have marked fell, it should be felled, but no bushman ever uses the word felled. My father always said fell or took and he worked a lot amongst timber in the bush. I think we had better put in took. We always used to say took when we spoke of cutting down a tree for a beehive.

Then in NLA MS 805/71-75 (corrections to proofs) he adds.

2nd line 9th stanza I think felled sounds wrong. I think took would be better, or even fell.

#### BE AT THE GARDEN

'1927'C, 36<sup>b</sup> (A0471) [A], draft.

'Tis a command that I give you this bright company  
These kinfolk of ours here assemble and far may they see  
We are too close to the blackness but by your wit and my wit  
We too shall unravel the Spring

Our kinfolk have caught all the sorrow that ever came down  
The joy in all courage the jealousy under the frown  
They stand as the trees do they cannot go forward to sing  
And by your wit and my wit we too shall unravel the Spring

3 blackness but by] blackness [but] <<by>> MS, an error of haste.

8] And [by your wit] and my wit we two shall unravel the Spring MS, an error of haste.

## THE BIRDS GO BY

'1930', 12<sup>b</sup>-13<sup>b</sup> (A0657) [JSN], draft, 3 stanzas and a revised line, with stanza 1 unnumbered and separated from stanzas 2 & 3 by another poem; '1930', 18<sup>a</sup> (A0662) [JSN], 1 stanza numbered 1, with numbering for stanza 2; '1930', 30<sup>a</sup> (A0676) [JSN], draft, 3 stanzas numbered 1-3 and stanza 3 cancelled; '1930', 33<sup>b</sup> (A0680) [JSN], draft, 3 stanzas, unnumbered. ML MS A3038/1, 12<sup>a</sup> & 13<sup>a</sup> (B0111 & B0112) [JSN] (2 part leaves), fair draft, 3 stanzas numbered 1-3. '1925', 21<sup>b</sup> (A0411) [JSN], 3 lines. '1927'C, 40<sup>b</sup> (A0475) [A], 3 lines, alterations under heading 'Line for Bird[s] go by'. '1927'B, 46<sup>b</sup> (A0528) [A], 1 line, under heading 'Line for Birds go by'. NLA MS 1145/29, typescript [AGS], annotated.

Australasian 1 March 1926, p.1095; NP 9; CP 111.

AGS - JSN 18 May 1926 (answers a question from N about an alteration to the text).  
JSN - JD 27 January 1935, NLA MS 1145/65 (answers Devaney's question 'How many lines did A.G.Stephens supply for your verse?').

Stephens put a cross beside line 9 of the typescript, underlined part of the line and wrote below 'Please improve wobbling line', and there is another cross beside line 6 which looks like his hand. The Australasian text has some rewording of the text and a new line 9 and N must have questioned this because Stephens said in his letter (18 May 1926) 'I did write 'height' — 'light' is too soft there — and the thought would be weaker'. This sounds as if N rewrote the line and Stephens altered only one word; but N told Devaney (27 January 1935) that the line was Stephens's, saying it was 'the best line of his that he put in any verse of mine'.

The first drafts appear in notebooks dated c.1924-1925 ('1930', MS 3038/1 & '1925') and the revisions, in notebooks dated c.1927 ('1927'B & '1927'C), are a response to Stephens's request to improve the lines marked. Given that the poem was published in May 1926, either this dating is incorrect or the lines were written after the poem was published, which is possible, but not likely since N seems to have liked the new line 9 and questioned only the one word.

'1930', 12<sup>b</sup>-13<sup>b</sup> = A; '1930', 18<sup>a</sup> = B; '1930', 30<sup>a</sup> = C; '1930', 33<sup>b</sup> = D; 3038/1, 12<sup>a</sup> & 13<sup>a</sup> = E; '1925', 21<sup>b</sup> = F; '1927'C, 40<sup>b</sup> = G; '1927'B, 46<sup>b</sup> = H.

NLA MS 1145/29, the typescript, is the preferred text.

'1930', 33<sup>b</sup> (D) is an abandoned attempt at another version and is shown separately in the notes.

Westward at even but never never to die  
They do live surely as ever the laugh and the sigh

1 but] yet NP; CP.

1] Westward at even but never never to die E.

Death they shall know it not Why should they die C.

Bravely to westward but never never to die B.

Birds <<[the birds]>> go out westward but never never to die A.

2 They do live surely] Surely they live Aus; NP; CP.

2] They do live surely as the laugh and the sigh E; A.

As all good loves in the laugh and the sigh C.

Surely they live as surely as the laugh and the sigh B.

After the flight and the fall the defeat of the pilgrim  
The birds go by

No not for dying like all the sweet flowers are they  
Giving good heart to mankind in their little stay  
Failing only as Love fails at the end of the day

Green earth and water have gladdening out of their cry  
All things with white merriment do they purify  
I dream that they bear to the dead the thoughts of the living  
The birds go by

- 3 flight] fight Aus; NP; CP.  
 3] Long after the [sullen] <<fall the>> defeat of the pilgrim E.  
     So they live onward and onward C.  
     The famine and feud the escape of the Pilgrim B.  
     Long after the tearful escape of the pilgrim A.  
 4] = E; C; B.  
 4] Oh but the birds go by A.  
 5] Never to death even as flowers are they E; A.  
     Death they shall know it not as flowers are they C.  
 6] Giving good hope to mankind on their little stay Aus.  
     Flowers giving hope to mankind on their little stay NP; CP.  
     Giving good heart to the humans in their little stay E.  
     Sweetening uncouth neighbours in their little stay C.  
     Sweetening all the cold humans in their little stay A.  
 6] MS G reads:  
     Flowers that uncover mankind in their little stay  
     or 'Do colour' might be used  
     also 'do mellow' might be a possibility  
 6] MS H has:  
     Flowers that [never] <<mellow>> mankind on their little stay  
 7] = E; C.  
 7] Fading as the [birds fade on the] <<Telling flowers love till the>> end of the  
     day A.  
 8] = F.  
 8] Warm earth and water crave gladness out of their cry E.  
     The[y] do ever <<call>> much sweetness out of the sky C.  
     All/ Earth and water take <<crave>> gladness out of their cry A.  
 9] = E.  
 9] Lifting the eyes of the heart to the height of the sky Aus; NP; CP.  
     [With their quaint merriment they purify] C.  
     All merriment <<things with sweet>> [[:er] fallen] do they purify A.  
     They fear not, they fail not they purify F.  
 10] Who knows what they bear from the dead to the living E.  
     As the and the hope they <live> on[w]ard [sic] C.  
     [No not for Death they have the wisdom of Loving] A (cancelled line at 13<sup>a</sup>).  
     They that have spoken [De] the dead Do speak for the Living A (revised line  
     at 13<sup>b</sup>).  
     The dead can take hold of the living F.  
 11] = E; = C (cancelled stanza); = A (cancelled line at 13<sup>a</sup>); = A revised line  
     (13<sup>b</sup>).  
 11] While the Birds go by F.

D reads:

[With] <<From>> their sweet bodies great songs they expel  
They are beyond the whistle below the bell  
In all ways of loving [they do] <<the birds>> excel

When the soft sundown is like a sigh  
All things under heaven they purify  
My heart [is moved into] and their/ hearts  
The birds go by

All joyful innocence they do prolong  
The eternal Famine the cruel wrong  
These are forgotten in their intense song

### THE BITTER MOON

'1925', 12<sup>a</sup>-13<sup>a</sup> (A0400-1) [JSN], unfinished.

It is no music of the night  
'Tis but a parody of calm  
There is impatience in the white  
And a rebellion in the psalm

There was amazement of the eyes  
Lips in their valour gave too soon  
The cypress of the Autumn sighs  
Always and always to the moon

Did we call her in old time  
A woman sweet lissom and fair  
Loudly in remembered rhyme

[Unfinished]

1) It is [not] <<no>> music of [in] the night MS.

7 Autumn sighs] Autumn [...]] <<sighs>> MS.

8 Always and always] Always <<and>> always MS.

10 sweet lissom] sweet [of] lissom MS.



## THE BITTER WOMAN

'1925', 21<sup>a</sup>-21<sup>b</sup> (A0410-A0411) [A], fair draft.

Beauty she said is a sorrow  
 Wrapped in a joy  
 It ripens it reddens it fills up  
 The kiss of a boy

It moves but it will not make merry  
 Did ye seek in a song  
 It would not be there for the shadows  
 Are shadows too long

Beauty she said is a sorrow  
 10 It leaves the heart bare  
 The sun is so cruel it broods on  
 An old woman's hair

The autumn had left her so bitter  
 All on a brown day  
 She would quarrel with her God and her neighbours  
 Her sorrows to say

Beauty she said is a sorrow  
 No heaven born thing  
 It lives not as long as a blossom  
 20 Enriches the Spring

## THE BLUE MAN AND THE BARLEY

'1927'A, 34<sup>b</sup>-35<sup>b</sup> (A0566-7) [A], fair draft.

First did I see him in the light  
 Ere I had wandered into rhyme  
 Or the old fables dulled the sight  
 'Twas but a moon till Summer-time  
 And on the hay-stacks did he climb  
 On a clear night he was revealed  
 Kinsman of God I dreamed he was  
 That blue man in the barley field

\* \* \*

Let us consider Love that he  
 10 May be upheld as a sweet child

3 Or] [O'er] <<Or>> MS.

4 a moon till summer-time] Barley stubble is burnt off after harvesting in late  
 spring and summer.

Born of a stainless family  
 Ere the dull noises have defiled  
 So like a sweet flower on the wild  
 Health shall he give to those unhealed  
 But for white body art thou guest  
 Oh blue man on the burning field

Let us consider Love as Cold  
 And the warmth being down in Death  
 Lonely he wavers in the Cold  
 20 There is a keenness in his breath  
 Love is all folly still he saith  
 God is not anywhere revealed  
 Kinsman of God thou art I fear  
 Oh blue man in the barley field

17 Cold] [cold] MS.

19 Cold] [cold] MS.

#### THE BLUE WREN IN THE HOP BUSH

The Bookfellow 15 July 1921, p.111; NP 17; CP 122.

His home is in the wild hop in brown and lemon green  
 And all the orange followers of gold that come between  
 He often says to mock me how slow of soul are you  
 And he puts into the broad sunshine his melody of blue

The bushman's joke is gentle in long November days  
 He fears the blue light of his friend may set the world ablaze  
 And the blue friend says to mock me how slow of foot are you  
 And he puts into the broad sunshine his melody of blue

All children who have seen him are gladder for all time  
 He spells Romance and Comedy his body is a chime  
 And he often says to my heart how thin of blood are you  
 And he puts into the broad sunshine his melody of blue

2 And] and Boo.

6 blue light of his friend] The purity of the bird's song is likened to the purity of blue flame: wax matches, which were commonly used in the bush (at the time N was writing), burn with a blue flame, and farmers had good reason to fear 'the blue light' since bushfires were often started by dropped matches.

## THE CHILD BEING THERE

'1930', 14<sup>a</sup>-15<sup>a</sup> (A0658-9) [JSN], draft, 5 stanzas, first 2 stanzas numbered 1 & 2, stanza 2 cancelled, and remaining 3 stanzas unnumbered; 21<sup>a</sup> (A0665) [JSN], 1 stanza, under title and headed 'Last verse'. '1927'B, 11<sup>b</sup> (A0493) [JSN], 2 lines under short title 'Child'; 27<sup>b</sup>-29<sup>b</sup> (A0509-0510) [JSN], 2 stanzas numbered 4 & 5 and 1 stanza unnumbered. '1927'C, 3<sup>a</sup>-3<sup>b</sup> (A0433-4) [A], 1 stanza numbered 4 under heading 'Odd verses for Child being there' and 2 stanzas under title numbered 2 & 3.

The Worker 15 October 1927; NP 27; CP 137.

AGS - JSN 13 May 1927. JSN - AGS 24 August 1927. Stephens returned the poem to N with the comment 'Good idea; not enough strength in treatment. You have the frame and the picture; but not the emotion ... Keep it for a hot mood, and rewrite with force', and N replied in August saying 'I have added two verses'.

'1930', 14<sup>a</sup>-15<sup>a</sup> = A; '1930', 21<sup>a</sup> = B; '1927'B, 11<sup>b</sup> = C; '1927'B, 27<sup>b</sup>-29<sup>b</sup> = D; '1927'C, 3<sup>a</sup>-3<sup>b</sup> = E.

The Worker would be the preferred text. However, the Worker text has not been sighted and NP is therefore taken as the reading text.

She will be looking at all the bright shops in the town  
Some like the sunrise and some like the sun going down  
Such lights she says are in Heaven Oh that I might stare  
Right in through the door into Heaven my child being there

She being so long a great sinner ill-spoken unwise  
Softly she goes now and looking at God with both eyes  
And she will say at the midnight her heart lying bare  
Surely I have part of Heaven my child being there

1-4] ≠ A stanza 1, lines 1-4.

1] She will be [looking] at all the <<little>> bright shops in the town A stanza 1, line 1.

3 Such lights she says are] Such lights <<she says>> are A stanza 1, line 3.

4] One [G] hour <<in Heaven>> [I made] | <Thy> Heaven/ [my] <<her>> child being there A stanza 1, line 4.

5-8] ≠ A the 3rd of 5 stanzas.

5] She being so long a sinner grown most wise A 3rd stanza (line 1).

6] She goes now softly looking at God with both eyes A 3rd stanza (line 2).

8] Surely I gave joy to Heaven | My child being there A 3rd stanza (line 4).

- Loneliness hangs on her dress it is now the long worn  
 10 On the shoes that are broken the hat that has fallen forlorn  
 She says would God see me I wonder now if I should stare  
 Right in through the door into Heaven my child being there

She will be looking at women the young and the strong  
 And the frocks of the little ones laughing and dancing along  
 'Tis hard that they have all the riches she says in despair  
 I helped in the making of Heaven my child being there

- Poor though her body be still it is goaded of Love  
 This that can hasten the tiger and moan with the dove  
 This that can make God a shadow she says I will dare  
 20 I will look for a moment in Heaven my Child being there

9-12] ≠ A the 4th of 5 stanzas.

9] She will go slowly sadly with her dress now long worn A 4th stanza (line 1).

10] The hat with the <<and the jacket>> with the [poor] little feather <<shoes>>  
 [falling] <<fading>> forlorn A 4th stanza (line 2).

11-12] ≠ C.

11] She will say [would] God [reprove] <<might defy>> me if I should stare A 4th stanza (line 3).

She says would God see <<me>> I wonder now if I should stare C 1st line.

12] Only One hour in Heaven my Child being there A 4th stanza (line 4).

When passing the door into Heaven my child being there C 2nd line.

13-16] ≠ D stanza 4; ≠ E stanza 4.

13] She will look at <<all>> the proud women the young and the strong D stanza 4 (line 1).

She will look at all the proud women the young and the strong E Stanza 4 (line 1).

14] And the frocks on the little ones [that they are wheeling] <<laughing and dancing>> along D stanza 4 (line 2).

And the frocks on the little ones laughing and dancing along E stanza 4 (line 2).

15] They have all riches and she has no share D stanza 4 (line 3).

They they have <<the>> riches she cannot the riches and she has no share E stanza 4 (line 3).

16] Not even one look into Heaven | Her child being there D stanza 4 (line 4).

Not even in Heaven her Heaven | Her child being there E stanza 4 (line 4).

17-20] ≠ D stanza 5; ≠ E stanza numbered 2.

17 it is goaded] is it goaded D stanza 5 (line 1); E stanza 2 (line 1).

18 hasten the tiger] master the tigers D stanza 5 (line 2).

19 a shadow she says] a shadow [I will] she says E stanza 2 (line 3).

#### Discarded stanzas

A cancelled stanza 2:

[O how cool are the grave men they meet and decide  
 That she shall step to the darkness and there abide  
 Know nothing of sweetness <<or>> lights on the blue  
 Oh there be cool men that we [must] <<be>> listening to]

A unnumbered stanza, 5th of 5:

Nine moons she gave it her | the/ the hearts blood the watching was sore  
 In the small hour she cried too faintly — then cried no more  
 When she at the little grave side looked at the cold  
 She knew more famine than any God ever was told

B stanza headed 'Last verse':

She will <<see>> sweetness where no sweetness is She will see gold  
 She will go out upon dream and return being bold  
 She will say I the dark sinner my body could dare  
 My blood gave a beauty to Heaven | My child being there

D unnumbered stanza, under title:

She will be looking for hours at the stars in the sky  
 She will speak <<up>> to even a cloud that is hurrying by  
 She will say though a sinner I am I can look at God square  
 [In the face for] <<For>> a part of me has been in Heaven | My child being  
 there

E stanza numbered 3, under title:

She will be looking for hours at the stars and the sky  
 She will say often to some little cloud that is hurrying by  
 She will say though a sinner I am I can look at God's square  
 In the face for I ought to see Heaven my child being there

## THE CHILDREN OF GOD

'1930', 30<sup>b</sup>-31<sup>b</sup> (A0677) [JSN], unfinished.

Still as the mandrills you have the rage in your faces  
 You who dismember deface embitter cool is your greed  
 You have slain horses carrying loads to your worshipping places  
 As you will have it  
 Yea you are the Children of God

In fury you slaughter the lamb for the gold of the butter  
 The calf has been robbed the mother cries for her young  
 There is more prayer in her cry than any you utter  
 But you will have it so  
 You are the Children of God

Flowers are despoiled and the most holy leaves  
 Used for your laughter the joy of the world been delayed  
 Thou art more fierce than lion or tiger or forest thieves  
 Thou who hast broken down horses  
 Oh Children of God

You are more persistent than any asses at braying

[Unfinished]

1 mandrills] mandarils MS.

7 robbed] robbed — MS.

12 for your laughter] for [thy] <<your>> laughter MS.

13 Thou] They MS.

13 or forest] of forest MS.

## COLLAPSE OF IMPORTANT INDUSTRY AT FOOTSCRAY

ML MS 4937/4, 689a-690, letter, JSN - AGS 30 November 1919 [JSN], with comment 'Here is my latest attempt. I live close to Footscray.'

A Pushing young man at Footscray  
 Started scent growing in a large way  
 But the scents he distilled  
 Were assaulted and killed  
 By the other old scents at Footscray

## COLOUR YOURSELF FOR A MAN

'1925', 13<sup>b</sup>-15<sup>b</sup> (A0402-4) [JSN], fair draft, with title 'Sermon for Sally' above the title.

The Worker 9 February 1927; NP 20; CP 126.

AGS - JSN 24 April 1927 (advising on length for poems for the Worker: '24 lines enough ... 'Colour' was all right').

The stanzas in the MS have 3 long lines and 3 short lines and this gives dramatic point to the piece. Stephens retained this scheme in NP, however, Croll departed from both this and the Worker in CP where the piece is printed with 5-line stanzas. Stanza 3 of the published text is new, and since it is unlikely that Stephens would have rewritten the entire stanza the revision is taken as Neilson's and the Worker is taken as the preferred text. The line arrangement of the MS and NP is retained.

The seers may chasten the fools may bid the waters dance uphill  
 The seers may sorrow that little of all in the world can heed  
     their will  
 The hills may fall to the vales and Earth forget where the  
     rivers ran  
 Listen Sally stifle your woes  
 Colour your eyes and lips and hose  
 Colour yourself for a man

Thirst is heaven and thirst is hell and every fire between  
 And famine is old as the winter time and pain is an evergreen  
 Thirst is the maker of thieves so take every colour you can  
 Every glitter about the day  
 Colour your words on the tiresome way  
 Colour yourself for a man

Colour is love and hate and heat and a million joys beside  
 'Tis vanity keeps the world awake and the wealth of a man  
     is pride  
 Thirst is the mother of theft and theft was old when the world  
     began  
 Listen Sally stifle your woes  
 Colour your thoughts and eyes and hose  
 Colour yourself for a man

2 can heed] will heed MS.

4 Listen Sally] Listen my Sally MS.

5 eyes and lips] eyes <<and lips>> MS.

8 old as the winter] old <<as>> the winter MS.

9 every colour you can] every [dream] <<colour>> you can MS.

## Discarded stanza

Colour is love and hate heat and every mothering sound  
 The honey is set in the trees and the bird[s] have taught us all they found  
 The trees can never go into sleep since honeythirst began  
 Sister Sally the young wind blows

Colour your heart and lips and nose  
 Colour yourself for a man

### COME ALONG ROSEMARY

'1927'C, 37<sup>b</sup>-39<sup>a</sup> (A0472-3) [A], draft, 8 stanzas with renumbering and 1 cancelled stanza, entitled 'Invitation to Rosemary'. '1927'A, 5<sup>b</sup>-7<sup>a</sup> (A0537-8) [A], fair draft, 7 stanzas with 1 stanza cancelled; '1927'A, 10<sup>b</sup> (A0542) [A], 2 stanzas under short title 'Rosemary' and heading 'Odd verses'.

The renumbering at '1927'C, 37<sup>b</sup>-39<sup>a</sup> is part of the revision for '1927'A, 5<sup>b</sup>-7<sup>a</sup> which incorporates 5 stanzas from the first draft and adds a new stanza.

'1927'C, 37<sup>b</sup>-39<sup>a</sup> = A; '1927'A, 5<sup>b</sup>-7<sup>a</sup> = B; '1927'A, 10<sup>b</sup> = C.

The fair draft '1927'A, 5<sup>b</sup>-7<sup>a</sup> (B) is the preferred text.

Come along Rosemary out for a play  
 This proud industrial suburb is a city  
 The gentleman who came to take the bottles yesterday  
 He always tells the world that you are pretty

Oh the yard is dark and small and the moss is on the wall  
 Your mother thinks so much she cannot utter  
 The baby will be crying and the clothes they must be drying  
 And the World has put your playtime in the gutter

10 The great industrial captains in their duties never flinch  
 In fact they really represent your Maker  
 And the land they sell so glibly they will count it by the  
 inch  
 It was good for you they bought it by the acre

Come along Rosemary and fetch your little ball  
 But don't allow your little heart to flutter  
 Come out in all your innocence like Eve before the fall  
 The World is oh so generous with the Gutter

1-4] ≠ A stanza [5] [1] 6.

2 suburb is a city] suburb nay a city A (line 2).

4] Cheered your Mother up and told her you were pretty A (line 4).

5-8] ≠ A stanza [1] 2.

6 Your mother] And your mother A (line 1).

8] So [you] come away out to the gutter A (line 4).

9-12] ≠ A stanza [8] 6.

9] Oh the great Industrial captains in their work they never flinch A (line 1).

11] And the land they sell so cheaply by the foot and by the inch A (line 3).

12] 'Twas good for you they bought in by the acre A (line 4).

13-16] ≠ A stanza [3] 4.

15] Be cool and calm and steady dear like Eve before the fall A (line 3).

16] The best this world can give you is the gutter A (line 4).



Come along Rosemary within our hearts we'll keep  
 Your name the very scent of it will find us  
 When dreams that take the blackness and the silence out of  
 sleep  
 20 Like summertime have fallen far behind us

Come along Rosemary the good men for you pray  
 And you have need of all the prayers they utter  
 If the God they know could hear me I would ask him I would  
 say  
 Can a holy thing keep holy in the gutter

21-24] ≠ A stanza [7] 7.

21] Come along Rosemary it is the Seventh day A (line 1).

22] The Church and State they hear each other stutter A (line 2).

23] But their God seems far away when I see you strive to play A (line 3).

24] In the place they put your holiness the gutter A (line 4).

Discarded stanzas

A stanza [2] 3:

The big motors toot and the little motors shoot  
 The[y] squirm and the[y] squabble and they splutter  
 If you wish to be a woman [lear] tis important learn to scoot  
 Your only hope of life is in the gutter

A stanza [4] 5, B cancelled stanza 3 & C the first stanza:

Take notice dear the motorists come swiftly round the curve A, B, & C.  
 The words they use are shameful things to utter A, B & C.  
 And the loudest ones are drunken and they sometimes choose to swerve A.  
 And the loudest ones are drunken they will sometimes choose to swerve B.  
 Like discontented hornets do the motor cycles swerve C.  
 So you better keep down in the gutter A.  
 And your only chance of safety is the gutter B & C.

A cancelled stanza 5:

[The Pulpit here endorses in his seventh day discourses  
 [How] <<Our>> Conventions which to him are bread and butter  
 But his God is far away when I see you strive to play  
 In your holy of the holies in the gutter]

C second stanza:

A full mile is the playground but the tannery is near  
 And 'tis the very time you should be smelling  
 The young bud and the green leaf but they are not welcome here  
 They might disturb the buying and the selling

## THE COMING OF THE GOOSEBERRY

'1927'C, 15<sup>b</sup> (A0450), fair draft.

Broad were his shoulders and so stout he was in heart and  
limb  
Soft words were all too close to him and made his body dim  
But the coming of the gooseberry it was a joy to him

Strong the unreason of her eyes made Earth and Heaven young  
Her hair like a great sunrise upon her shoulders clung  
Oh she was sharp as a gooseberry with the acid on her tongue

The bravery was on her lips and on her steady chin  
He knew not when her rage would start nor why it should begin  
He said she is both life and death and purity and sin

1 Broad were] Broad was MS.

4 Strong the unreason] Strong [was] <<the>> unreason MS.

An intended alteration is indicated by a heading 'Second [First] line of first verse' at the bottom of the page.

## CONCERNING LITTLE WAITRESSES

'1927'A, 44<sup>b</sup> (A0576) [A], fair draft. The stanza is numbered 1, and leaf 45<sup>a</sup> is blank, which might suggest that the poem is unfinished. However, Annie almost invariably commenced with numbering, and the fact that the following page is blank does not mean, necessarily, that more was intended. The piece stands as it is, and is regarded as complete.

As glad are they as butterflies  
Who walk upon the blue  
They come from heaven but  
I know not where they journey to  
They are as light as thistle tops  
That far above us blow  
I see I see not waitresses  
I know not where they go

2 Who] [w]ho[m] MS.

4 to] to[o] MS.

7] I see — I see not — waitresses MS.

## THE COOL SAILOR

'1930', 15<sup>b</sup> (A0660) [JSN], fair draft. The first stanza has 3 long lines followed by 2 short lines and the second has 7 short lines. The pattern of the first stanza is retained here in the second.

When little tame tigers make hideous song  
 And the moon in great weariness sits up so long  
 I see more by dim light than by day  
 But I like not the Sailor  
 Who comes my way

Oh he takes many mean souls and fair  
 All gods command him this grim work to bear  
 Is there so stern a sailor ever afloat  
 Cool is the face of the Sailor  
 Black is the boat

Title] The 'Sailor' is Charon, the ferryman of Greek mythology.  
 1 little tame tigers] The reference is to cats, howling at night.  
 6 takes] [bears] <<takes>> MS.

## DAN KEEN'S HOLIDAY

'1930', 5<sup>b</sup> (A0650) [EN], fair draft.

There will be water he will hear the birds pray  
 Overhead honey eaters shall in sunlight sway  
 He shall have colour for his holiday

He being for a long summer tied tight down  
 Grew tired and thoughtful a little man and brown  
 Suffering all harshness in the heat of the town

How first came pity from whence it blew  
 Was it in grass whitening or flowers that grew  
 Or in the outgoing birds to the great blue

Oh the men marching Oh the fine array  
 The flowers will be with him he will learn to play  
 Oh the luck the fine weather for his holiday

Title] Dan K[ing's]<<een's>> MS.

## THE DAYS OF OCTOBER

'1930', 20<sup>a</sup> (A0664) [JSN], fair draft, 3 x 4-line stanzas. NLA MS 1145/74(b), typescript [AGS], annotated 'Not enough stuff in this: strengthen or extend. Only the first stanza is good: the others are insubstantial and overwritten.'

AGS - JSN 13 May 1927 (asks N to remind him to send this to the Worker in September).

The typescript has 3 x 2-line stanzas and this arrangement obscures the slight emphases that the shorter lines in the fair draft create. The fair draft is therefore taken as the preferred text.

The days are all as birds come out  
It is the time to sing  
The Doubts of Winter die to make  
The Sacrament of Spring

The days are all as birds come out  
Compassionate in air  
They plant their loves around the heart  
And cool their voices there

The days are all as birds come out  
Whose minds are on the moon  
Whose tongues are wet with gold who take  
The flowers to fit the tune

## DISTURBANCE NARROWLY AVERTED AT GEELONG

ML MS 4937/7, Item 4, with initials 'H. O'H. Vic.', proof. Pasted on to a sheet, with 'Weather prophets' (The Bookfellow 15 May 1921), with material for NP.

A bullfrog and a centipede  
Came into old Geelong  
The centipede said Worthy friend  
You must forgo your song  
With Death and Sleep in conference  
Hilarity is wrong

## THE DIVE

'1930', 32<sup>b</sup>-33<sup>a</sup> (A0679) [JSN], draft. Line 27 is marked with a cross and replacement lines occur at the end of the text.

Each night I am diving  
'Tis a blue floor  
The dead men come lightly  
And walk not ashore

Each night I go diving  
I speak with dead men  
But at sunrise come up to  
The fields again

10 I love the good light  
More than the dim  
And there is scarlet  
In the birds' hymn

But at night I go diving  
Women walk there  
Yet no colour bides on  
Old eyes and hair

The strange the unseemly  
Wrap me around  
Old summer walks up  
20 On the blue ground

I who go diving  
Talk with dead men  
At the sunrise I come up  
To the fields again

\* \*

But I shall go diving  
Some day in some year  
In that day I shall have  
Palsy and fear

I shall look into  
30 Great eyes of dead men

3] Dead <<men>> come lightly MS.

11 [The green and the scarlet] MS, cancelled line preceding line 11.

15 Yet no] [But] Yet no MS.

16 Old eyes] Old/ [The] eyes MS.

27] Shall I be listening then MS, discarded line.

But no more at sunrise  
The fields again

31-32] MS reads:

But [at sunrise no]  
no more [I shall] at  
Sunrise/ [Find the scarlet again]  
the fields again

### DOLLY'S OFFERING

NLA MS 605/107, typescript with page numbered 9 (for BLP?) with some corrections [AGS?].

The Bookfellow 15 December 1919, p.6; BLP 68; CP 91.

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

Dolly has fashioned a wee bird home two white eggs in a nest  
I dare not laugh at a holy thing or a place where the young  
may rest  
Rude it is but the mother love in Dolly beats home to me  
It shouts aloud of the heights of Love and the wells of its  
melody

Lips and eyes in the summer time and the faintest feet are  
bold  
Colours come to the heart and sing the song that is young  
and old  
The skies salute and the winds salute and the face of the  
earth is kind  
But Dolly can never come out to see for Dolly is lame and  
blind

Dolly is wise at eleven years old for the dark has been her  
law  
10 Her body is put in a frozen place that only a Love can thaw  
Love is keen in this that her two little hands have wrought  
for me  
It tells of wooing and joy and pain and the pulse of the  
greenery

I go out where the joys awake and the glistening lovers talk  
Joy there is in the young bird's flight and joy in the young  
child's talk  
Joys alight with the honey bees at the gates of the honey  
comb

7 winds] wind NLA.

But it is a piece of the endless dark where Dolly is chained  
at home

Dolly is all for love it speaks in a thousand ways and shrill  
A home she heats with a good red heart as a woman ever will  
The poor little nest is lined with love as warm as a man may  
find

20 Out of the blackness Light is called and Dolly is lame and  
blind

16 But it is] But 'tis NLA; BLP; CP.

19 as warm] [as ] <<and>> NLA.

### THE DYING EDITOR

The Bookfellow 15 May 1920, p.113, signed Horace O'Hazy.

Idle his dauntless scissors hung  
Few did give succour no one prayed  
Death like an old collector clung  
Courteous and callous and unpaid

Wild was the night On such a night  
Devils might well confer and grin  
Hark at the door a tapping light  
And a dull watcher said Come in

In His Contemporary came  
Stricken with grief he scarce could stand  
Mutely beseeching in his shame  
Pardon and pressure of the hand

Mopping the death-sweats off his brow  
The sick man grunted as he died  
Never did We nor shall We now  
Shake hands with Filth Personified

## THE ELEVENTH MOON

The Bookfellow 15 October 1920, p.181; BLP 91; CP 96.

AGS - JSN 8 February 1920, NLA MS 1145/30 (has got the poem and sending a typed copy 'for you to look at again'). JSN - AGS 26 July 1931 (adds this to list of pieces he wants to drop from proposed collection 'because you told [me] a certain Professor told you that it contained some indecent hidden meaning'). JSN - RHC 25 February 1934, NLA MS 605/62-69 (correction to proofs CP: 'first line last stanza. It should be honey-wet instead of merely honey.').

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

'Twas in the eleventh moon I went wool gathering in the dim  
Near by me was a lover lad and the sweetness was on him

Lightly his eyes went to the east and he with joy was dumb  
His sweet love walked a miracle out of the moonlight come

Oh but he was the fine lover with a lover's thirsting eye  
When two hearts beat the tune is sweet and knows not how to  
die

Her laugh it was the rainbow's laugh delicious to the land  
And she gave to him for close loving her little silken hand

Her face was made of summer thought joined with the giddy  
spring  
Gently I said O heart she is too heavenly a thing

The moon did seem as music spilled upon her spotless gown  
And at her height of happiness the summer tear came down

Night and the silence honey-wet the moon came to the full  
It was a time for gentle thought and the gathering of wool



## EVA HAS GONE

'1927'C, 28<sup>b</sup>-30<sup>b</sup> (A0463-5) [A], draft. ML MS 3354/3, Item 2, 1/1<sup>a</sup> & 2/3<sup>a</sup> [A], incomplete (fair draft or fair copy), 7 stanzas numbered 5-11, signed, with the comment 'Perhaps Alexander Kirk is safer' under the signature.  
Aussie 14 November 1931, p.15.

AGS - JSN, n.d., NLA MS 1145/74B (comments on the rhyme scheme); AGS - JSN 23 May 1931 ('Aussie has taken Eva'). JSN - AGS 7 June 1931 ('Eva' ... is I suppose passable'); 26 July 1931 (asks if 'Eva' appeared in June number of Aussie: Annie says not in July); 2 August 1931 (suggests 'Eva' for proposed collection instead of one of the pieces he wants to drop); 15 November 1931 (received the Aussie with 'Eva' in it); 22 September 1932 (agrees with what Stephens said 'some time ago', that 'Eva has gone' is rather poor': suggests something else for proposed collection).

'1927'C, 28<sup>b</sup>-30<sup>b</sup> = A; 3354/3-2, 1/1<sup>a</sup> & 2/3<sup>a</sup> = B.  
 The Aussie is the preferred text.

The women they say that her heart was wrong  
 The men that her face was sunny  
 Eva has gone with a sailor-man  
 And taken the ready money

The sailor-man was a tall man  
 And of the salt sea smelling  
 There was never a lie of Earth or Hell  
 That he was not proud of telling

10 She said as she gathered her trinkets up  
 What a fool was I to marry  
 But the ten-pound note and the five-pound note  
 Are easy enough to carry

1-4] ≠ A 1-4.

1] The women they tell how it all began A 1.

2 The men] And the men A 2.

3 a sailor-man] the sailor-man A 3.

4 And taken] She has taken A 4.

5-8] ≠ A 13-14.

5] The sailor-man he was six foot high A 13.

7] On earth or in hell there was never a lie A 15.

8 not proud] not [afraid] <<proud>> A 16.

9-12] ≠ A 5-8.

9] She said I am off in a leaky boat A 5.

Long had her husband saved to put  
 Those few poor pounds together  
 He had gone to work when many a man  
 Would never have faced the weather

She left some white things out on the line  
 'Twas a fine warm day for drying  
 The fire was out when the neighbours came  
 20 They heard the young child crying

The women said 'Tis the worst of sins  
 And they nodded one to the other  
 She has left her child and God can hear  
 A child when it has no mother

She might at least have gone by the night  
 When lovers creep together  
 'Twas a brazen way she went in the day  
 Like a wild thing off the tether

For such a woman they said there is  
 Now neither hope nor pity  
 30 And they piously spoke of God and wished  
 Her open shame in the city

13-16] ≠ A 9-12.

13-14] A 9-10 reads:

[Her husband he was a slow man]

[He put the notes together]

Her husband toiled as a slow man can

To put those notes together

15 gone to work] stuck to his work A 11.

16 Would] [You] <<Would>> A 12.

17-20] ≠ A 17-20; ≠ B 17-20.

17] Some dark things out on the line she hung A 17.

19] Oh cruel was she for her child was young A 19.

20] And the neighbours found [in] it crying A 20.

For they heard her young child crying B 20.

21-24] ≠ A 21-24; = B 21-24.

21] The women said as they gathered near A 21.

22 And they nodded] And nodded A 22.

23] Her child she has left and God can hear A 23.

25-28] ≠ A 29-32; = B 25-28.

25] She might have gone by the night said they A 29.

25 She might] [They said] She might B 25.

26 When lovers] When the lovers A 30.

27] 'Twas a shameful way that she went by day A 31.

29-32] ≠ A 25-28; = B 29-32.

29] Now [she] <<they>> said she has lost her all A 25.

30] Not even her God can pity A 26.

31] And they heavily talked of her dreadful fall A 27.

32 Her] And her A 28.

The women they speak of her laziness  
 And the men that her mouth was honey  
 Eva has gone with a sailor-man  
 She has taken the ready money

The women they say that her eyes were hard  
 The men that her face was pretty  
 And some will say they have gone to the bush  
 40 And some say into the city

Her husband said as he worked one day  
 With his old mate in the quarry  
 The women they make the worst of it  
 And the sailor will soon be sorry

33-36] ≠ A 37-40; = B 33-36.

33] The women they tell how it all began A 37.

34 mouth was] words were A 38.

35 a sailor-man] the Sailor-man A 39.

37-40] ≠ B 37-40.

38 her face] her mouth B.

39 bush] [bush] Bush B.

41-44] ≠ A 41-44; = B 41-44.

41] The husband said to his mate near by A 41.

42] As they worked away in the quarry A 42.

43] The women will talk and the child will cry A 43.

44 sailor will] sailor [with] will A 44.

Discarded stanza

A stanza 9, lines 33-36:

The women they [speak] <<spoke>> of her laziness  
 The men say she was pretty  
 And fond of dancing and fond of dress  
 But ah [it is] <<tis>> a bad old city

AGS - JSN (n.d.) has the comment:

When I say 'Eva' is lazy, I mean that the single rhyme in stanza is likely to lead you into slipshod and sloppy writing; the double rhyme makes an effect of formality, not suitable for some themes. Single rhyme enables you to keep a fresh quick touch — if you keep it. Every mode is good if the result is good.

## THE EVENING IS THE MORNING

The Bookfellow 15 March 1920, p.82; BLP 92; CP 98.

JSN - AGS 30 November 1919 (asks Stephens if he has received the poem [referred to as 'The morning is the evening'] ).

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

To make my love more delicate I say into her eyes  
 The evening is the morning dear but in a sweet disguise  
 The morning was too loud with light and the many birds would  
     sing  
 Who but the thoughtless would exchange the Autumn for the  
     Spring

To make my love more beautiful I sing into her ear  
 'Tis not the morning that I love it is the evening dear  
 No sweets of all the sweets we knew are sweet as those we  
     know  
 And tho' she sighs most heavily she says 'tis even so

To make my love think happily I say the morning wine  
 Did much disturb thy maiden's heart and put a storm in mine  
 The sunlight did so play with us what strength or sight had  
     we  
 And tho' her tears will come she says I speak most faithfully

I say to make my sweetheart laugh now all our work is done  
 The evening is the morning dear we shall deceive the sun  
 Her hair that once was summer heat is but a bloom in grey  
 Still she will tell me Evening is the Morning that I say

## THE FARM SO GREEN

'1915'A, 3<sup>b</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> (A0343-5) [JSN], draft. ML MS 3354/3, Item 2, 3/5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> & 4/7<sup>a</sup> [A], with alterations [FN], draft. ML MS A3038/2, 6<sup>a</sup>, 7<sup>a</sup> & 8<sup>a</sup> (B0011-3) [FN], transcription, entitled 'The ballad of the farm so green', with comment 'early verse by JSN about 1900' and 'Note FN:- Could get through on account of 'early,work'.

Spaces have been left blank in the draft at MS 3354/3-2 in places where the draft at '1915'A is difficult to read either because of the handwriting itself or because of errors due to haste in writing, indicating that this text was copied from the draft, and these have been completed in Frank Neilson's hand; and there are additional alterations in Frank's hand which are more like FN than JSN. The draft at '1915'A, 3<sup>b</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> [JSN] is therefore taken as the preferred text.

'1915'A, 3<sup>b</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> = A; 3354/3-2, 3/5<sup>a</sup>-5<sup>b</sup> & 4/7<sup>a</sup> = B.

The little white lad in the dusty town how close to Death  
 was he  
 How large and sorrowful were his eyes and his feet went  
 woefully  
 His lips no more were red and his cheeks have lost their  
 handsome glow  
 And a neighbour said as he shook his head they will make him  
 a bed below

But the mother strove as a mother will with many faltering  
 prayers  
 She clung to the white of his pretty face and the sweet light  
 in his hair  
 She said I cannot go but he shall go where the air is clean  
 He shall go with Love to my tall sister who lives on the Farm  
 so Green

- 10 Then came tears of many a kind and kisses grave and long  
 And little joys that were olden joys quiet as a cradle song  
 His coats were many his linen white his shoes were soft and  
 warm  
 And every fear did the mother make of the red sun or the storm
- The day was bright and the mail coach came and the father's  
 face was full  
 And the eyes of the little lad did seem as a dreamer gathering  
 wool  
 The mother had one long kiss to make and low low words to  
 say  
 The driver flourished his whip and the lad with the sweet  
 face passed away

- 3 have lost their] has lost their A.  
 4 And a neighbour said as] And [h] a neighbour [said] as A; And the neighbour said  
 as B.  
 5 prayers] prayer[s] A: 'a faltering prayer' may have been intended.  
 6] She clung to the white of | his pretty face of | his pretty face and the sweet  
 |light in his hair A.  
 8 to my tall sister] to my sister B.  
 9 Then came] Then they came B.  
 11 his linen white] his line[n] white A. B has 'linen' added afterwards in space  
 left [FN].  
 12 did the mother] did the the | mother A.  
 13 father's face] father['s] face A.  
 14 lad did seem as a dreamer] lad seemed as [a] dreamer B.  
 15 kiss to make and low low words] kiss// to make| and low low words B. 'To make'  
 and 'low low' added [FN].  
 15 to say] to says A.  
 16] The drivers flourished his whip | [and] the lad with the sweet face passed away  
A [sic].  
 16 sweet face passed away] sweet face | whirled/ [passed] away [FN] B.

- That day he went through the tall tall trees with a brown  
world all around  
Summer was out upon the skies and over the sullen ground  
And the driver swore but the little lad knew not his words  
could mean  
20 When the sun fell low in the sky they came they came to the  
Farm so Green
- The tall Aunt came with a mother's arms and a mother's heart  
afame  
His hair she held for a long long time and his white face  
much the same  
And the Uncle grey had a laughing way and carried him clean  
inside  
And the tall Aunt said he has need of Love and he shall be  
satisfied
- That night he slept in the prettiest bed and the clean scent  
of the air  
Put him out in a world of dream and he journeyed everywhere  
Till the daylight came and the laughing jack that jester sweet  
and bold  
Put all his pleasance over the leaves while the east came  
into gold
- Oh the tall Aunt took him by the hand so much was there to  
show  
30 He saw the leaves of the strawberries and the strawberries  
slept below  
He saw the red of the red rhubarb and the peach tree by the  
wall  
Had a thousand thousand things to say and he could not hear  
them all

- 19] [And all day long the driver] A false start to line.  
21 heart aflame] heart [afire] aflame A.  
24 tall Aunt said he has] tall Aunt [said] he has A.  
24] Said the tall aunt he [has need of] <<will have our>> Love and he shall be  
satisfied [FN] B.  
26 Put him] [Gave] Put him A.  
28 pleasance] pleasures B.  
30 strawberries and the strawberries] strawberries [and] <<where>> the strawberries  
[FN] B.  
32 not hear them] not <<hear>> them A.  
32] <<And a hundred [lovely] <<curious>> things near by>> [space left and words  
inserted FN] [and] <<but>> [FN] he could [not hear] <<see>> [FN] them all B.

He stroked the nose of the chestnut mare and he petted the  
     big brown foal  
 And the cattle looked at him lazily as he went on a morning  
     stroll  
 Tall were the trees and he looked so far to see the Heavens  
     above  
 And every bird that he saw did speak of a childish thing called  
     Love

34 went on a morning] went for his morning B.

35 so far] so fare A.

35-36] These lines cancelled in B. B has lines [FN] following cancelled lines:

Tall were the trees and he looked right up and he felt the gentle rain  
 And [the fairies] <<Health>> came [with their] <<back with her>> magic hands  
 and [painted] <<kissed>> his cheeks again

#### THE FELLOW IN THE MIST

'1927'A, 26<sup>a</sup>-26<sup>b</sup> (A0557-8) [A], fair draft. The title at the head of the poem at 26<sup>a</sup> is 'The fellow in the mist': this was repeated at the top of 26<sup>b</sup> and then changed, with 'mist' overwritten 'dust'. The original title better fits the logic of the poem and is therefore retained.

Slowly he wandered in the dust  
 Red was the world and red the sky  
 On his grey head his hat was thrust  
 And weariness was in his eye

Sitting beside a fence he saw  
 A tall man he who would persist  
 In murmuring things outside the law  
 He was the fellow in the mist

10 He said my mother did I see  
 And though the many call me fool  
 It was before the birth of me  
 She was a wild flower at the school

Her feet they were so light her face  
 None was so delicately fair  
 They said she grew in a far place  
 As a geranium in the air

All the first colours of the earth  
 All the white flavours of the sky  
 Into her body put the mirth  
 20 And the good blessing in her eye

15 she grew in a far] she [came from at] <<grew in a>> far MS.

## THE FLAUTIST

'1927'A, 30<sup>b</sup>-31<sup>a</sup> (A0562-3) [A], fair draft, with stanzas 1 & 2 under title 'The florist' and stanzas 3-5 under short title 'The flout' and the stanzas interrupted by a cancelled title ('The wild cherry') at the head of 31<sup>a</sup>. The first stanza has 2 long lines and the remainder have 4 short lines. The short lines are adopted here throughout.

He may know too much of  
Where life began  
I will not speak he is too  
Hazy a man

I saw with music  
The speech of his pride  
I saw him put tears on  
The face of a bride

10 I heard him playing  
As a bold man plays  
For a sweetheart's journey  
On holidays

\* \*

But he made sorrow  
Outside all sound  
For a dead man creeping  
To the underground

He knows too much of  
Where Death began  
I will speak no more with  
This hazy man

Title] The title clearly involves a mishearing on Annie's part.



## THE FLIGHT OF THE WEARY

ML MS 3038/1, 29<sup>b</sup>-30<sup>b</sup> (B0137-9) [JSN], draft, 9 stanzas, with cancelled stanzas, revised lines and renumbered stanzas; 31<sup>b</sup>-33<sup>b</sup> & 34<sup>a</sup> (B0141-5 & B0146) [JSN], additional stanzas (including revisions of previous stanzas), with cancelled stanzas and revised lines, under various headings. '1925', 1<sup>a</sup> (A0389) [JSN], 1 part-stanza and 2 stanzas numbered 1-3 under heading 'Odd verses for Flight of the weary'. NLA MS 1145/74B, typescript, 7 x 8-line stanzas, heavily annotated [AGS]. Australasian 9 January 1926, p.105; Stage and Society 15 July 1926, p.16; NP 24; CP 133.

AGS - JSN 5 January 1926 (the Australasian has taken the poem and now thinks 'we had better let it alone; there is a lot of melody and beauty in it, with some thin lines where your nerves struck a ragged edge').

The poem was conceived as a 9-stanza piece (3038/1, 29<sup>b</sup>-30<sup>b</sup>) and additional stanzas were then written and the poem extended. There is extensive revision and several lines are marked with a cross and numbered to indicate where replacement lines are to go, with numbering which is often confused, and with drafts written in 4-line stanzas for the most part.

The typescript returned to N has 7 x 8-line stanzas and is heavily marked. Stephens considered this a 'Beautiful topic' but 'too personal — that is, it leaves the reader outside; doesn't imperatively call him in'. He thought that stanzas 1, 2 and 5-7 [lines 1-8, 9-16 and 33-36] were good but said that he would be 'inclined to omit stanzas 3 and 4 [lines 17-24 and 25-32] to gain speed and pull together', and added 'you might do something in ONE STANZA'. He cancelled lines 17-20 and lines 29-32, marked with a cross the lines that he thought good (lines 21, 26(?), 27 & 28), questioned some of the wording in lines 17, 21, 23 & 25, and suggested 2 new lines (lines 17 & 22). However, no further revision was made and the poem was published as it stood.

In the absence of a fair draft or fair copy the typescript is taken as the preferred text. The 4-line stanza form of the drafts is retained. 3038/1, 29<sup>b</sup>-30<sup>b</sup> = A; 3038/1, 31<sup>b</sup>-33<sup>b</sup> & 34<sup>a</sup> = B; '1925', 1<sup>a</sup> = C; NLA 1145/74B = D.

Your feet have been made for the fairies  
Your seventeen sorrows are there  
The moonlight has been with the sunlight  
And both have misgoverned your hair

You love not the noise of the city  
You love not the scent of the sea  
And oh you are weary how weary

1-4] = A stanza 1; ≠ B stanza numbered 10 in the margin.

1 have been made] they were made B (line 1).

3] They surely come out of Old China B (line 3).

4] To keep you <<so>> dumb in a chair B (line 4).

5-8] ≠ A stanza 2.

6 scent of the] scent o'the A (line 2).

And the world is so weary with me

You cannot go out to the blossom  
 10 You cannot contend in the play  
 I call you the little white maiden  
 The moon that is out all the day

The lights in the leaves are of scarlet  
 The colour that comes to redeem  
 The winds are all painted with honey  
 And we can escape in a dream

In moods of unmeasured magenta  
 The sun has apparelled the day  
 The leaves are as words in a fable  
 20 Or tears that come out in a play

Oh you with a year to a sorrow  
 The cynical Summer and Spring  
 Shall both be ashamed of their dancing  
 And you shall hear many birds sing

- 8] Oh would you be weary with me A (line 4).  
 9-12] ≠ B stanza under heading 'odd verse', numbered 8 in the margin.  
 9 out to the blossom] out [wh] to the blossoms B (line 1).  
 12 The moon] [The] <<buttercup>> moon B line at top of 33<sup>a</sup>.  
 9-12] D has a comment 'Alliteration overdone' midway between lines 9-15 [AGS].  
 13-16] = B stanza under heading 'odd verse', numbered 15 in the margin.  
 16 in a dream] on a dream B (line 4).  
 17-20] ≠ B stanza numbered 16 in the margin; D cancelled [AGS].  
 17-18] D has comment 'repeats' [AGS].  
 17 In moods] [The] In moods B.  
 17] D has comment 'seems artificial' and suggested line [AGS]:  
     In garments of azure and crimson  
 19-20] D has comment '<looks> like [.....]' [AGS].  
 19] [The leaves that delight us have told us] B.  
     [The leaves are as words in a fable] B revision at 32<sup>b</sup>, first of 2 cancelled  
     lines marked with a cross and the number 2 in the margin, under heading 'odd  
     verse'.  
     The leaves are as words in a fable B revision at 34<sup>a</sup> the first of 2 lines  
     marked with a cross and the number 2 in the margin.  
 20] [But no man shall hear what they say] B.  
     [Or little one lost in a play] B revision at 32<sup>b</sup>, the second of 2 cancelled  
     lines.  
     Or tears that come into a play B revision at 34<sup>a</sup>, the second of 2 lines.  
 21-24] ≠ B stanza at 34<sup>a</sup> marked with a cross and the number 3.  
 21 a sorrow] the sorrow B.  
 22] <<who never may walk with the free>> [AGS] D.  
 23] D has 'both' encircled and 'both be' underlined with a word that looks like  
     'tea...?' in the margin [AGS].  
 24] D has 'repeated <lower>' in the margin [AGS].

Oh we have been sorry and soiled by  
 The low living scent of the sea  
 Oh let us escape in the scarlet  
 And you can be weary with me

- 30 The flowers shall have all the sweet voices  
 That ever came into the ear  
 And Spring as a mourner shall listen  
 And Summer shall save us a tear

Out there in beloved October  
 Then shall we anoint for a king  
 Some little old desolate dreamer  
 Who had not the passion to sing

The wind will be sweet as the kisses  
 That come when a maiden is kind

- 25-28] ≠ A stanza 6, renumbered 4 in the margin.  
 25] Oh we have been sullied [for long moons] with <<and spoiled>> <<defeated>>  
 <<by>> A.  
D has 'sorry and soiled' underlined with a question mark in the margin [AGS].  
 26] D has line cancelled with '?insolent' in the margin [AGS].  
 27-28] D has the comment 'I like these' in the margin [AGS].  
 27] And you are all weary how weary A.  
 28] Escape and be weary with me A.  
 29-32] = B stanza numbered 9 in the margin with a cross and the number 1 against  
 lines 31-32.  
D has a line through this stanza and the comment 'weak' beside lines 31-  
 32 [AGS].  
 29 have all the sweet] have | all/the sweet B.  
 29] The flowers shall have voices the berries B revision at 32<sup>a</sup>, the first of 2  
 lines marked with a cross and the number 1.  
 30] Shall [cure] <<speak>> all the days of the year B revision at 32<sup>a</sup>, the second  
 of 2 lines.  
 33-36] ≠ A stanza 9, renumbered 7 in the margin.  
 34 Then shall] There shall A.  
 35] Some little pale desolate dreamer A.  
 36] Who never had [courage] <<passion>> to sing A.  
 37-40] ≠ B stanza numbered 13 in the margin with 2 lines cancelled and a cross  
 and the number 4 against lines 39-40.  
 37 wind will be sweet as] winds will be <<sweet>> as B; shall/ wind[will] be sweet  
 as [AGS] D.

40 The dews out of heaven shall hasten  
And open the eyes of the blind

The silent shall speak and the ears of  
The deaf shall be shaken with sound  
There shall be a forest and lovers  
Shall make it the holiest ground

The sunlight shall be with the moonlight  
And leave the delight on your hair  
The birds of the forest shall journey  
And sing the sweet hymns for you there

50 The lakes shall be many and gentle  
The water-birds holy and wise  
Shall put the grief out of your shoulders  
And pull the pain out of your eyes

39] [The dews shall all hasten [to soften] <<as angels>>] B.

The dews out of Heaven shall hasten B revisions at 32<sup>b</sup>, the first line of the second group of lines under heading 'odd verse'.

[The dews shall be early to soften] B revisions at 34<sup>a</sup>, cancelled line marked with a cross and the number 4.

The dews shall have peace for the eyelids B revisions at 34<sup>a</sup>, line marked with a cross and the number 4, following cancelled lines.

40] = B, & B revisions at 32<sup>b</sup>, the second line of 2 groups of lines, both cancelled.

And open the [eyes] <<gates>> of the blind B revisions at 34<sup>a</sup>, marked with a cross and the number 4, following cancelled lines.

41-44] = B stanza numbered 12 in the margin.

41-42] <<The silent shall speak and the ears of the deaf shall be shaken with sound>>  
[The silent shall speak and the deaf shall hear all the <<sweet>> music  
around] B.

45-46] ≠ B stanza numbered 11, lines 3 & 4.

45] The moonshine has [come with] <<taunted>> the [sundown] sunlight B stanza 11,  
lines 3 & 4.

46] And laid the delight on your hair B stanza 11.

49-52] ≠ A cancelled stanza 8, renumbered 6 in the margin.

49] [The lakes shall be cool in our regions] A.

50] [The water-birds [patient and] <<being so>> wise] A.

51-52] ≠ B stanza numbered 11, lines 1 & 2.

51 put] D underlined, with '?push' in the margin [AGS].

51] [Shall take your feet out [you] of [their] the anguish] A.

Your shoulders are under the sorrow B.

52] [And [take] <<pull>> the prayers out of your eyes] A.

Your eyes run away in [the air] a prayer B.

Our God shall be drowsy and think out  
 His thoughts like a beautiful tree  
 And you shall be weary how weary  
 With all that is weary to me

- 53-56] ≠ B cancelled stanza at 31<sup>b</sup>, marked with a cross and numbered 2 in the margin;  
 ≠ B cancelled stanza at 32<sup>b</sup>, headed 'last verse' and marked with a cross  
 and the number 1 in the margin and numbered 17 in the margin.
- 53] [The God we shall seek for our Pity] B cancelled stanza at 31<sup>b</sup> (line 1).  
 [Our God shall be drowsy and soften] B revisions, cancelled lines at 32<sup>a</sup> marked  
 with a cross and numbered 2.  
 [Our God He shall speak in His wisdom] B cancelled stanza numbered 17 at 32<sup>b</sup>.  
 Our God shall be drowsy and think out B revisions at 34<sup>a</sup> marked with a cross  
 and numbered 1.
- 54] [Shall be a Compassionate tree] B cancelled stanza at 31<sup>b</sup> (line 2).  
 [His thoughts like an evergreen tree] B revisions, cancelled lines at 32<sup>a</sup>,  
 marked with a cross and numbered 2.  
 [The words of an evergreen tree] B cancelled stanza numbered 17 at 32<sup>b</sup> (line  
 2).  
 His thoughts like a [n evergreen] <<merciful>> <<[beautiful]>> tree B revisions  
 at 34<sup>a</sup> marked with a cross and numbered 1.
- 55] [And we may be happy though weary] B cancelled stanza at 31<sup>b</sup> (line 3).  
 [And you will be happy and weary] B cancelled stanza numbered 17 at 32<sup>b</sup> (line  
 3).
- 56] [And you can <<be>> weary with me] B cancelled stanza at 31<sup>b</sup> (line 4).  
 [Oh weary how weary with me] B cancelled stanza numbered 17 at 32<sup>b</sup> (line 4).

#### Discarded lines and stanzas

##### A cancelled stanza 3:

[We both have been [playmates with] <<into the>> shadows  
 We cannot [comply with] <<live into>> the Scheme  
 We cannot be glad [with the dancers] <<in the shallows>>  
 Our only escape is a Dream]

##### A stanza 4, renumbered 3 in the margin:

<<The lights in the leaves do entreaty>>  
 [The boats are about at the sundown]  
 They move in magenta and we  
 Shall move away out in the glories  
 Oh will you be weary with me

##### A cancelled stanza 5:

[Oh let us [escape with the] <<ride up on the>> Scarlet  
 Put out with the purple and cream  
 From noise of the low living city  
 Our only escape is a dream]

A stanza 7, renumbered 5:

Your seventeen sorrows shall journey  
 Out with us and each had a Spring  
 And each had a summer to mock you  
 You hear all the other birds sing

B stanza headed 'odd verse' and numbered 4 in the margin:

The lights are magenta and purple  
 They cannot complain or rebel  
 And though they do speak as in sorrow  
 How sweet are the follies they tell

B stanza 11:

Your shoulders are under the sorrow  
 Your eyes run away in [the air] a prayer  
 The moonshine has [come with] <<taunted>> the [sundown] sunlight  
 And laid the delight on your hair

B cancelled stanza, following stanzas 12 & 13 at 33<sup>b</sup>:

[We too have been [kissing the] <<mated with>> shadows  
 The shadows that lurk in the Scheme  
 [The boats will appear at the sundown]  
 [Our only escape is a dream]  
 The lights in the leaves do entreat us  
 Our only escape is a dream]

C part stanza numbered 1 and stanzas numbered 2 & 3, under heading 'Odd verses for Flight of the Weary':

We ache with the scorn of the rabble  
 Our only escape is a dream

We float where the leaves will invite us  
 Our dream is a Lord to obey  
 The miles are as music in purple  
 Away away and away

The water-birds being so holy can take  
 Sorrow out of [a] <<the>> storm  
 And the grief shall not stay on your shoulders  
 You shall have a beautiful form

## FOR A LITTLE GIRL'S BIRTHDAY

'1915'A, 1<sup>a</sup> (A0340) [JSN], draft, 3 stanzas numbered 1-3, entitled 'To Georgina for a birthday'; 2<sup>a</sup> (A0341) [JSN], 2 stanzas numbered 2 & 3, revisions for 1<sup>a</sup>, entitled 'For a little girl's birthday'. ML MS 3354/3, Item 4, 2/3, typescript (for CP). NLA MS 605/186, typescript, HI, not located.  
The Bookfellow 15 June 1921, p.86; BLP 55; CP 88.

'1915'A, 1<sup>a</sup> = A; '1915'A, 2<sup>a</sup> = B.  
The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

Is there a beauty over pain  
 Is there of music for a song  
 Gentle as sunlight on the rain  
 Gentle with crying all day long

How should a singer of the cold  
 Seeing strange holiness in air  
 In his blue famine seek to hold  
 Vainly your paradise of hair

Once in a wonderment I prayed  
 Earth is upon me tedious mild  
 Hear me O hapless God of Aid  
 Throw me a heaven round a child

- 1 a beauty] of Beauty A.  
 5] How shall a singer halting cold A.  
 5 How should] How shall B.  
 7] Drowsy and drunken seek to hold A.  
 8 Vainly] Only A.  
 9] Little Georgina if I prayed A.  
     Little Georgina [have] <<this>> I prayed B.  
 10] I would be praying through the mild A.  
     Halting in summers that you smiled B.  
 11] [Cloak [of] <<o'>> the Dark. Oh God of Aid]  
     Darkness. O hear me God of Aid A.  
 12] [Put me a Heaven round a child]  
     Put me a Heaven round a child A.  
 12 round] around BLP; CP.

## FOR A SWEET SOUND

'1925', 23<sup>a</sup>-24<sup>a</sup> (A0413-4) [JSN], draft. Stanzas 1-3 have 3 lines and stanzas 4-5 have 4 lines. Three-line stanzas have been adopted throughout.

Pence for his petulant eyelids and make him his mound  
But he will tremble out over the skyline  
For a sweet sound

Peace be upon him make the good prayer  
But he walks over white wishes  
To the blue air

He will go lightly out into strawberry ground  
Haply he may with red kisses  
Hear the sweet sound

He will keep all the sweet colours lavender blue  
But he goes seeking the colour  
Eyes never knew

Call him not fool he is feeling for the profound  
He beats with his foot on the skyline  
For a sweet sound

- 1 his petulant eyelids] his <<petulant>> eyelids MS.  
5 walks over white] walks over [all the] white MS.  
6 To the blue] [In] <<To>> the blue MS.  
7 lightly out into] lightly <<out>> into MS.  
13 feeling for the] feeling [with] <<for>> the MS.

## FOR LINDSAY GORDON

ML MS 4937/5, 26 August 1927, 233-239 [A], fair copy, annotated [AGS].

A version of this was published as a card by Frank Neilson in 1943 (dated 15 June 1938 on the front of the card), NLA MS 1145/41 & 1145/42, entitled 'Lines written in memory of Adam Lindsay Gordon'. This later version was printed in the Border Watch 20 March 1943 under the title 'Speak slowly of the dead' and in Southerly 17 (1) 1956 under the title 'In memory of Adam Lindsay Gordon'.

JSN - AGS 26 August 1927 (discusses Gordon and an article about Gordon by Hoare, and encloses poem).

The fair copy is the preferred text. It is quite likely that Frank Neilson edited the original text for publication, and the published version is therefore given separately in the notes.



Our rude songs he began  
 Youth in a young land Thinker  
 Mystic rustling  
 With red ways of a man

Lightly he rode ahead  
 Listening for bells about the  
 Blackwoods listening  
 Speak slowly of the dead

\*                    \*                    \*

While dancing Youth abides  
 In the clean time of the Bewilderment  
 Eternally he rides

Nay nay he is not old  
 He the most valiant Dreamer of the Morning  
 Has conquest of the Cold

1 Thinker] Encircled and transposed to beginning of line 2 [AGS] MS.

8 Speak slowly] Speak — slowly MS, with the dash cancelled [AGS].

13 He the most] He is the most MS.

The card published by Frank Neilson reads:

Lightly he rode ahead  
 Listening for bells. And is he still not listening  
 Speak slowly of the dead

Our rude rhymes he began  
 Reckless he rode his young life showed us surely  
 The red ways of a man

Nay nay he is not old  
 He the abundant dreamer of the Morning  
 Hath conquest of the Cold

While dancing Youth abides  
 In the clean time of the bewilderment  
 Eternally he rides

Still will his songs unfold  
 He is about the blackwoods and he lives  
 Yet in the wattle gold

Lightly he rides ahead  
 Soldier and mystic in his own enchantment  
 Speak slowly of the dead

## FROM THE EDGE OF THE CITY

'1930', 10<sup>a</sup>-10<sup>b</sup> (A0654-5) [JSN], fair draft.

The stars have come out bewildering body and eyes  
 Each a world in its own as the stars in the skies  
 I know by each little light rising and falling  
 That it is Love little Love for a long time calling  
 The City was builded of Love

Many strange men with many proud words on their lips  
 New from the delving of souls and the manning of ships  
 Men with their having and hating selling and buying  
 But there was underneath all little Love at his crying  
 This City was builded of Love

4 That it is ... calling] [....] [is] is ... call[ing] MS.

7 souls] soul[s] MS.

9 But there was] but [it] <<there>> was MS.

THE GENTLE WATER BIRD  
 For Mary Gilmore

ML MS A3267 [EN], fair copy.

Sydney Morning Herald 10 April 1926, p.11; NP 34; CP 176.

JSN - MG 21 July 1924 (encloses poem and says 'I have been at it over eighteen months now and it does not seem to get any better or worse'). JSN - AGS 6 November 1932 (wants 'Mary Gilmore' over the title in a proposed collection of verse). JSN - RHC 19 November 1933, NLA MS 603/30 (suggestions for CP: 'For Mary Gilmore should be printed over it as it was originally written for her').

The fair copy is the preferred text.

In the far days when every day was long  
 Fear was upon me and the fear was strong  
 Ere I had learned the Recompense of Song

In the dim days I trembled for I knew  
 God was above me always frowning through  
 And God was terrible and thunder-blue

Creeds the discoloured awed my opening mind  
 Perils Perplexities what could I find  
 All the old terror waiting on mankind

10 Even the gentle flowers of white and cream  
 The rainbow with its treasury of dream  
 Trembled because of God's ungracious scheme

And in the night the many stars would say  
 Dark things unuttered in the light of day  
 Fear was upon me even in my play

\* \* \*

There was a lake I loved in gentle rain  
 One day there fell a bird a courtly crane  
 Wisely he walked as one who knew of pain

20 Gracious he was and lofty as a king  
 Silent he was and yet he seemed to sing  
 Always of little children and the spring

God did he know him It was far he flew  
 God was not terrible and thunder-blue  
 It was a gentle water bird I knew

Pity was in him for the weak and strong  
 All who have suffered when the days were long  
 And he was deep and gentle as a song

30 As a quiet soldier in a cloak of grey  
 He did commune with me for many a day  
 Till the dark fear was lifted far away

Sober appavelled yet he caught the glow  
 Always of Heaven would he speak and low  
 And he did tell me where the wishes go

\* \* \*

Kinsfolk of his it was who long before  
 Came from the mist (and no one knows the shore)  
 Came with the little children to the door

Was he less wise than these birds long ago  
 Who flew from God (He surely willed it so)  
 Bearing great happiness to all below

\* \* \*

40 Long have I learned that all his speech was true  
 I cannot reason it how far he flew  
 God is not terrible not thunder-blue

14 unuttered] unaltered SMH; NP; CP.

15 even] ever SMH.

17 courtly] [buoyant] <<courtly>> MS.

18 who knew] who knows SMH; NP; CP.

28 quiet] calm SMH; NP; CP.

37 these birds] those birds SMH; NP; CP.

42 not thunder-blue] nor thunder-blue SMH; NP; CP.

Sometimes when watching in the white sunshine  
 Someone approaches I can half define  
 All the quiet beauty of that friend of mine

Nothing of hatred will about him cling  
 Silent how silent but his heart will sing  
 Always of little children and the spring

45 quiet| calm SMH; NP; CP.

### THE GIVER OF MILK

'1925', 16<sup>a</sup>-17<sup>a</sup> (A0405-6) [JSN], fair draft.

The young wife lay with her white babe warm the black rain  
                   rained out hard  
 She heard the cry of the mother the long moan in the yard  
 She said I feel too far and keen as a fiddle overstrung  
 It is the giver of milk who cries out for her young

How peacefully slept the man her mate he could not fear or  
                   feel  
 A hundred thousand years he had been sullenly taught to steal  
 But the young wife said I feel as if some venomous thing had  
                   stung  
 My heart and oh the giver of milk she cries out for her young

8 My heart and oh| My heart — and oh MS.

### GO AWAY OUT LITTLE HEART

'1930', 27<sup>b</sup> & 28<sup>a</sup>-28<sup>b</sup> (A0672-4) [JSN], draft. Stanzas 1, 2 & 4 have 3 lines (2 short and 1 long), and stanzas 3, 5, 6 & 7 have 2 longer lines each. The 2-line stanzas are used here throughout.

Go away out little heart and if you would stay  
 I know well your hunger for holiday

You are not weary even I dream you are young  
 You have not tasted gladness or heard many songs sung

Title| Go [out] | <<away out little heart>> MS.

Often I feel you so fiercely cry as a bell  
 Fly not then hastily woefully back to a shell

Walk over honeycups see all the light that you can  
 I would not blame you to be slow at filling the shell of a  
     man

It may be long ere I hear your rebellion again  
 You have been living too near to the noises of men

I will not chide you if you for a century stay  
 Full well I know all your hunger for holiday

Go away out if the angels in dreams do excel  
 Come not too hastily back to your place in a shell

8 blame you to be] blame [you] to be ME.

12 Full well] Full/ Well MS.

13 Go away out if the angels] Go away <<out>> <if> the angel[s] MS.

#### GO BY THE RIVERS

'1927'A, 9<sup>b</sup>-10<sup>a</sup> (A0541) [A], fair draft.

Go by the rivers and love all the little lakes more  
 You will be speaking quietly to the birds coming ashore  
 The young you will see them look to the mother then look to  
     the sky  
 'Twill be a long day until you be having to give us goodbye

Go by the rivers under the waters grave tenants are found  
 They that do love and play gently as we over ground  
 They that have the old courage since courage began  
 It will be a long time until you are grown a wearisome man

Go by the rivers the friends and the forest call you to go  
 The reeds are all singers and sailors alive in a row  
 They will be giving you dreams for a journey all over the  
     sky  
 And 'twill be a long day before you be having goodbye

3] The young you will see the[m] [lilt] of <<look to the mother>> [The] the[n]  
 look to the sky MS.

9 friends] [fraye] friends <<friends>> MS.

## THE GOLDEN BODY

'1927'A, 21<sup>b</sup>-22<sup>a</sup> (A0553) [A], fair draft.

It has come out of Summer it will sing  
Of burning seas the glory of the palm  
And the quick darkness at the evening

Here in my lady's hat it will be seen  
By all the cavaliers that fill the day  
And every lad that stares upon the green

The voice that was has melted but the bird  
Stays by the body dancing over Death  
Until some hastening lover's heart is stirred

Will the bird waver nay it cannot be  
He has been lover once and would invite  
He who has heart to fill the tragedy

Lightly she goes my lady's feet are fine  
Loud is the hope upon her countenance  
And in her eyes the merriment of wine

Green is her hat with wondrous blossoms stirred  
Love is so manifested here is Love  
Always the golden body of the bird

## GREEN LOVER

Aussie 15 September 1927, p.27; NP 12; CP 114.

AGS - JSN [30 October 1926]. JSN - AGS 1 November 1926. AGS - JSN 16 February 1927; 30 April 1927; 13 May 1927. JSN - AGS 26 July 1931; 2 August 1931.

Stephens acknowledged receipt of alterations to the poem October 1926: 'Froggy — not good — but it's hard to warm old stuff up again. The piece is good; but I haven't sold it yet', and N replied that he might 'have another try at Froggy later on' if Stephens couldn't get it printed (1 November 1926). Letters from Stephens in February, April and May advise of his attempts to sell it, saying 'it is too much involved for the editors' and that he thought 'space was 'Herald's' and 'Home's' objection'. The letters from N to Stephens in 1931 relate to poems to be dropped from a proposed collection, with N saying 'I have also put 'Green lover' on the black list because so many people object to the word Lolly tin'. He told Stephens that the piece 'was an attempt at a kiddies rhyme but seemed to grow too serious for that'. This may be a later version of the unfinished poem 'This froggie foolishly would go', at '1907', 54<sup>a</sup>.

Aussie is the preferred text.

'Froggie was caught while crossing a brook  
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.'

--Old rhyme.

Ghosts in plenty about the world  
Step lightly here and there  
They take a trip in the chimney-smoke  
They cough in an empty chair  
But one I know of he sets his sail  
When the stars run pale and thin  
He sails away at the flush of Day  
In a curled-up lolly-tin

10 Long ago did he saunter forth  
When the trees came out to bloom  
Oh evil luck with the lily-white duck  
He went to an early doom  
Crossing a brook he was his heart  
Was hot with love therein  
Now he sails away at the flush of day  
In a curled-up lolly-tin

20 The peacock's colour was on his back  
And great thoughts in his eyes  
He would not care for the slow beware  
Of his mother old and wise  
He hopped elate but a pitiless Fate  
As a lily-white duck came in  
Yet Love prevails and a lover sails  
In a curled-up lolly-tin

30 Sugar is Love and honey is Love  
And that is the reason why  
He loves to float in a sugary boat  
And he makes no moan or sigh  
He puts no curse on a race perverse  
With nothing to lose or win  
He sails away at the flush of day  
In a curled-up lolly-tin

40 If ever you rise when the little flowers  
Come shyly one by one  
Whispering little white thoughts of Love  
And leaning out to the sun  
When the laughing jacks by the river side  
Their comedies begin  
Then a ghost in green is plainly seen  
In his curled-up lolly-tin

10 came] come NP; CP.

31 He sails] — Now he sails NP; CP.

The peacock's colour is on his back  
 And great thoughts in his eyes  
 He is no trader he has no need  
 Of a thousand worn-out lies  
 He loses well and he will not grieve  
 For the world nor its weight of sin  
 He sails away at the flush of day  
 In a curled-up lolly-tin

Whenever I read of kings and queens  
 50 And knights and ladies fair  
 Who drank of Life as a goodly cup  
 Nor dreamed of a sorrow there  
 I know they were driven of Love for Love  
 They fought through thick and thin  
 And fell for Love like the glistening ghost  
 In the curled-up lolly-tin

The Dawn is ever a creepy time  
 The Mysteries make it so  
 Beauty is broken about the sky  
 60 And into the earth below  
 Shadows go out and stars go out  
 And the royal red comes in  
 A lover green is always seen  
 In his curled-up lolly-tin

Wise men perish and old dreams go  
 But many the great and wise  
 Have told the truth to our golden youth  
 That a lover never dies  
 His bones may whiten his dust may go  
 70 Where new worlds would begin  
 Yet Love prevails 'tis a lover sails  
 In the curled-up lolly-tin

46 nor] or NP; CP.

64 lolly-tin] lover tin NP.

71 Yet Love] And Love NP; CP.

#### THE GROWER OF THE STRAWBERRIES

'1927'C, 20<sup>a</sup>-20<sup>b</sup> (A0454-5) [A], draft.

The honeysuckers made the honey tune  
 In that Forgetfulness called Summertime  
 In February's weary smoking moon

Title] Strawberry MS.

3 February['s] MS.



It was a time when the beloved mist  
Hung on the forest and the sun did seem  
Blushing as someone most devoutly kissed

The grower of the strawberries stood knee high  
In the red ferns and spoke half mournfully  
Of the great Summer teaching all to die

This little one walks softly on her head  
Midnight was resting I have dreamed that Death  
Was but a generous playtime for the Dead

4 It was] [Twas] <<It>> was MS.

5 did seem] did [sing] <<seem>> MS.

6 devoutly] devoutly MS.

7] The grower[s] of the [strawberry] stood knee [deep] <<high>> MS.

9] [As a poor land-bird fearful of the deep] MS, preceding line 9.

10 softly on] softly. On MS.

11 Death] [death] MS.

A cancelled stanza numbered 5 at 20<sup>b</sup> reads:

[This [dream] <<rhyme>> is but for those who love the mist  
Trees in old amber and the world  
Moistening as a woman kissed]

## HALF A LIFE BACK

'1930', 21<sup>b</sup>-22<sup>a</sup> (A0666-7) [JSN], draft, 3 stanzas. ML MS 3038/1, 34<sup>b</sup> (B0147) & '1930', 35<sup>a</sup> (A0681) [JSN], draft, 3 stanzas, one cancelled and rewritten. The Bookfellow 28 February 1925; NP 32; CP 143.

AGS - JSN 24 May 1925 ('I printed 'Half a life back', but would like to see additional verses you mention'). JSN - AGS 26 July 1931 (wants to drop this from a proposed collection).

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

'1930', 21<sup>b</sup>-22<sup>a</sup> = A; 3038/1, 34<sup>b</sup> & '1930', 35<sup>a</sup> = B.

Half a life back now the faces careworn or sunny  
Stare as we knew them patient with heavy goodbyes  
Yet they give still the good warmth and the taste of the honey  
Neighbour oh neighbour the light has gone out of their eyes

1-4] ≠ A stanza 1.

1 back now the faces] back | Faces A (lines 1 & 2).

2] [Move] <<Stare>> as we knew him | [Mournful] <<Patient>> with [red money] heavy good byes A (lines 3 & 4).

3] Yea they bring still | The warm <<good>> taste of the Honey A (lines 5 & 6).

4] = A (lines 7-8).

Did we despise them we made little room for their sorrow  
 All that was truth to them seemed to us spotted with lies  
 They did so steadily speak of a shining tomorrow  
 Neighbour oh neighbour the light has gone out of their eyes

Ruddy men sallow men praying and ever rebelling  
 Men with their dreams burning out women unwise  
 To little white overloved children parables telling  
 Neighbour oh neighbour the light has gone out of their eyes

5-8] = A stanza 2.

5] Did we dispute <<despise>> them made little room for their sorrow A (line 1).

6 that was truth] that <<was>> truth A (line 2).

7 steadily] steadily | [heavily] A (line 3).

8] = A (lines 4 & 5).

9-12] ≠ A stanza 3.

10] Men with old burned out dreams women unwise A (line 2).

11 little white overloved] little <<white>> overloved A (line 3).

B reads:

Those that we supped <<with>> are taken the years had long yellowed  
 The faces and left them as weary trees after [a storm] // the wind  
 The constant disasters that broke on them [merrily] <<happily>> mellowed  
 These souls that were <<had>> surely some generous task to perform <<were  
 hasty and sullen and bitter and kind>>

[Kinsfolk and neighbours we knew them all down in the battle  
 Fought with them all | with them saw | them grow heavy and grey  
 And some on the pillow we saw [and] | and we/ heard the last rattle  
 Neighbour Oh neighbour | A warmth has been taken away]

Kinsfolk and neighbours we knew them all well in the battle  
 Fought with [them] drank with them dreamt with them saw them astray  
 And some we beheld on the pillow and heard the last rattle  
 Neighbour oh neighbour | A warmth has been taken away

## HE SOLD HIMSELF TO THE DAISIES

'1930', 6<sup>b</sup> (A0651) [FN], 4 stanzas under short title 'Daisies'. NLA MS 1145/74B, 27 & 33, typescript [AGS], 11 stanzas, prepared for printing (for BLP), with comments [AGS]; NLA MS 1145/74B, 35, typescript [AGS], (incomplete?), 5 stanzas, heavily marked [AGS]; NLA MS 1145/74B, 34, typescript [AGS], (incomplete?), 3 stanzas, heavily marked [AGS]. McKimm MS, typescript [AGS], with comments [AGS]. The Bookfellow 27 October 1924, p.9; NP 28; CP 139.

AGS - JSN 27 August 1924 ('Daisies — I like first better. Only two lines to alter -- want another rhyme for 'own'.').

The poem was sent to Stephens prior to publication of BLP (pre-November 1923) but not in time to add to the book as Stephens wanted. The prepared typescript 1145/74B, 27 & 33 was then returned to N with the suggestion that he might alter it and return. NLA 1145/74B, 35 is a revision of 1145/74B, 27 & 33 (stanzas 7-11) with comments and suggestions and 1145/74B, 34 is a further revision (stanzas 7-9) which incorporates some of the suggestions made at 1145/74B, 35. MS '1930', 6<sup>b</sup> has revised stanzas 7 & 8 (numbered 1-4) and 2 new stanzas, and these are incorporated in the McKimm MS.

Stephens's comment that he 'liked the first better' and that there were 'only two lines to alter' (27 August 1924) is puzzling as it does not seem to make sense in relation to the extant MSS or to the first published text. The Bookfellow text drops 1 of the 3 new stanzas from the McKimm text (McKimm stanza 12) and drops one other stanza, common to the McKimm text and 1145/74B, 27 & 33 (stanza 4 of 1145/74B, 27 & 33 and McKimm stanza 6). However, the NP text reintroduces the stanza dropped from 1145/74B, 27 & 33 (stanza 4) and drops the 3 additional stanzas that were introduced in the McKimm text.

NLA MS 1145/74B, 27 & 33 has the comment 'Add to Neilson book | After Heart of Spring | Before The Dream is Deep | Last piece but one'. This was cancelled and a note added for N: 'JSN | Too late for book', with a further note added 'You might alter it <over> and return'. Stephens was critical of stanzas 7 & 8 and underlined 2 part-lines in each of these stanzas.

He continued to criticise stanzas 7 & 8 and these are bracketed in 1145/74B, 35 with a comment in the left margin 'Since you believe this spell it out | make it good', and in the right margin 'Does the furious mean bugles'. He cancelled the first 2 lines of stanza 7, wrote 3 new lines which he then cancelled, and added the comment 'slangy' in the margin. Stanza 9 he noted as 'good' and stanzas 10 & 11 as 'right', and the 3rd & 4th lines of stanza 7 he bracketed and noted as 'Very good | almost <refrain> [.....]'.

The MS NLA 1145/74B, 34 has Stephens's lines from 1145/74B, 35 in stanza 7 and revised stanzas 8 & 9 and Stephens criticised the stanzas as 'Undigested'. He said 'These are too hurried — not sufficiently matured into marriage of sense with sound' and added 'Too late to alter now | Keep it a bit and chew over'. Stanza 7 is marked 'Not bad for idea — fails in melody' and stanza 8 has the comment 'Same here — words don't sound well for meek incendiary daisies', and stanza 9 is bracketed and has a note 'previous was better'.

The revisions at '1930', 6<sup>b</sup> appear in the McKimm MS, with further comments from Stephens. He marked the new stanza 2 as 'Not right yet | will fix before printing'; suggested that the new stanza 4 might be transposed and added beside the revised stanza 7 (McKimm stanza 9) 'for free | This aloud might have another meaning'; and there is another comment beside stanza 3, where there is a question mark in the margin, 'The new daisies are <calling> it a bit'.

The first published text appears to lack authority and the typescript made from the first fair copy, NLA MS 1145/74B, 27 & 33, is therefore taken as the preferred text.

1145/74B, 27 & 33 = A; 1145//74B, 35 = B; 1145/74B, 34 = C; '1930', 6<sup>b</sup> = D; McKimm = E.

He stayed too long in the sunlight  
He was so thin and shy  
He sold himself to the daisies  
When no one strove to buy

They called him hopeless coward  
They called him dull and mean  
Because he spoke to the people  
His elders had not seen

10 Slow were his eyes and only  
The dull speech on his tongue  
He sold himself to the daisies  
When a summer day was young

The daisies came together  
And they made no boastful sound  
And the grasses fell as playmates  
Over the green ground

The traders knew no pity  
They called him shapeless clown  
And they put long prayers upon him  
20 And chained him in a town

But he rose ere the day had broken  
He rose when the stars hung high  
And his heart did hope within him  
To die as the daisies die

1-4] = E 1-4; B, C & D ∅; = Boo, NP & CP 1-4.

5-8] = E 9-12; B, C & D ∅; = Boo, NP & CP 5-8.

9-12] = E 17-20; B, C & D ∅; = Boo 13-16; = NP & CP 9-12.

13-16] = E 21-24; B, C & D ∅; Boo ∅; ≠ NP 13-16; ≠ CP 13-16.

13 The daisies] For the daisies NP; CP.

17-20] = E 25-28; B, C & D ∅; = Boo 21-24; = NP 17-20; = CP 17-20.

21-24] = E 29-32; B, C & D ∅; = Boo 25-28; = NP 21-24; = CP 21-24.

The daisies blow no bugles  
 They make no furious moan  
 Their only life is loving  
 And the daisies know their own

- They make no changeless Heaven  
 30 No God with a furious law  
 And the dreamer under his eyelids  
 Saw that the daisies saw

The traders saw him loiter  
 And he had small heart to toil

- 25-28] = B 1st of 5 stanzas; ≠ C 1st of 3 stanzas; ≠ D stanza numbered 1; ≠ E 33-36; ≠ Boo 29-32; ≠ NP 25-28; ≠ CP 25-28.  
 25-28] E has a suggested alteration to line 1 with a comment in the margin.  
 25] A has 'blow no bugles' underlined and a question mark [AGS].  
 << [For the daisies walk together] >> [AGS] B (line 1).  
 For the daisies walk together C (line 1).  
 For the daisies come together D stanza numbered 1 (line 1).  
 For the daisies came <<climb>> together [AGS] E.  
 For the daisies climb together Boo; NP; CP.  
 26] A has 'furious moan' underlined and a question mark [AGS].  
 << [As people calm and kind] >> [AGS] B (line 2).  
 As people calm and kind C (line 2).  
 They face not Death alone D (line 2).  
 They meet not Death alone E; Boo; NP; CP.  
 27] << [Their long flight into beauty] >> [AGS] B.  
 Their long flight into beauty C (line 3).  
 28] Fell on the dreamer's mind C (line 4).  
 29-32] = B 2nd of 5 stanzas; ≠ C 2nd of 3 stanzas; ≠ D stanza numbered 4; = E 37-40; = Boo 33-36; = NP 29-32; = CP 29-32.  
 29] They make no needless Heaven C (line 1).  
 The daisies came as lovers D (line 1).  
 30] A has 'furious law' underlined, with a question mark [AGS].  
B has 'furious' encircled, with a question mark and comment 'change word' [AGS].  
 That no young tear may thaw C (line 2).  
 That fear not Light or Law D (line 2).  
 31] But they nestle out with the lovers C (line 3).  
C has 'nestle out with' underlined [AGS].  
 And his eyes grew bright within him D (line 3).  
 32] A has 'that the daisies saw' underlined [AGS].  
 Burn up every law C.  
C has 'up every law' underlined [AGS].  
 To see that the Daisies saw D (line 4).  
 33-36] = B 3rd of 5 stanzas; ≠ C 3rd of 3 stanzas; D ∅; = E 41-44; ≠ Boo 37-40;  
 = NP 33-36; = CP 33-36.  
 33 saw him loiter] saw him linger C (line 1); watched him loiter Boo.  
 34 to toil] for toil Boo.  
 34] And his dreams outstrode his toil C (line 2), with 'outstrode his toil' underlined [AGS].

They said he was born to evil  
A black weed on the soil

The clouds came thick and thicker  
The blue winds one by one  
Baffled his hopeless body  
40 Carried him out of the sun

They gave to him small pity  
Of priest or prayer or stone  
But the daisies climbed together  
And the daisies knew their own

35] They said He has come of evil C (line 3).

36 black weed] black thing C (line 4).

37-40] = B 4th of 5 stanzas; C & D  $\emptyset$ ; = E 49-52; = Boo 41-44; = NP 31-40; = CP 37-40.

41-44] = B 5th of 5 stanzas; C & D  $\emptyset$ ; = E 53-56; = Boo 45-48; = NP 41-44; = CP 41-44.

#### Discarded stanzas

D stanza numbered 3 & E stanza 2:

The daisies came as players D & E.  
As children rude with joy D.  
As children clad with joy E.  
And the wild hopes of the Daisies D.  
And the first wish of the Daisies E.  
Was the wild hope in the boy D.  
Was the red wish of the boy E.

E stanza 4:

The daisies came as lovers  
Who will not walk apart  
When the song is out on the eyelids  
And the dance is at the heart

D stanza numbered 2 & E stanza 12:

The daisies stood as players D & E.  
Over the passionate ground D & E.  
Though a thousand learned men listened D.  
Though a thousand grave men listened E.  
They might not hear a sound D & E.

## HEAD FIRST DOWN

'1927'A, 38<sup>a</sup>-39<sup>b</sup> (A0569-0571) [A], fair draft. Stanza 1 has 8 short lines and stanzas 2-4 have 5 long lines. An arrangement of 8 line stanzas is adopted here because this seems more appropriate to the style of nursery rhyme which the piece resembles.

The storm came down on the bonny ship  
 And close to the rocks was she  
 Oh the King was there and the Queen so fair  
 And the Knight in his purity  
 Oh the King was grave that God could save  
 He had strange doubts and a frown  
 Oh the King so grave and the Knight and the Knave  
 They all went head first down

10 For the Knight was bold as a man may be  
 And proud of his race and line  
 He loved the Queen with a soul serene  
 As he loved the stars that shine  
 His heart would beat at her white white feet  
 At the scent on her rustling gown  
 But the King so grave and the Knight and the Knave  
 They all went head first down

Oh the Knave was fair with his shoulders square  
 A resolute man was he  
 The Queen's eyes went to his she loved  
 20 Him most for his knavery  
 The King he loved in his hard way  
 As he ever loved his crown  
 But the King so grave and the Knight and the Knave  
 They all went head first down

The Queen was an Angel white with fear  
 Her eyes could scarcely see  
 She loved them all but one the most  
 And him for his knavery  
 They saw her heart beat up and up  
 30 And the trembling under her gown  
 Oh the keen cool fish they have eaten at her flesh  
 For they all went head first down

21 loved in his] loved [her] in his MS.

28 And him] And [that] him MS.

## HEARD AT MULCAHY'S

ML MS 4937/7, Item 4 [EN], fair copy, annotated 'Never been printed' [JSN], with additional punctuation and an alteration [AGS]. ML MS 4937/10, Item 1, typescript [AGS], annotated 'Never been printed'. NLA MS 605/104, typescript [AGS].  
The Bookfellow 15 March 1921, p.28; BLP 49.

JSN - AGS 26 July 1931, 2 August 1931 & 22 September 1932 (wants to drop this from a proposed collection). JSN - RHC 19 November 1933, NLA MS 605/30 (suggests Croll look 'with grave suspicion upon four poems which are inferior and amateurish', one of which is 'Heard at Mulcahy's').

ML 4937/7, Item 4 = A; ML 4937/10, Item 1 = B; NLA 605/104 = C.  
 The fair copy, ML 4937/7, Item 4, is the preferred text.

Heard in the depth of the night  
 Out where the timid souls go  
 Brief as the life of a spark  
 A lover could whisper as low  
 A sob or a sigh or a word  
 What was it now that you heard  
 Heard at Mulcahy's

Was it a woman in pain  
 Or a child at its crying new-born  
 10 A groan or the hiss of a curse  
 Or the prayer of a lover forlorn  
 What was it now that you heard  
 What whisper what horrible word  
 Did you hear at Mulcahy's

She shuddered and looked to the fire  
 She shuddered and looked to the door  
 Her eyes they were strange and ablaze  
 As I never had seen them before  
 Though I whispered not one little word  
 20 She trembled and surely she heard  
 What she heard at Mulcahy's

The wind was a creeping quiet thing  
 And the little clock ticked all alone  
 I heard 'twas a hiss or a curse  
 And yet 'twas a sob and a groan  
 And she she was sleeping nor stirred  
 A low evil whisper I heard  
 It was heard at Mulcahy's

10 the hiss] a hiss B.

15 to the fire] at the fire BLP.

22] quiet] [quiet] <<slow>> [AGS] A; Boo; BLP.



## THE HEN IN THE BUSHES

'1930', 34<sup>a</sup>-34<sup>b</sup> (A0680-1) & ML MS A3038/1, 31<sup>a</sup> (B0140) [JSN], draft, 12 stanzas, 3 cancelled and 2 renumbered. ML MS A3038/1, 29<sup>a</sup> (B0136) [JSN], 1 stanza under heading 'Odd verse for the 'Hen''. ML MS 4937/5, 41-46, fair copy [JSN], with alterations [AGS].

NP 21; CP 127.

JSN - AGS 18 May 1925 (encloses poem, and says that 'Stanzas 7 and 8 refer of course to Love <winning> over population, pestilence, war, Lies' and comments 'Will the Public tumble'). AGS - JSN 24 May 1925, NLA MS 1145/14 (received poem: 'I like Hen — it is of the true breed — the true blue breed of the sky.').

Stephens altered lines 5-6, 9-10, 13-14, 17-18, 19-20, 29-30 and 31-32 by transposing the end word of the first line in each instance to the beginning of the next, thus altering the rhythm, and these changes are repeated in NP and CP.

'1930', 34<sup>a</sup>-34<sup>b</sup> & 3038/1, 31<sup>a</sup> = A; 3038/1, 29<sup>a</sup> = B; 4937/5, 41-46 = C.  
The fair copy, MS 4937/5, 41-46 (C), is the preferred text.

Call me the man seeing  
Too much in air  
Low by the little hen  
Love it is there

Winds of the summer the  
Red the unkind  
Tilt at her motherhood  
Resolute blind

10 As a Queen guarding her  
Jewels so rare  
Patiently all the day  
I see her there

'Tis the Old Tyrant to  
Her body come

1-4] ≠ A stanza 1.

1] Call me the old man seeing A (line 1).

2] 'Things made of' <<Too much in>> air A (line 2).

3] 'Close to' <<Low by>> the little hen C.

There is a Hen in the bushes A (line 3).

4 Love] And Love A (line 4).

5-6] ≠ A stanza 3, renumbered 2.

5 summer the] summer, the C.

5] All the assaults of December A (line 1).

6 Red] The red — A (line 2).

7] Fall on her leave her <<move her not — she is>> the mother A (line 3).

8] = A [3] 2 (line 4).

He who will leave us all  
Weighted and dumb

He the Old Tyrant will  
Many men slay  
He will most gladly burn  
20 Women away

He turns the peasant lad  
To the raw soil  
He calls by candle-light  
Slaves to their toil

He it is urging up  
Cities of sighs  
Who has seen Pity yet  
Enter his eyes

He it is under the  
30 War and the moan  
He it is under the  
Lies on the stone

\*                      \*

Soon will the thin mother  
With her brood walk  
Keen is the crow and keen  
Keen is the hawk

Call me the man seeing  
Too much in air

- 15 who will leave] who <<will>> leave C.  
 17-18] ≠ A cancelled stanza 5.  
 17] [It is the same Tyrant] A (line 1).  
 18] [That will man <<many>> slay] A (line 2).  
 19] [And does for long sad seasons] A (line 3).  
 20] Burn women away A (line 4).  
 21-24] ≠ A the first of 2 stanzas numbered 7.  
 21] He puts the dull peasant A (line 1).  
 22] on the <<dull>> soil A (line 2).  
 25-28] ≠ B stanza headed 'Odd verse'.  
 25] He bids the Lovers make B (line 1).  
 27] Hunger and Battleships B (line 3).  
 28 monuments lies B (line 4).  
 33-36] ≠ A second of 2 stanzas numbered 6.  
 33] [The] She the poor mother bird A (line 1).  
 34] [Full soon] <<Soon>> will she walk A (line 2).  
 35] [Fearing] <<Keen is>> the cruel crow A (line 3).  
 36] [Watching] <<Red is>> the Hawk A (line 4).  
 37-38] ≠ A second of 2 stanzas numbered 7.  
 37 Call me the man] call <<me>> the man C; Call me the [old] men A (line 1).

Low by the little hen  
 40 Love it is there

39 Low by] [Close] <<Low>> by C.  
 39] There is a Hen in the Bushes A (line 3).

#### Discarded stanzas

##### A cancelled stanza 2:

[Pitiless the storm of the Summer  
 Reigns all the day  
 She the serene [bother] mothers  
 Burn all the way]

##### A cancelled stanza 3:

[Does one little wind whisper  
 One evening stir  
 There is the great patience  
 Hidden in her]

##### A stanza numbered 2, renumbered 3:

She the intense mother [calls] waiting  
 Call[s] for a praye[r]  
 Close to the hen in the Bushes  
 Love it is there

##### A stanza 4:

She seek[s] not the cool water  
 Nor the sweet crumb  
 He the too terrible Tyrant  
 Bids her be dumb

##### A first of 2 stanzas numbered 6:

He it is tells the vixen  
 Take the lamb's tongue  
 Sweet [that your] <<Blood will make the>> milk [be]//sweet  
 [Sweeten th] <<for>> the young

##### A stanza 5:

Grey dust and famine come  
 She [has full share] <<she can [b]lear>>  
 [But] <<And>> the old Tyrant still  
 Bids her be there

## HIS LOVE WAS BURNED AWAY

'1915'D, 1<sup>a</sup>-1<sup>b</sup> (A0279-0280) [JSN], incomplete, 7 x 4-line stanzas and a part-stanza.  
 NLA MS 605/109, typescript [AGS], 6 x 2-line stanzas.  
The Bookfellow 16 February 1920, p.63; BLP 46; CP 86.

JSN - RHC 25 February 1934, NLA MS 605/62-69 (corrections to proofs CP).

'1915'D, 1<sup>a</sup>-1<sup>b</sup> = A; NLA 605/109 = B.  
 The typescript, NLA MS 605/109 (B), is the preferred text. The 4-line stanzas of N's draft are retained.

She seemed as one who looks upon  
 A hill and cannot climb  
 The long days burned she was faint  
 And white at Christmas-time

Her lover like a bold spider  
 Spun lovewebs night and day  
 The sunlight knew no pity still  
 It burned her blood away

10 She died ere yet the butterflies  
 Knew all her dreamings thin  
 She died a blossom penniless  
 Of honeythirst within

He talks into the barren night  
 That it might hear him pray  
 Because it was the long sunlight  
 That burned his Love away

He looks as one who sees too far  
 And findeth all things dim  
 I sometimes think that the deep night  
 20 May blindly pity him

He will not love the slow delight  
 That tells the birth of day  
 Because it was the long sunshine  
 That stole his Love away

3 burned she was] burned her she was A.  
 5] Her lover by the side of her A.  
 7] But the red sun <<fell>> most heavily A.  
 8 It burned] And burned A.  
 10 her dreamings] their dreamings A.  
 14 That it] That [he] it A.  
 17-20] ≠ A 25-28.  
 19] I sometimes think the little flowers A 27.  
 20] Are red to pity him A 28.  
 23 sunshine] [sunlight] sunshine A.

He talks into the heavy night  
 It laughs not as the day  
 It dances not as the sunlight  
 That stole his Love away

25-28] ≠ A 29-[31].

25] He talks into the [hollow] <<sealed>> night A 29.

26] [It will not laugh or play]

It laughs not as the Day A 30.

Discarded stanza

A stanza 5, lines 17-20:

He seems as <<one>> irresolute  
 Or lately dazed with wine  
 He says but for the long summer  
 She had been surely mine

#### HOW BITTER ARE THE RAVENS

'1927'A, 27<sup>b</sup>-29<sup>a</sup> (A0559-0560) [A], draft, with stanzas renumbered, incorrectly.

The ravens the ravens as many men have sung  
 These birds of hate have tenderness to wait upon their young  
 All that we know may well be false if love can still be true  
 They have the devil's waltz and they have devils' work to  
 do

The ravens the ravens the bitter birds are they  
 They fly and talk uncannily about the month of May  
 They have distrust of all that moves all under the heavens  
 blue  
 They have the devil's heart and they have devils' work to  
 do

10 The ravens the ravens around them still has clung  
 The evil wish they take the heart they eat the eyes and tongue  
 They would not spare a fallen man they taunt the dying ewe  
 They dance as devils dance for they have devils' work to do

They oft-times meet as devils do they fall about the air  
 And oft in counsel meditate the things they yet shall dare

2 upon their young] upon [there] their young MS.

3 be false if love] be [false] false | [If] if love MS.

8 devil's heart] devil's [work] <<heart>> MS.

10 eat the eyes] eat | [The] the eyes MS.

11 fallen] fall[ing] <<en>> MS.

Their talk is hoarse and far too deep for man to understand  
 They have the devil's waltz they have the devil's work in  
 hand

As murderers they live and move and look unto the sky  
 Ever they halt and hesitate they hardly dare to fly  
 Their coats have all the taste of Death they are an evil crew  
 20 They have the devil's speech and they have devils' work to  
 do

19 Death] [death] MS.

20 devil's] Devil's MS.

# THE HUNGRY PLAYERS

'1927'A, 40<sup>a</sup>-41<sup>b</sup> (A0571-3) [A], fair draft.

We all went up to the farmer's wife  
 And hungry men were we  
 And we prayed for bread  
 And we prayed for drink  
 And her face was good to see  
 And we were sore in body and mind  
 Oh the weary miles we had left behind  
 And hungry men were we

We asked but a little bread and meat  
 10 And she gave us ale and wine  
 And dainties fit for a Lord to eat  
 Till our eyes began to shine  
 Honey and butter and fruit were there  
 And every manner of homely fare  
 For my comrades' need and mine

And being full of the ale and wine  
 Of fulsome speech were we  
 Now what shall we offer you Lady fair  
 She said I brew and I boil and I bake  
 20 But for all I give for the good Lord's sake  
 I have no thought of fee

But well I know you strolling men  
 And players all I see  
 And only one little thing I ask  
 Of all you will play to me  
 Play nothing of faint or solemn sound  
 Like the dull mice creeping under ground  
 Of a woeful family

14 homely fare] homely [face] fare MS.

30 But all I want is the life run red  
 From goodly men and bold  
 Who fought for women who fought for bread  
 A thousand things untold  
 Of ocean peril and forest fire  
 And all that a woman may well desire  
 Until her heart be cold

# I WILL BE SAYING

'1927'A, 42<sup>b</sup>-44<sup>a</sup> (A0574-5) & 45<sup>b</sup>-46<sup>b</sup> (A0577-8) [JSN], fair draft, with stanza 2 misnumbered, and stanza 2 under heading 'I will be saying to you'.

The Traders they cry to the Sweethearts you tarry too long  
 You are but God's servants to build up and let ye be strong  
 They crucify Love with their Reason and is it all true  
 How young you are growing 'tis all I am saying to you

And good morning to you sweet neighbour and still growing  
 young  
 To judge by your foot and your eyelid the tip o'your tongue  
 'Twill be a long time till the summer when Spring is gone  
 through  
 The green is upon you 'tis all I am saying to you

The Spoilers and Princes and Traders they will make the loud  
 noise  
 They need the young arms and the courage the flowers of the  
 boys  
 The Kings they confer with the Traders and shout as they do  
 Come to the killing God is most willing I should not now say  
 it to you

The Traders they cry to the forest now mow it all down  
 The birds can all perish but let us thank God for the town  
 The Lord is above us and we have our selling to do  
 The Lord has queer servants 'tis all I am saying to you

3 is it all] is [it] all MS.

9 they will make] will they make MS.

12 not now say] not [now/ say MS.

13 to the forest now mow] 'To the forest|now / <<[and]>>/ [we'll] mow MS.

## IN THE LONG GOWN

'1930', 17<sup>b</sup>-18<sup>a</sup> (A0662) [JSN], fair draft.

I love not the long gowns  
 They that increase  
 All forms of Sorrows  
 As the willow trees

Hilda takes not friend with her  
 From the little town  
 'Tis the black journey  
 In the long gown

She liked not the long gowns  
 Nay she did please  
 All eyes with little skirts  
 Lapping her knees

On all pretty journeys  
 She made many cries  
 Joys in her toe taps  
 Truth in her eyes

Today she knows not  
 Frolic or frown  
 'Tis a great journey  
 In the long gown

## INLAND BORN

'1915'D, 2<sup>a</sup> (A0280) [JSN], incomplete, a part-stanza, and 3 stanzas originally numbered 6-8 and renumbered; 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>b</sup> (A0281) [JSN], incomplete, 6 stanzas numbered 1-6 under title with heading 'Additional verses' and 1 stanza headed 'verse after 6'; 4<sup>a</sup> (A0282) [JSN], incomplete, 2 stanzas numbered 11 & 16 (16 renumbered) and 1 stanza headed 'odd verse after 10' (altered to 'before' 10). ML MS A2602 [JSN], fair copy, 18 stanzas.  
HS 67; BLP 28; CP 61.

JSN - RHC n.d. [c.December 1933], NLA MS 605 (corrects error: 'blend' should be 'blind'); 25 February 1934, NLA MS 605/62-69 (corrections to proofs CP).

'1915'D, 2<sup>a</sup> = A; '1915'D, 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>b</sup> = B; '1915'D, 4<sup>a</sup> = C; ML MS A2602 = D.  
 The fair copy, ML MS A2602, is the preferred text.



The tall man wooed her in the South  
 They loved along the Sea  
 The tall man caught her to the North  
 And she went tearfully

He talked of all the full seasons  
 The white wheat was his gold  
 But the long fight in the wilderness  
 To her he never told

- 10 She saw the cool brown winters pass  
 The heart-sick Spring come on  
 And the Summer as a great tyrant  
 Till half her hope was gone

Her lips they were the woman's lips  
 Eager to bless and blame  
 The lean years quelled her and in them  
 Her snow white children came

- 20 At night she sang them to their sleep  
 With cool songs of the sea  
 And in the day her big soft eyes  
 Went South eternally

She sang of boats and merriment  
 And ships that come and go  
 Of orchards and the rosemary  
 And all the flowers that grow

She sang of all the miracles  
 That in the south are seen  
 Of all the gracious waterfalls  
 And all the world of green

1-4] ≠ B 1-4.

1 wooed her in] wooed [her] in B.

2] And/ She [grew beside] <<ran by>> the sea B.

5-8] = B 5-8.

9-12] ≠ B 9-12.

11] And the summer [came] live to burn and burn B.

13-16] ≠ B 13-16.

13] [Her heart a love-strong woman's heart]

Her lips they were the women's lips B.

17-20] = B 17-20.

21-24] = B 21-24.

22 And ships that] And [boats] <<ships>> that D.

25-28] ≠ B 'verse after 6'.

27] Where gentle waterfalls come out B (line 3).

28] To say the grass is green B (line 4).

30 She told them of the blue waters  
Of all her soul had planned  
Of all the crying birds and the seaweed  
And the music on the sand

She said these whom I love shall go  
Where the wind is sweet and free  
My little inland children  
Shall wander by the sea

\* \* \*

The elder was a five years girl  
With the blue eyes of the mother  
And younger by a year there ran  
40 A flaxen-headed brother

The North Wind in his War came out  
And ceased not night or day  
And the little inland children  
Had lost the heart to play

These two fell ill with a quick fever  
'Twas in the red ripe weather  
Kind neighbours came with flowers for them  
When they lay dead together

50 Oh that we love goes lightly out  
The clouds play in the sky  
And half the winds say openly  
Oh what a day to die

Slowly she saw them and her eyes  
Went South eternally  
She said God stole my children  
They never saw the Sea

41] D has a false start, cancelled:

These two fell ill with a quick fever

41-44] C 'odd verse [after] before 10' reads:

[By day] <<How>> the sun

[How slowly did the sun go up]

The [North] wind [was as a <force>] <<in his war>> came out

And <warred> not with the day

[Till] <<[And]>> <<Till>> the little inland children

[Upon the furnace lay]

Had lost the heart to play

42 night or day] night and day HS; BLP; CP.

44 Had lost] Had the lost D.

49-52] = C stanza numbered 11.

51] And half the roads say [heavily] openly C (line 3).

52 day to die] die to die C (line 4).

52] Here is a day to die HS; BLP; CP.

54-56] = A part-stanza at top of page.

An old man said your children now  
 Shall walk the streets of gold  
 But she said it is a dim Heaven  
 60 And merciless and cold

Then spoke to her an old mother  
 Of Love that was Divine  
 But she said the God of Love he was  
 No God to me or mine

Then spoke to her a sweet neighbour  
 Of good days yet to be  
 But she said God stole my children  
 They never saw the Sea

The tall man spoke in lover talk  
 70 To blind her for the day  
 But the sunlight was more merciful  
 It had no word to say

57-60] ≠ A stanza renumbered [6] [13] 15.

57 An] And D.

57] [Her man beside her shoulder stood]

<<An old man said your children now>> A (line 1).

58] [And spoke of] <<Shall walk the>> streets of gold A (line 2).

59] She said [I have no <Heaven>] <<it is a dim>> A (line 3).

60] And merciless [now] and cold

Nor any love to hold A (line 4).

61-64] ≠ A stanza renumbered [7] [14] 16.

61] [He spoke of all God's tenderness]

<<Then spoke to her an old mother>> A (line 1).

62 that was] that is HS; BLP; CP.

62] [And of his sweet sunshine]

<<Of Love that was divine>> A (line 2).

63 he was] he is HS; BLP; CP.

63] She said take back your God he was A (line 3).

64] A foe to me and mine HS; BLP; CP.

Not sweet to me or mine A (line 4).

65-68] ≠ A stanza renumbered [8] [15] 17.

65 a sweet neighbour] the kind neighbours A (line 1).

67-68] A has 2 lines cancelled followed by the lines D 67-68:

[She said I cannot look to God]

[They never saw the sea]

69-72] ≠ C stanza numbered 16 18 [sic].

69 The tall] And/ The tall C (line 1).

70 blind] blend HS; BLP. N told Croll that Stephens 'mistook the writing and put in 'blend'. He afterwards remarked what a good line it was but I think 'blind' is better' (JSN - RHC n.d., c.1933).

The formation of the 'i' in 'blind' is identical to that of the 'e' in 'her', following.

71] But the sunlight [had] //sat | in/ [most] tenderness C (line 3).

72] It had no [words] <<thoughts>> to say C (line 4).

## THE INSOLENT OF THE DRUMMER

'1927'A, 4<sup>a</sup>-4<sup>b</sup> (A0535-6) [A], fair draft. Numbering for stanza 4 follows on next page and is cancelled.

Little birds still do I love thee the feet have a joy  
 The hills are so many the green is the place for a boy  
 Still eager the hands are they long for the work and the play  
 But oh 'tis the insolent drummer he will not invite you to  
     stay

The eyes they go up to the scarlet they follow the green  
 The ears they go out for the music above the unclean  
 Little bird it is the drummer he falls by the way  
 Insolent oh and he trembles he will not invite you to stay

Little bird back in the summer the season now gone  
 How bold was the drummer he cheered me and carried me on  
 Little bird bird that I see not hear me today  
 Still do I love you the drummer he will not invite you to  
     stay

7 falls] fails MS.

## THE INSOLENT LANDSMAN

'1927'C, 41<sup>a</sup> (A0475) [A], fair draft.

Deep down in my soul  
 I disagree  
 With all men and fishes  
 That come from the sea

I like no sailormen  
 Tales do they tell  
 How the dull favour  
 And the old smell

10 Fishes go solemnly  
 I disagree  
 With the ways of the fishes  
 They stroll in the sea

Mariners mighty men  
 In their own eyes

4 That] [that] MS.

12 They] The[y] MS.

Fell to dull weaklings  
Shipwrecks and lies

To foolish losses they  
Talk harmlessly  
Blue fish and sailormen  
20 Still weary me

### THE IRISH WELCOME

'1927'B, 24<sup>b</sup>-26<sup>b</sup> (A0506-8) [JSN], 3 stanzas, 1 & 2 numbered; 35<sup>b</sup> (A0517) [JSN], 1 stanza numbered 1, under heading 'Irish Welcome Odd verses', with numbering for 2; 43<sup>b</sup> (A0525) [A], 2 lines and 2 stanzas under title, with the 2 lines under heading '2nd stanza 2 first lines' and the 2 stanzas numbered 5 & 4 and under heading 'New verse'; 46<sup>b</sup> (A0528) [A], 1 line under heading 'Lines for Irish Welcome'. '1927'C, 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> (A0433) [A], 3 stanzas numbered 1-3, with numbering for 4 cancelled; 5<sup>a</sup> (A0435) [A], 2 stanzas numbered 1 & 2; 22<sup>a</sup>-23<sup>a</sup> (A0456-7) [A], a stanza headed '4th verse of Irish Welcome', a stanza headed '5th verse', a line headed 'First lines first verse', followed by 4 stanzas numbered 1-4 under title with stanza 1 cancelled; 24<sup>a</sup> (A0458) [A], a stanza under title and headed 'First verse'; 25<sup>a</sup>-25<sup>b</sup> (A0459-0460) [A], 3 stanzas numbered 1-3, followed by revised lines under short title 'Irish'; 39<sup>b</sup>-40<sup>b</sup> (A0474-5) [A], revised lines under heading 'Lines for Irish', with more revised lines under a second heading 'Lines for Irish' and 'Irish Welcome'. ML MS 4937/5, 24 August 1927, 225-231 [A], fair copy, 4 stanzas, dated '26/8/27' [AGS]. ML MS 4937/5, 14 September 1927, 241-247 [A], fair copy, 4 stanzas. LaT MS 9419/3675, typescript (carbon copy) [AGS], 5 stanzas, prepared for distribution to editors for publishing and this carbon annotated at head of page 'Not for publication' [AGS].

The Australian Worker 2 November 1927; NP 19; CP 124.

JSN - AGS 24 August 1927 (encloses poem which 'is not finished as carefully as I would like'). AGS - JSN 4 September 1927 (comments 'Irish is better in four stanzas than five' and says 'I noticed before that your hits are better straight off the bat'). JSN - AGS 14 September 1927 (encloses poem and discusses alterations: 'I used the word 'drag' one of your suggestions', and 'I have also used 'Leprechauns''). JSN - JD 27 January 1935, NLA MS 1145/64 (discusses Stephens's contribution to the piece: in 'the Irish piece I found it difficult to compromise with him ... there are two or three lines which are his and which I believe I could have bettered myself').

The comments indicate that neither party was satisfied with the revisions and the first fair copy, ML MS 4937/5, 24 August 1927, 225-231, is therefore taken as the preferred text.

'1927'B, 24<sup>b</sup>-26<sup>b</sup> = A; '1927'B, 35<sup>b</sup> = B; '1927'B, 43<sup>b</sup> = C; '1927'B, 46<sup>b</sup> = D; '1927'C, 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> = E; '1927'C, 5<sup>a</sup> = F; '1927'C, 22<sup>a</sup>-23<sup>b</sup> = G; '1927'C, 24<sup>a</sup> = H; '1927'C, 25<sup>a</sup>-25<sup>b</sup> = I; '1927'C, 39<sup>b</sup>-40<sup>b</sup> = J; 4937/5, 225-231 = K; 4937/5, 241-247 = L; 9419/3675 = M.

The various parts of the text are keyed to the 5-stanza version M separately in the notes.

All the good drinks are unworthy no food is too fine  
 Though you did hate them you love them you cannot decline  
 Angels are with you and ten million fairies and more  
 You can feel all the warmth of the Irish you tap at the door

All other handshakes have sorrow all kisses are pale  
 Words are so stilted and all the fine book manners fail  
 Though you be son of the Enemy black to the core  
 You will have all the wealth of the Irish you tap at the door

Words are not welcome 'Tis something too deep and too fine  
 'Tis like a fiddle strung up or the sun in the wine  
 A welcome can come like a famine and leave the heart sore  
 But the warmth will come out with the Irish you tap at the  
 door

No matter how humble the table it cannot be bare  
 Of all that will lift you to Heaven you have the full share  
 You have all the wealth of all Ireland what could you have  
 more  
 The Irish they make the world Irish you tap at the door

M 1] All drink[s] are unworthy no food too fine A 1; E 1.

They tell you the drink is unworthy no food is too fine G cancelled stanza  
 1 (line 1); H 'first verse' (line 1); I 1; L 1.

They say all their drinks are unworthy no food is too fine G 'First lines  
 first verse'.

Themselves they will tell you the food and the drink is unfit to bestow J  
 1st of 2 lines under number 1.

The drink they will say is unworthy the blood's at a glow J 1st of 2 lines  
 under 'lines for Irish'.

All the good drinks are unworthy | no/ [No] food is too fine K 1; M; TAW; NP;  
CP.

M 2] Though you did hate them swift would you love them you could not decline A  
 2.

Though you did hate them you love them you cannot decline E 2 (E 2 has 'Those',  
 a mishearing [A]); K 2; M; TAW; NP; CP.

The riches [is] <<are>> all running over you cannot decline G cancelled stanza  
 1 (line 2).

The words that come out they compel you you cannot decline H 'First verse'  
 (line 2).

The words and the hands will compel you you cannot decline I 2.

Though you did hate them you love them you cannot say no J 2nd of 2 lines  
 under number 1.

And how could you hate them you love them you cannot say no J 2nd of 2 lines  
 under 'Lines for Irish'.

The words and the hands they compel you you [compel de yo] you cannot decline  
L 2.

M 3] [All] Angels are with you | and ten/million fairies and more A 3; E 3; K 3;  
M; TAW; NP; CP.

The angels are with you and ten million fairies and more G cancelled stanza  
 1 (line 3); H 'First verse' (line 3); I 3; L 3.

M 4] There be none like the Irish — the real red Irish when you tap at the door A 4.

Do you know the Irish the real red Irish when you tap at the door E 4.

'Tis warmth you [with] <<will>> have with the Irish you tap at the door G cancelled stanza 1 (line 4).

You know by the look if it's Irish you tap at the door H 'First verse' (line 4).

Your eyes will be clean you can see them you tap at the door I 4.

And clean will your eyes be to see them you tap at the door I '4th line of 1st verse'.

You can feel all the warmth of the Irish you tap at the door K 4.

The day you go dim with the Irish you tap at the door L 4.

You will never speak ill of the Irish you tap at the door M; TAW; NP; CP.

M 5] All other handshakes have sorrow all kisses are pale A 5; K 5.

A handshake can be like a sorrow when kisses are pale C '2nd stanza 2 first lines' (line 1).

All other handshakes have sorrow all kisses are pale E 5.

A handshake can fall like a sorrow and kisses be pale G stanza numbered 2 (line 1); I 5.

A handshake can feel like a sorrow a home like a gaol L 5; M; TAW; NP; CP.

M 6] Words are so stilted and all the [fine] book manners fail A 6.

And words are all frozen then all the fine book manners fail C '2nd stanza 2 first lines' (line 2).

When words are half frozen the elegant book manners fail D 'Lines for Irish Welcome' (the only line).

Words are so stilted and all the fine book manners fail E 6; K 6.

When words are half frozen then all the fine book manners fail G stanza numbered 2 (line 2); I 6; L 6.

When hearts are half frozen then all the smart book-manners fail M.

When hearts are half-frozen the elegant book-manners fail TAW; NP; CP.

M 7] I am the son of the Enemy black to the core A 7.

I am a son of the enemy black to the core E 7.

Though you be son of the Enemy black to the core G stanza numbered 2 (line 3); I 7; K 7; L 7; M 7; TAW; NP; CP.

M 8] But I know the Irish the real red Irish when you tap at the door A 8.

But I know the Irish the real red Irish when I tap at the door E 8.

'Tis warmth you will have with the Irish you tap at the door G stanza numbered 2 (line 4).

<<You eat like a prince [like] <<with>> the Irish you tap at the door>> G line adjacent to this, on the next page.

You will never say ill of the Irish you tap at the door I 8.

'Tis warmth you will eat with a blessing you tap at the door I '4th line of 2nd verse'.

'Tis warm you will be with the Irish you tap at the door J '2nd verse last line'; J '[2nd line same verse] <<2nd verse [last line] 2nd line>>'. K

You will have all the wealth of the Irish you tap at the door K 8; NP 8;

CP 8.

The best of all Ireland is yours if you tap at the door L 8.

You can warm by the fire of the Irish you tap at the door M; TAW.

- M 9] Words are not welcome a welcome who shall define A 9.  
 A Deep thing is welcome it nears the divine B 1st line of 2 under number 1.  
 Words are not welcome 'tis something too deep and too fine C stanza numbered 4 (line 1); E 9; K 9; M; TAW; NP; CP.  
 A deep thing indeed is a welcome it nears the divine F stanza numbered 1 (line 1).  
 No rainbow is quick[er to] <<as a>> welcome it nears the divine G stanza numbered 4 (line 1); L 13.
- M 10] 'Tis like a fiddle tigh[t] sprung like a dark days sunshine A 10.  
 [Th] 'Tis like a strung fiddle or the storm in the wine B 2nd line of 2 under number 1.  
 It is like a fiddle strung up or the sun in the wine C stanza numbered 4 (line 2).  
 'Tis like a fiddle strung up or the taste in the wine E 10.  
 'Tis like a fiddle strung up or a storm in the wine F stanza numbered 4 (line 2).  
 It is like a fiddle strung up or the [leap] <<pulse>> in the wine G stanza numbered 4 (line 2); L 14.  
 'Tis like a fiddle strung up or the sun in the wine K 10; M; TAW; NP; CP.
- M 11] Tap and the | and the angels | and fairies | [are with] | the[y] fill up | the floor A 11.  
 A welcome can live like a famine and leave the heart sore C stanza numbered 4 (line 3).  
 Tap and the angels and fairies come up on the floor E 11.  
 Knock and the angels and fairies come up on the floor F stanza numbered 1 (line 3).  
 You will have all the wealth of all Ireland what could you have more G stanza numbered 4 (line 3); L 11.  
 A welcome can come like a famine and leave the heart sore K 11; M; TAW; NP; CP.
- M 12] There be none like the Irish the real red Irish when you tap at the door A 12; E 12; F stanza numbered 1 (line 4).  
 But the warmth is all under the Irish you tap at the door C stanza numbered 4 (line 4).  
 The Irish they make the world Irish you tap at the door G stanza numbered 4 (line 4); L 12.  
 But the warmth is all there in the Irish you tap at the door J '3rd verse 4th line' & J '3rd verse 4th line' (line and heading repeated); NP 12; CP 12.  
 But the warmth will come out with the Irish you tap at the door K 12.  
 But the heat will leap out with the Irish you tap at the door M.  
 But the flame will leap out with the Irish you tap at the door TAW 12.
- M 13] A welcome is red with the summer it cannot be sold C 'New verse 5' (line 1).  
 A welcome has [something] <<more>> than the red of the summer could [n]ever yet hold G '4th verse of Irish Welcome' (line 1).  
 You will not be long on the doorstep a hand will have hold G stanza numbered 3 (line 1).; I stanza numbered 3 (line 1) (I has 'up hold'); L 9.  
 A welcome is red with the summer and hearty and bold J '4th verse 1st line'; TAW 13; NP 13; CP 13.  
 A welcome is red with the summer 'tis hearty and bold M.



- M 14] 'Tis something that calls you in out of the dark and the cold C 'New verse 5' (line 2).  
It pulls you in clear of all sorrow and out of the cold G '4th verse of Irish Welcome' (line 2).  
And drag you right into that climate that never was cold I 10; L 10.  
'Tis something that drags you right in out of the dark and the cold M; TAW; NP; CP.
- M 15] The Saints are not far in the Heavens the blessings all pour C 'New verse 5' (line 3).  
The joy of the jig is upon you you ache for the floor G '4th verse of Irish Welcome' (line 3).  
The Leprechauns dance up and you you [can] <<could>> take to the floor G stanza numbered 3 (line 3).  
The Leprechauns dance you believe it you would not before I 11.  
The Saints have come in you can feel them the blessings all pour J '4th verse 3rd line'.  
The saints are not far you can feel them the blessings all pour J '3rd [line] 4th verse'; NP 15; CP 15.  
The Leprechauns dance you believe it you could not before L 11.  
The saints are all nigh to the hearthstone the blessings all pour M.  
The saints are at hand by the hearthstone the blessings all pour TAW 15.
- M 16] The Irish are still with the fairies you tap at the door C 'New Verse 5' (line 4).  
The Leprechauns tumble around you you tap at the door G '4th verse of Irish Welcome' (line 4).  
For the joy of the gig is upon you you tap at the door G stanza numbered 3 (line 4).  
The Irish [are close to the moonlight] <<they taste o'the moonlight>> you tap at the door I 12.  
You will <<never>> say ill of the Irish you tap at the door I '4th line 3rd verse' (line 4); L 12.  
The leprechauns caper around you you tap at the door M; TAW; NP; CP.
- M 17] No matter how humble the table it cannot be bare F stanza numbered 2 (line 1); K 13; M; TAW; NP; CP.  
Your body can know all the hunger that makes the world bare G '5th verse' (line 1).
- M 18] In all that is best in the world you have the full share F stanza numbered 2 (line 2).  
But the moment you sit with the Irish it cannot come there G '5th verse' (line 2).  
Of all that will lift you to Heaven you have the full share K 14.  
Of all that would put you to Heaven you take the full share M; TAW; NP; CP.
- M 19] You have all the wealth of all Ireland what could you have more F stanza numbered 2 (line 3); K 15.  
You have all the wealth what could you have more G '5th verse' (line 3).  
You will have all the wealth of all Ireland what could you have more M; TAW; NP; CP.
- M 20] There be none like the Irish the real red Irish when you tap at the door F stanza numbered 2 (line 4).  
The Irish they make the world Irish you tap at the door G '5th verse' (line 4); K 16; M; TAW; NP; CP.

## IT IS A LAKE

'1927'A, 11<sup>a</sup>-12<sup>a</sup> (A0542-3) [JSN], fair draft.

It is a Lake in the long days before  
The birds went by sunlight and moonlight ay how gladly  
And always out eagerly well away from the shore

Come now in quietness ere the light goes  
See the birds calmly tired of all strength and the sunlight  
Coming out clean while the water is stained as a rose

Did I deceive I should have spoken before  
The Lake is the Life and the birds are the dreams they sailed  
to the shadows  
But see them come back without sorrow the birds are all coming  
ashore

2 and moonlight ay how gladly] and [a] moonlight <<ay how gladly>> MS.

6 Coming out clean] Coming [ashore] <<out clean>> MS.

7 before] before — MS.

8 sailed to] sailed [into] to MS.

## IT WAS A SCORPION

ML MS 4937/4, 919-931 [JSN], fair copy, signed Horace O'Hazy.

JSN - AGS 4 June 1923 ('Last year I saw where a scientist gave a Sea Scorpion credit of being the first to forsake the Deep where much hunger prevailed. The importance of the poison in his tail was I also think stressed.');

6 July 1923 (asks if Stephens received the piece); 21 January 1924 (comments on lack of response from editors: 'So the 'Scorpion' doesn't seem to be able to crawl in anywhere');

7 June 1931 (asks Stephens to return MS if he still has it: 'I think I could improve it' and 'have only got patches of it in my old books');

13 June 1931, NLA MS 1145/74A (thanks Stephens for return of the poem). JSN - JD 10 December 1941, NLA MS 1145/68 (JD has copy of this); 20 December 1941, NLA MS 1145/68 (JD has copy of this with 'several pieces of [his] light verse').

A version of the poem entitled 'The Scorpion' was published in The Bulletin on the Red Page under a letter by Frank Neilson who said that the poem was written in 1938, had never been printed, and that he had 'kept the old MSS'. N may have rewritten the poem; alternatively, and more likely, Frank may have edited the piece for publication.

The fair copy is the preferred text and the second version, of doubtful authority, is ignored.

'Scientists consider that a certain sea scorpion was the first to forsake the sea for the Land.'

I am aware you know of all things that matter  
Back to the very Baby Clothes of Time  
It was much previous to our monkeys' chatter  
Lived the lone hero of my hapless rhyme

Briefly our kinsmen then were all aquatic  
'And though preposterous as it seems to be'  
'Records of course are sometimes most erratic'  
England was not respected much at sea

Things were all anyhow undone disjointed  
10 No one seemed certain how the Race would go  
Ages elapsed ere Bishops were appointed  
And a few Schisms Lighted up the Show

A Watery Age our Scientists have told us  
Ere ever Editor cast out a Rhyme  
Or Doctors bled or Clergymen consoled us  
Or the keen lawyers Six and eight a time

Dimly our Scorpion Parent had a Notion  
Like a Columbus long he dreamed and planned  
Stern as an actor wrestling with emotion  
20 Proudly he sought a footing on the Land

He was the first I crave your close attention  
Calmly consider his courageous Crawl  
Clearly he saw that business needs Extension  
It was a Sense of Business saved us all

No alderman prepared for him a Dinner  
There was no Civic Welcome not a Bow  
No one remarked he looked a little thinner  
But to be brief he landed anyhow

No Turtle Soup no Entrees not a Gravy  
30 Nor speech nor praise for all his pain no balm  
No one proposed Our Visitor the Navy  
Too was unhonoured in that awful calm

Silence No Ladies no Bazaar Promoter  
Silence unmoved by municipal Band

- 1 know of all] know [of] all MS.  
7 sometimes most] sometimes | /most MS.  
13 A watery Age] a 'Watery [Time] <<Age>> MS.  
19 actor wrestling] actor [keeping] wrestling MS.  
28] But to be brief — he landed anyhow. MS.  
31 the Navy] The Navy MS.  
32 Too] To[o] MS.  
33] Silence — No Ladies — no Bazaar Promoter MS.

Almost as friendless as a Postal Voter  
He climbed momentarily the awful Sand

Had he but fallen back undone disgusted  
Had his stout heart one moment felt afraid  
Or his keen feet the slimy slope distrusted  
40 Clearly this Show of Ours had been delayed

To the stern soul who gives new track or notion  
We must give honour through the centuries long  
Here is our Friend who dragged us from Old Ocean  
Has he not earned at least one little Song

Others there were content in Slime and Jelly  
Was it Monotony he did abhor  
That he climbed gamely on his empty belly  
Landed and got us safely all ashore

Does he not now some special mention merit  
50 Were we Insolvents hopeless it appears  
But for his Greatness what would we inherit  
He was the Daddy of all Pioneers

He had no Stimulants his Nerves to steady  
Strange that his glorious Spirit did not fail  
Ah it was well for Us that he had ready  
All that important poison in his tail

\* \* \*

Brothers arise beyond all creed and faction  
Bareheaded reverently here let us stand  
Honour to Him the foe of all Inaction  
He was the earliest Settler on the Land

40 Clearly] Clearly — MS.

44 Song] Song. MS.

46] Was it/ Monotony he did abhor MS.

50 Insolvents] Insolvents — MS.

57 and faction] and Party faction MS.

59] Honour to Him — the foe of all [reaction] Inaction MS.

## LAMENT FOR EARLY BUTTERCUPS

'1925', 1<sup>b</sup>-2<sup>a</sup> (A0390) [JSN], with a revised line added in the margin.

Sydney Morning Herald 29 May 1926, p.11; Stage and Society 17 June 1926, p.18; NP 31; CP 142.

AGS - JSN 18 May 1926 ('Will try Buttercups on Herald.'). Lothians - JSN 19 January 1934, HI, not sighted.

The draft has 8-line stanzas and the published texts all have 4-line stanzas. The Sydney Morning Herald text has new lines 3 and 5 (lines 5 & 6 and 9 & 10 of the MS), which are repeated in the subsequent texts, and a new line 8 (lines 13 & 14 of the MS), which is not repeated. It seems likely then that at least some of the revisions were Stephens's and the draft is therefore taken as the preferred text.

The lambs are white and lavender  
 The frost is with the moon  
 The mushrooms go to God and say  
 They cannot die so soon  
 Oh they would see the Love works of the birds  
 Who swoop and sway and sing  
 And I I mourn for buttercups  
 Who stay not till the Spring

Oh had their peace of gold come in  
 10 With long November days  
 When barley tips are in the dance  
 To every wind that plays  
 When old birds lose all that they love  
 And young birds feel the wing  
 I mourn I mourn for buttercups  
 Who stay not for the Spring

Oh had their gold delayed until  
 The last moon of the year  
 When maids bedeck themselves and say  
 20 That princes will appear

1 white and lavender] white with lavender SMH.

5] Oh they would see the birds that build // <<Love works of the birds>> MS.

5-6] Oh they would see the love-works of the birds sent up to sing SMH; S&S; NP; CP (line 3).

8 Who stay] that stay SMH; S&S; NP; CP (line 4).

9-10] Oh that they were adventuring in long November days SMH; S&S; NP; CP (line 5).

13 When old] When [ye] old MS.

13-14] With old birds losing all they love when young birds feel the wing SMH (line 7).

15-16] = SMH; S&S; NP; CP (line 8); omitted MS.

They would have loved with the warm love  
 The birds sent up to sing  
 I mourn I mourn for buttercups  
 That stay not till the Spring

21. with the warm] with [the] warm MS; with a warm SMH; S&S; NP; CP (line 11).

#### LETTY AT THE GRAVE

'1927'A, 31<sup>b</sup>-32<sup>a</sup> (A0563) [A], unfinished.

Letty came to the yellow grave  
 'Twas under a dirty sky  
 The ache for a dance was in her feet  
 And the victory in her eye

Andy McDonough she said  
 Oh you would not hear before  
 And I often heard that the spirit hangs  
 Three days to the Dead and more

'Twas yesterday they buried you  
 All night 'twas a bitter rain  
 And I laughed to think of the taste you had  
 Of the bed and the nights of pain

[Unfinished]

## THE LIFTING OF THE SIN

'1930', 19<sup>b</sup> & 20<sup>b</sup>-21<sup>a</sup> (A0664 & A0665) [JSN], unfinished, 5 stanzas and a part-stanza (cancelled), with variable line lengths and a title change at the head of stanza 3 (20<sup>b</sup>), stanzas 1-4 numbered.

The grief o'the flowers was heavy heavy at dawn of day  
The wind came over the barley ground and lifted her sin away

It had the taste of a sinner's song and the red light of a  
prayer

'Twas ever only a little sin nor hate nor greed was there

Her tongue had been in a wild storm and beaten a man full  
sore

Her lies were many her face had brought sorrow about a door

But her voice was always honey sweet to a little child at  
play

So the wind came over the barley field and lifted her sin  
away

The moon stood out most sorrowful at the baby hour of three  
It was no time for a rude man's laugh or a red man's melody

[Unfinished]

Title] the [withering] <<lifting>> of the sin MS.

1 heavy heavy at dawn] heavy <<heavy>> at dawn MS.

2 barley] Barley MS.

3 red light] Red light MS.

4] [In another world or another time it might have grown a prayer] MS, cancelled  
line following line 4.

7 But her] but here MS.

8 barley] Barley MS.

10 a red man's] a [full] <<red>> man's MS.

Cancelled part stanza 5:

[Her lips did utter a hard word but not to a little child  
And the wind came over the Barley field ...]

## THE LITTLE ONE UNKNOWN

'1927'A, 36<sup>a</sup>-36<sup>b</sup> (A0567-8) [A], fair draft, 1 x 7-line stanza and 1 x 9-line stanza.

Yesterday I was in the garden where white slabs are  
 On many and many Time had his scar  
 Good women honest men had their virtues compiled  
 But a small grave far out of the sun  
 Had but three words all too bitter  
 On the grave of the little one  
 The sweet child

This is the heart of all cries the Mother of Pities  
 Only by it have men ridden the seas and reared the loud cities  
 It has commanded all toiling and loving and sinning  
 It is the blood and the milk and the light at the ruddy  
     beginning  
 The stone is so heavy the day is too happy too mild  
 I have longed for a tempest to cover these words  
 The words that are bitter  
 Spoken up over the little one  
 The sweet child

2 Time] [time] MS.

8 cries the Mother of Pities] cry the Mother of [Pity] MS.

11 ruddy beginning] [ready] <<ruddy>> beginning MS.

15 Spoken] [Speaking] Spoken MS.

## THE LOSER WINS

ML MS 4937/4, 14 August 1921, 803-804, fair draft, with signature 'Moore Noyes'.

A cheerful old cynic named Walker  
 Met his wife running off with a hawker  
 He roared my dear fellow  
 I don't like to bellow  
 But you'll find you've got a good talker



## LOVE IN ABSENCE

ML MS 3038/1, 6<sup>a</sup> (B0099) & 7<sup>a</sup> (B0101) [JSN], fair draft, 3 stanzas, entitled 'To the loved one in her absence', with the stanza at 7<sup>a</sup> under short title 'Absence'. The Bookfellow January 1925, p.64; NP 26; CP 136.

AGS - JSN 17 November 1919, NLA MS 1145/74B ('To the loved one in her absence' will have to wait. It needs three or four more stanzas to finish; perhaps the mood will come some day.').

The poem is a later version of 'I seek the perilous cure' (NLA MS 1145/60, 24-25, c.1913) and 'To the loved one in her absence' (NLA MS 1145/38, c.1919). The published text drops one of the three stanzas from 'To the loved one in her absence' (the previous version) and adds two stanzas, one of them a completely new stanza. Since it is unlikely that Stephens would have added an entire stanza, the Bookfellow is taken as the preferred text.

When thou art gone but a little way  
I am in a cold fear  
The day like a long sickness is  
And I count the moon a year

When thou art gone but a little way  
I am in deep alarm  
I cry Oh God her dear body  
If it should come to harm

When thou art gone and light is gone  
I fiercely wish thee near  
The day like a long sickness is  
And I count the moon a year

Now mournfully I dream I fall  
Where uncouth shadows be  
I foot it on the mist the heart  
Renounces liberty

1-4] = MS 1-4.

2 cold fear] [deep] <<cold>> fear MS.

5-8] = MS 9-13.

6 in deep] in a deep CP.

7 Oh God] Oh God — MS.

8 If it] — If it MS.

Discarded stanza

MS stanza 2:

The moments are as old men  
Who stoop and stay too long  
I see no Grace in God I hear  
No softening in a song

## LOVE IS A GREAT BREW

'1927'B, 1<sup>a</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> (A0482-4) [JSN], draft, without stanza divisions and with 'Footscray 26/4/27' above the title. The text is presented here in 3 x 9-line stanzas.

Some Maltster would impart  
 Much of his own heart  
 Into this glowing ale  
 Though all courage fail  
 But here now close to you  
 There shall be happiness  
 It does all else eclipse  
 For thy unsated lips  
 Love is a great Brew

- 10 Some Maltster in old time  
 Ere ever Love made rhyme  
 Took for a speedy Brew  
 Leaves of great happiness  
 From trees that never grew  
 The red wines pall and fail  
 One thing will still eclipse  
 All else for the burned lips  
 Love is the great Ale

- 20 In sorry maids and men  
 It feeds the fire again  
 Though you be thin and cold  
 Eat of the Leaves of Happiness  
 Death takes half a hold  
 Ah here how close to you  
 It does all else eclipse  
 For burnt out eyes and lips  
 Love is a great Brew

- 4] Let not your [Droughts of all | time] <<Though all courage fail me>> MS.  
 6] Line inserted in the margin MS.  
 10 old time] old [rhyme] time MS.  
 19 In sorry] [Th] In sorry MS.  
 20] It [calls up once] <<feeds the fire>> again MS.  
 22] <<Eat of the leaves of happiness>> MS.  
 23 Death] though/ [And] Death MS.

## THE LOW LOVE

'1927'B, 40<sup>a</sup>-41<sup>a</sup> (A0521-2) [JSN], fair draft, without stanza divisions under the number 1, with variable line lengths. The text is presented here in 2 x 8-line stanzas.

Your face is like the music  
 That bids us all be young  
 And the sharpness of the gooseberry  
 Is tasted on your tongue  
 Oh some do love the dream ladies  
 That urge them to the Blue  
 The angels are too high I love  
 A low love like you

My heart is dull to music  
 It will not come to stay  
 It tells of tears that fell long since  
 Of winds that walk and play  
 It will not keep to the green ground  
 It fades and lives anew  
 The angels are too high I love  
 A low love like you

5 dream ladies] dream lad[ies] MS.  
 10] <<It will not come to stay>> MS.

## THE MAD LISTENER

'1930', 19<sup>a</sup> & 20<sup>a</sup> (A0664) [JSN], fair draft.

Fiercely he queries the Summer stares at the Spring  
 If haply it may harbour some rapture of some hidden thing  
 He has heard deeply how deeply gone mad listening

Fearing not darkness or noises of God on the way  
 He has gone to lone places all thoughts decay  
 He will be seeking sweet sounds at the back of the Day

1] Fiercely he queries | the Summer/ — Stares at the Spring MS.  
 3 deeply gone mad listening] deeply — gone mad listening. MS.

## THE MADMAN'S LADY

'1915'A, 11<sup>a</sup>-11<sup>b</sup> (A0350-1) [JSN], draft. ML MS A3038/3, 5<sup>a</sup> (B0066) [FN], transcription, with a note 'Never been printed'.

The transcription differs from the draft and may well have been edited by Frank who added a further comment for Devaney's benefit (for UP): 'Nearly up to print. It's a weird <thing>. What do you think Jim? Leave it to you.'

The draft in N's hand is the preferred text.

Over all thoughts that man  
 Dreams to discover  
 She hath a barren smile  
 To make a lover

Old men die nightly  
 Old women croon  
 Oh the madman's lady  
 Is the barren moon

10 As a man insipid  
 With love gone cold  
 Decked out in silver  
 And moving gold

But no blood is in her  
 No kindly thing  
 How could she pity  
 Fools in the Spring

But the madman spies her  
 With his maddest tune  
 He would be lover  
 20 To the barren moon

When towns fall under  
 Dull dreams and die  
 Then the madman's lady  
 Creeps o'er the sky

Title Madman's] Madams MS.

1] Over all <<thoughts>> that man MS.

2 Dreams] Dream[s] MS.

11] [Arrayed] <<decked out>> in [the] silver MS.

13 is in her] is [in] her MS.

22] [Sleep and the sky] MS cancelled line following 21.

23] Then the Madman Ladys MS.

As a white maid saying  
 Come Death come soon  
 Oh the Madman's lady  
 Is the barren moon

# MANDRILLS ALL

'1930', 27<sup>a</sup> (A0671) [JSN], fair draft.

Something doth urge me still to  
 Repeat it again  
 Men have been too long saying kind things  
 All about men

Men may be growing more God-like  
 I saw not their fall  
 I work with them hear them and feel them  
 As mandrills all

Their vanity small talk and vile talk  
 Their Ale and their Wine  
 Come up as the smell of the fishes  
 Far cousin of mine

Title] Mandarils All MS, misspelt throughout.

7 I work with them] I work [with] them MS.

9 Their] The[ir] MS.

# MAUD FANE DEPARTS

ML MS 3038/3, 3<sup>a</sup> & 4<sup>a</sup> (B0063-4) [FN], transcription.

The Bulletin 8 March 1923, p.36, signed Horace O'Hazy.

The Bulletin is the preferred text.

'Maud Fane, everybody's favourite, is about to retire from the stage. She and her sailor husband intend to go in for mixed farming in Surrey (Eng.).'

Eggs will be fresh milk admirably creamy  
 And the soft climate will give added charm  
 In that old country dim religious dreamy  
 How will Maud run her farm

Ah she embarks she leaves our small world dreary  
 Beauty was in her every pout and bow  
 Casting her pearls so long to — Did she weary  
 She will have pollard now

10 She could bewitch us lightly without talking  
 With her strange wealth of Eve's eternal guile  
 Even those pigs unto the market walking  
 Will give her smile for smile

As she the Rouen or the Pekin chases  
 Will she in dream perhaps come back once more  
 Hear the applause of far outlandish places  
 The footbeats on the floor

Will she supremely gowned in blue delicious  
 Keep the young turkeys from all kinds of harm  
 And we shall hope no gobbler old and vicious  
 20 Defies her on her farm

While she the lanky gosling coaxes quickens  
 And the spring onion speaks to all the land  
 Will she amid the cheeping of the chickens  
 Our worship understand

Will she a woman wise a quick creator  
 Of gladsome roles an artist rightly called  
 Will she while tending the fierce incubator  
 See that no chickens scald

30 Jokes to the side she came smiling demurely  
 To a dull world she gave a gladdening mind  
 Spring was upon her and sweet wisdom surely  
 A woman summer-kind

Farewell she says to artifice and hurry  
 In the Most Serious Drama now she plays  
 May she in that old calm salubrious Surrey  
 Meet with the happy days

#### THE MELODY IN BLUE

'1925'B, 5<sup>b</sup> (A0487) [JSN], draft, with lines of varying lengths and 2 lines in the margin.

He had dreamed much of wild countries  
 Oceans unsailed and deserts grim  
 And the Romance of Thievery would cling  
 Making tempestuous inroads into him  
 Then she appeared  
 A vision white and slim  
 And he succumbed  
 What else was there to do  
 When Elsie wore  
 The Melody in Blue

2 unsailed] unsaliped MS.

4 inroads] inroad[s] MS.

## THE MISTY MESSENGER

'1925', 6<sup>a</sup>-6<sup>b</sup> (A0394-5) [A], with 1 stanza and alterations [JSN], unfinished, 7 stanzas, 1-2 & 5-7 numbered and stanzas 3-4 unnumbered, entitled 'The drowsy messenger'. '1927'B, 19<sup>a</sup>-21<sup>b</sup> (A0500-3) [A], with a revised line [JSN], draft, 17 stanzas numbered 1-17, with stanzas 1-2 cancelled, and 1 stanza under heading 'Odd verse for Drowsy Messenger', the draft untitled. '1927'C, 15<sup>a</sup> & 24<sup>b</sup> (A0449 & A0459) [A], 2 stanzas numbered 1 & 2, under title 'The misty messenger', the stanza numbered 2 renumbered 5, and 3 stanzas under heading 'Odd verse Misty Messenger' numbered 2, 2 & 3 and corrected to 2, 3 & 4. NLA MS 1145/67 [A], fair copy, incomplete?, 12 stanzas (unsigned).

JSN - JD 31 December 1934, NLA MS 1145/1 (discusses poems for BI and says that this would take 'a lot of time' to 'turn into something').

The first draft occurs in a notebook dated c.1925 ('1925') and the second in a book dated c.1927 ('1927'B'), and it is possible that the third draft, NLA MS 1145/67, is a still later revision. The stanzas numbered 1 & 2 5 at '1927'C, 15<sup>a</sup> were written as replacement stanzas for the cancelled stanzas at '1927'B, 19<sup>a</sup> and then continued at '1927'C, 24<sup>b</sup> as an attempt at another version.

Because there is no fair draft, and because the NLA MS is incomplete, the second draft at '1927'B, 19<sup>a</sup>-21<sup>b</sup> is taken as a base text and the revisions at NLA MS 1145/67 are incorporated.

'1925', 6<sup>a</sup>-6<sup>b</sup> = A; '1927'B, 19<sup>a</sup>-21<sup>b</sup> = B; '1927'C, 15<sup>a</sup> & 24<sup>b</sup> = C;  
NLA 1145/67 = D.

Sweet was the blackness of the air  
The brown dust melted to the rain  
Slow did old Ellen Morrison  
In her long weariness complain

Grey was her man grey was the talk  
Always it left him mean and sore  
What 'twas a gentle step they heard  
Gentle how gentle at the door

Gravely old Ellen rose and said  
10 Who can it be ah who is there

D 1-4] ≠ B cancelled stanza 1; ≠ C stanza 1.

1] 'Black was the evening and most like' B.

1 blackness] 'corners' <<coolness>> <<blackness>> C (line 1).

2] 'A tragedy the dismal rain' B.

4] 'Unto [her] heavy man complain' B.

Long to her weary man complain C (line 4).

D 5-8] ≠ B cancelled stanza 2; ≠ C stanza 2.

5 her man] the man B; C (line 1).

7] 'When lo a gentle step was heard' B.

D 9-12] ≠ B 9-12.

11] In came a little one the rain B.

And when she pulled the door there came  
A messenger with the gold hair

There never came to wife or man  
Through mist of flower or moon or tree  
From the far isles of wonderment  
There came not any child as he

Old David said how fair is he  
There is a moonbeam on his hand  
His eyes are too much like the flowers  
20 He has come out of fairyland

Old Ellen said how fair how fair  
He is from God he is so wise  
He is not any child of Earth  
He has come out of Paradise

He seemed as some sweet orphan lost  
Whose mother died in the wild spring  
And burnt him with her love until  
His white feet took to wandering

\* \* \*

They brought to him the snow-white bread  
30 Of all the fruits the garden grew  
Sweet almonds and strawberries  
And loquats of the golden hue

12] A messenger [of] with <<the>> gold hair D.

Glistened and glistened on his hair B.

D 13-16] ≠ B 13-16.

15] Through all the isles of wonderment B.

16 child as he] child [and] <<as>> he B.

17-20] ≠ A 1-4; ≠ B 'Odd verse'.

18] Look at his foot his little hand A.

Look at his feet his little hands B.

D 21-24] ≠ A 5-8; ≠ B 25-28.

21] Old Ellen said how holy is A.

[Old David said how fair he is] B, a false start.

22] This messenger from out the skies A.

23] He is from God full well I know A.

24] He has been loved in Paradise A; B.

D 25-28] ≠ A 25-28; = B 21-24.

25] [Old David said h] B, a false start.

27 burnt] burned A.

28] His white feet <<took>> to wandering A.

D 29-32] ≠ B 33-36.

32 loquats] berries B.



They brought to him the gold cake  
 The white milk and the chicken's wing  
 The honey of old summers caught  
 In the tempestuous blossoming

Softly he ate as does a child  
 Drowsy he is the old wife said  
 Is he not weary oh this love  
 40 He shall be with us in the bed

\* \* \*

Ellen at daylight woke and moved  
 Counting on kisses on his hair  
 But in a moment clear she saw  
 The Messenger he was not there

The cupboard door was closed and plain  
 There was the cake the chicken's wing  
 Stoutly they said he came he came  
 He may be gone adventuring

They sought him by the river's edge  
 50 And by the tallest almond tree  
 They sought him by the red ferns  
 And by the oldest mulberry

They sought him while the red sun rose  
 Up through the heavy heat of noon  
 They sought for him nor could they rest  
 Until the coming of the moon

Benevolence came in the east  
 They looked each other in the eyes  
 Old Ellen said he was too fair  
 60 He has gone back to Paradise

D 33-36] ≠ A 9-12; ≠ B 29-32.

34 white milk] hot milk A.

35] And the great saffron oranges A.

The honey that the wild bees [brought] <<caught>> B.

36] And raisins for his comforting A.

In the tall trees adventuring B.

D 37-40] ≠ B 37-40.

37 as does] as [doth] <<does>> D.

38] sleep came upon him [and his head] Ellen said B.

D 41-44] ≠ B 41-44.

41] Next morning Ellen woke and moved D.

42] Wishful for kisses on his hair B.

43 clear she saw] [this] <<clear>> she saw D; this she saw B.

D 45-48] ≠ B 45-48.

47 they said] [he] <<they>> said D.

47] And yet they stoutly said he came B.

B 49-52] = A 13-16.

\* \* \*

The neighbours heard it all and said  
 You are so old your hearts are sore  
 Mist of old wishes that he was  
 Dream to a Dreamer nothing more

Then would their old lips quietly move  
 The tears their trembling eyes would dim  
 No they would say good neighbours no  
 Once for a night we slept with him

B 61-64] ≠ A 17-20.

63 Mist] [Child] <<Mist>> [JSN] B.

63] Woven of wishes that he was A.

64] B a revised line following line 63 [JSN].

[Dream] <<Mist>> of old dreamers nothing more [JSN] B.

Child of a dream and nothing more A.

B 65-68] ≠ A 21-24.

67] [Nay] <<No>> they would say good neighbours [nay] no B.

Nay they would say good neighbours no A.

68] Last night it was we slept with him A.

Discarded lines and stanzas

A following lines 25-28:

He seemed as some sweet blossom blown  
 Out of his homeland one who came

B stanza 5, lines 17-20:

He seemed so like a fair tulip  
 Silence was with him and of Love  
 His eyes had gathered Wisdom strange  
 Old as the Witnesses above

C stanzas 2, [2] 3 & [3] 4:

They quarrelled so long on a small thing  
 Some happening that the ear and eye  
 Long had forgotten Ellen said  
 This that you told me is a lie

David more merciful would speak  
 Idly of something in the dim  
 Always the old wife's lips would move  
 Gladly to give the lie to him

Of neighbours they spoke of those  
 Welcome and unwelcome some had died  
 David said slowly we remain  
 Always unlucky Ellen [unlucky] sighed

## MODERN WOMAN TRIUMPHS OVER DIFFICULTIES

'1929', 44<sup>b</sup> (A0634) [A]. LaT MS 9419/3677, typescript, untitled.  
The Bookfellow 15 May 1923, p.77, HI, not sighted (entitled 'Craft and art'?).

'1929', 44<sup>b</sup> is the preferred text. Variants are not shown.

Said a pretty young girl at Irymple  
I know what I'll do it's quite simple  
I'll burn out this mole on my cheek and the hole  
That it leaves will come in for a dimple

## THE MOON WAS SEVEN DAYS DOWN

'1925', 19<sup>b</sup>-20<sup>b</sup> (A0409-0410) [A], with an alteration [JSN], unfinished, 4 stanzas numbered 1-4, entitled 'Seven days gone'. '1927'B, 30<sup>a</sup>-31<sup>b</sup> (A0511-3) [JSN], revisions, under short title 'Seven days' (a part-stanza and lines). ML MS 4937/7, Item 4 [A], fair copy. ML MS 4937/5, 26 May 1927, 193-203, revised stanzas 1, 2, 4, 5, 8 & 9, annotated 'Corrections' [AGS].  
NP 22; CP 129.

AGS - JSN 21 May 1927 ('returned the Peter ballad - which you do not acknowledge - asking some revision'). JSN - AGS 26 May 1927 (encloses 'Ballad' revised' and comments). JSN - JD 4 November 1934, NLA MS 1145/67 (gives background to the poem).

The NP text incorporates only some of the revisions N sent Stephens and also contains unauthorised editorial revisions, and the fair copy MS 4937/7, Item 4 is therefore taken as the preferred text.

'1925', 19<sup>b</sup>-20<sup>b</sup> = A; 4937/7-4 = B; '1927'B, 30<sup>a</sup>-31<sup>b</sup> = C; 4937/5, 193-203 = D.

Peter she said the clock has struck  
 At one and two and three  
 And you sleep so sound and you sleep so long  
 You will not listen to me  
 I suffered long and I suffered sore  
 What else can I think upon  
 I fear no evil but oh the moon  
 She is seven days gone

1-8] ≠ A; ≠ C an unnumbered part-stanza; ≠ D; ≠ NP & CP.

1] Peter she said the hours the hours C; D.

2] <<At>> [One] and two and three [JSN] A.

They seem who[le] nights to me C.

They seem so black to me D.

3] And you sleep so sound and you sleep so [soft] <<long>> [JSN] A.

You sleep so sound and I count them all C.

You sleep so sound and the clock comes round D.

You sleep so sound and the lonesome hours NP & CP.

4] And you will not listen to me A.

The one and two and three C.

To the lonesome hour of three D.

They seem so black to me NP & CP.

5] I have suffered long and I suffered sore A.

I'm thinking all that the children thought C.

I am thinking all that the children thought D.

6] [I have carried the good race on]

<<'Tis all I can think up[on] [JSN] A.

7] I feel no evil but fear the moon A.

I fear ... C (revision for stanza 1 finishes here).

Peter she said the night is long  
 10 The hours will not go by  
 The moon is calm but she meets her death  
 Bitter as women die  
 I think too much of the flowers I dreamed  
 I dressed myself in a gown  
 'Twas a white one and oh the moon  
 She is seven days down

Woman he said my ears could stand  
 Much noise when I was young  
 But year by year you weary me  
 20 Can you never rest your tongue  
 And here am I with my broken rest  
 To be up at the peep o'day  
 So much to do and the sheep not shorn  
 And the lambs not yet away

Peter she said your tongue is rude  
 You have ever spoken so  
 And it would not spoil your rest if I  
 Should into my coffin go  
 You talk of your lambs and sheep and wool  
 30 'Tis all that you think upon  
 I fear no evil but oh the moon  
 She is seven days gone

9-16] ≠ A; ≠ D; ≠ NP & CP.

9 the night is] the hours are D.

11 but she meets] but meets A.

13 of the] o'the D.

13] I am thinking all too much of the flowers A.

14] I [dressed] drest myself in a gown A.

I [drest] dressed myself in a gown B.

I walked in a wedding gown D; NP & CP.

15 oh the moon] ah the moon A.

15] Or was it a shroud — the moon — the moon C (a line under number 2); D; NP & CP.

17-24] ≠ A; NP & CP.

19] But every year you weary me A.

But year by year you have wearied me NP & CP.

20 rest your] stop your NP & CP.

21] No trouble of mine would break your rest C (1st of 2 lines under number 3).

Here am I with with broken rest NP & CP.

22 peep o'day] peep [at] <<of>> day A.

22] To be up at the peep [at] <<of>> day A.

And that too well I know C (2nd of 2 lines under number 3).

To be up at the break of day NP & CP.

25-32] ≠ A; ≠ D; ≠ NP & CP.

27] My aches and ills they trouble you not D; NP & CP.

28] This many a year I know D; NP & CP.

29] You talk of your lambs and your sheep A.

31] I [feel] fear no evil but ah the moon A.

Peter she said the children went  
 And I knew that they would not stay  
 By the harsh word and the hard work  
 You have driven them far away  
 I suffered back in the ten years  
 That I never saw a town  
 Oh the moon is over her full glory  
 40 She is seven days down

Woman he said I want my rest  
 'Tis the worst time of the year  
 The weeds are thick in the top fallow  
 And the hay will soon be here  
 A man is a man and a child a child  
 From a daughter or a son  
 Or a man or woman I want no talk  
 For anything I have done

Peter she said 'twas told to me  
 50 Long back in a happy year  
 That I should die in the turning time  
 When the wheat was in the ear  
 And I should go in a plain coffin  
 And lie in a plain gown  
 When the moon had taken her full glory  
 And was seven days down

\* \* \*

Peter he rose and lit the lamp  
 At the first touch of the day  
 His mind was full of the top fallow  
 60 And the ripening of the hay  
 He said she sleeps but the second look  
 He knew how the dead can stare  
 And there came a dance of last beauty  
 That none of the living share

33-40] ≠ D; ≠ NP & CP.

33] They all have gone C (1st line under number 4).

Peter she said you sent them out D.

34] My children would not stay C (2nd of 2 lines under number 4); D; NP & CP.

35 harsh word] hard word D; NP & CP.

41-48] = NP & CP.

49-56] = NP & CP.

57-64] ≠ D; = NP & CP.

63] There [had fallen a proud] <<was a new white>> liberty C (1st of 2 lines under number 8).

And oh the strange white liberty D.

How cool and straight and steady he was  
 He said she seems so young  
 He said her face was all too fine  
 But ah by God her tongue  
 She thought so much o'the children 'tis  
 70 What a woman thinks upon  
 And the moon was out in the clear sky  
 She was seven days gone

\* \* \*

He sauntered out to the neighbour's place  
 As the daylight came in clear  
 The wheat he said it is filling well  
 And he stopped at a heavy ear  
 He said a good strong plain coffin  
 Is the one I am thinking on  
 And the moon was over his shoulder  
 80 She was seven days gone

65-72] ≠ D; ≠ NP & CP.

65] How cool and straight <<and steady>> he was B.

67] Her face is fine it was always fine D; NP & CP.

68] But ah by God her tongue D.

But oh by God her tongue NP & CP.

69] She always thought as the children thought C (1st of 2 lines under number 9);  
D; NP & CP.

70] Her mind was made for a town C (2nd of 2 lines under number 9); D; NP & CP.

71 clear sky] pale sky NP & CP.

72 days gone] days down D; NP & CP.

73-80] = NP & CP.

JSN - AGS 26 May 1927:

In 'Ballad' the line with a good strong plain coffin seems very wooden but I have left it. Could easily alter of course. I know pretty well how men and women on the land express things. One has to dodge too much of the old conventional Ballad speech but must avoid the other extreme. I don't know about the 4 line stanza.

JSN - JD 4 November 1934:

I started to write [the poem] mainly in memory of a woman I once knew. I worked for her husband when I was in the early twenties. She had a good husband, was fairly well-off, but I think the hard work had told on her health. She was a fine character, a true lady.

## THE MOPOKE AND OTHERS

The Bookfellow 15 January 1920, p.49, signed Horace O'Hazy.

A variant of stanza 1 occurs in a typed collection of limericks at LaT MS 9419/3678 (Victor Kennedy papers), under the heading 'New treatment for mysterious foot trouble'.

Gruesome and goggle-eyed absurd  
The Mopoke is a tiresome bird  
He is the prince of pessimists  
The uncrowned king of Calvinists

The Curlew has his bilious moods  
(But happily lighter interludes)  
Often he calls in white moonshine  
Calls like a devil filled with wine

The Dingo has his daybreak moan  
But he has pleasures of his own  
Always he dines I understand  
On the best mutton in the land

The Frog despite his chronic croak  
Looks on existence as a joke  
In his secluded swim he finds  
Distractions of various kinds

But the grim Mopoke is a blot  
Of bitterness a bilious sot  
He is the prince of pessimists  
The uncrowned king of Calvinists

## THE MULBERRY GREW

ML MS 3354/2, Item 6, 11<sup>a</sup>-11<sup>b</sup>, ML MS A 3038/1, 13<sup>b</sup> (B0113) and '1930', 25<sup>a</sup>-25<sup>b</sup> (A0669-0670) [JSN], draft.

The stanzas are of variable form; however, 4 of the 8 are triplets and the rhymes in the others support this arrangement throughout.

'Twas in the Autumn the bitterness broke him in two  
'Twas for the white ones he shuddered he saw and he knew  
Death in a mulberry met him the mulberry grew

2 he saw] He saw MS.



She who had fought with him knew not and hours by the door  
 She would speak most of the Springtime the sheep that he shore  
 And the hard mood the wet days the winter before

The white ones all long hair and weakness clearly he saw  
 Soon in the dark day under some ominous claw  
 Love even Love as an enemy knowing no Law

- 10 Having no God to fear he did more freely curse men  
 All who were hasty all heartily showed pity when  
 Looking upon him they brought up new horrors again

Often on Sunday the white ones with ribbons of blue  
 Mournfully foolish would sing little long hymns that they  
     knew  
 It was Death as a mulberry met him the mulberry grew

Oh the white blooms so tender no brother had they  
 And there would come to them peril by night and by day  
 While his ears and his eyes and his hands would be hidden  
     away

- 20 Early he told me when first the red sorrow began  
 The horror within him all over me shuddered and ran  
 And he even smiled for there was a good heart in the man

The last day I saw him yes even the little ones knew  
 And still did his eyes keep them hoping 'twas all he could  
     do  
 When Death as a mulberry met him the mulberry grew

6 mood] <mood> MS. 'Wool' and 'wood' are possible readings.

8 claw] <claw> MS. The word may be 'cloud', but that does not fit the rhyme scheme.

10 God] [god] MS.

11 who were hasty all] who were <hasty> <all> MS.

13 white ones with] white ones [in] with MS.

22 saw him] saw him — MS.

## THE NIGHT OF MUSIC

'1915'A, 8<sup>a</sup>-8<sup>b</sup> (A0347-8) [JSN], draft.

Into the whiteness round above  
 God could not praise or blame  
 All that assailed me was it Love  
 The night the eternal music came

Long past such early sickening I  
 Lay peacefully the small hours  
 Went as a schoolchild charmed and shy  
 Exploring too dreamily a flower

All hate went shadowless the damp  
 Sweetness did fill me and the shame  
 Of the long discords could not come  
 That night the eternal music came

- 2] [There was no good] God could not [to] praise or blame MS.  
 3 assailed me was] assailed <<me>> was MS.  
 8] Exploring [Plucking half] <<too>> dreamily a flower MS.  
 12 That night] [All] <<That>> night MS.

## THE NIGHT SHALL DIVIDE US

'1930', 13<sup>b</sup> (A0658) [FN] & '1927'B, 4<sup>a</sup>-4<sup>b</sup> (A0485-6) [JSN], draft.

He having Reason the white ghost chained up to a fear  
 He would be mournful his mourning would go to her ear  
 And as she spoke right bravely at the fall of the day  
 He would cry like a little lame bird and the thing he would  
     say  
 The Night shall divide us

She being redder would speak of some workaday thing  
 Would look to the garden or listen a child that could sing  
 Would make her a Heaven but he having fallen away  
 And lost the old courage and hoarse would he say  
 The Night shall divide us

- 1] He having reason the white ghost chained [shrouded with] <<up to a>> fear [JSN]  
MS.  
 7] Would look to the garden — or listen [Her heart to the playground] would  
 <<hasten>>] a child that could sing MS.

## OF STRAWBERRIES I TELL

'1927'A, 30<sup>b</sup> (A0562) [A], fair draft, 1 stanza under number 1.

Of strawberries I tell  
 They that can never climb  
 But in the summertime  
 The fiercer winds repel  
 All day they drowse between  
 Great parasols of green  
 Of strawberries I tell

## OH EVERGREEN

'1927'A, 12<sup>b</sup>-13<sup>a</sup> (A0544) [JSN], draft.

Tree of my land who shall express  
 In music the extreme flights for all Loveliness

Tree of my land who can abide  
 By thee and know not of all Beauty magnified

Oh evergreen thou art not dumb  
 At any time thy strength has all dull winter overcome

Oh evergreen my own Tree  
 Thou art too strong with love to lose the ministry

1 who shall express] [none] <<who>> shall express MS.

2] In music [thy] extreme [courage] <<flights>> for <<all>> Loveliness MS.

4 of all Beauty] of <<all>> Beauty MS.

7] Oh evergreen | My own <<gre>>/ Tree [of my land] MS.

## THE OLD WIVES SAT AT THE TABLE

'1925', 2<sup>b</sup>-3<sup>a</sup> (A0391-2) [JSN & FN], fair draft.

Black was the night where the wind went  
And blue and black the rain  
They said poor thing she was pretty  
But aw her shroud is plain

The old wives sat at the table  
They said their hearts were sore  
The pennies were on her eyelids  
That moved so fine before

10 These old wives all had daughters  
But none so fair as she  
And the bitterest thing in the bitter  
Is a woman's jealousy

She had craved for the sweet colours  
So many flowers she wore  
She had laughed in many a garden  
And cried at her own door

20 She spoke of Love to the roses  
So mad a maid was she  
She lived so long with the lilies  
And the plaintive rosemary

Her lips were the clean crimson  
Oh love wet was her tongue  
On the velvet of her white shoulders  
All night the glory hung

She had as fair a bosom  
As ever fired a man  
The sunbeams of her sweet spirit  
A-down her forehead ran

30 The old wives by the table sat  
And sourly did they pray  
They envied her no more for now  
Her beauty slipped away

\* \* \*

Blue was the night on the wind's walk  
And blue and black the rain  
They said her love was finery  
But aw her shroud was plain

4 aw her] aw — her MS, stanza in hand [JSN].

30 sourly] sourally MS, stanza in hand [FN]: 'surlily' is a possible reading.

## ON THE ONE STRING

'1915'A, 10<sup>b</sup>-11<sup>a</sup> (A0350) [JSN], fair draft.

FN - JSN 16 November 1941, HI, not sighted. JSN - FN 23 November 1941, McKimm  
MS 14, HI, not sighted.

Young lovers wistfully  
Shy birds a-wing  
Cry to me little love  
On the one string

Mighty men crowing men  
Heavy of jaw  
Teach their God cheerfully  
All the fine law

10 Mighty men heavy men  
Look to the sky  
Say all their prayers and then  
Cheerfully die

Always they crow to me  
What a mean thing  
Here all your time to waste  
On the one string

Ships are as miracles  
All the guns roar  
Thunder is music and  
20 Who would ask more

Softly I listen then  
Feel for the Spring  
Back through the summer time  
On the one string

1] Young lovers [loitering] <<wistfully>> MS.

22 Feel] [Then] Feel MS.

## THE ORANGE TREE

The Bookfellow 15 February 1921, p.11; BLP 94; CP 100.

JSN - JD 28 October 1934, NLA MS 1145/68 (discusses stimulus for the poem).

The Bookfellow is the preferred text.

- The young girl stood beside me I  
 Saw not what her young eyes could see  
 A light she said not of the sky  
 Lives somewhere in the Orange Tree
- Is it I said of East or West  
 The heartbeat of a luminous boy  
 Who with his faltering flute confessed  
 Only the edges of his joy
- 10 Was he I said borne to the blue  
 In a mad escapade of Spring  
 Ere he could make a fond adieu  
 To his love in the blossoming
- Listen the young girl said there calls  
 No voice no music beats on me  
 But it is almost sound it falls  
 This evening on the Orange Tree
- Does he I said so fear the Spring  
 Ere the white sap too far can climb  
 See in the full gold evening  
 20 All happenings of the olden time
- Is he so goaded by the green  
 Does the compulsion of the dew  
 Make him unknowable but keen  
 Asking with beauty of the blue
- Listen the young girl said for all  
 Your hapless talk you fail to see  
 There is a light a step a call  
 This evening on the Orange Tree
- Is it I said a waste of love  
 30 Imperishably old in pain  
 Moving as an affrighted dove  
 Under the sunlight or the rain
- Is it a fluttering heart that gave  
 Too willingly and was reviled  
 Is it the stammering at a grave  
 The last word of a little child

Silence the young girl said oh why  
 Why will you talk to weary me  
 Plague me no longer now for I  
 40 Am listening like the Orange Tree

JSN - JD 28 October 1934:

'The Orange Tree' was finished the year before that [about 1919]. It started out of an old piece that I had discarded. I was trying to describe the people who visit St Kilda at the week-end holiday-making. I failed very badly.

When I was working up in Merbein I could not help noticing the very beautiful light on the trees in the afternoon. I used the metre I had used in the St Kilda piece. I may have used one or two of the same lines.

The poem is discussed in the autobiography, p.106:

I have said before that I got some of the ideas when I was weeding oranges at Merbein. There was also something which I tried to drag in, some enchantment or other. I have seen prints of Botticelli's wonderful picture 'Spring'... It has lovers, it has maidens and greenery and I think a robber in the background.

#### OUT TO THE GREEN FIELDS

'1930', 6<sup>a</sup>-7<sup>a</sup> (A0650) [A], fair draft, entitled 'Let the tired eyes go'.  
The Bookfellow 29 December 1924; NP 11; CP 113.

JSN - JD 4 November 1934, NLA MS 1145/68 (thinks he was not very long finishing the poem).

The Bookfellow text has extensive revisions and since it is unlikely that Stephens would have altered the text to this extent The Bookfellow is taken as the preferred text.

Here there is crying cruelty every tone  
 Cruel is iron and where is the pity in stone  
 The ancient tyrannies tower they cannot yield  
 Let the tired eyes go to the green field

Flowers are foreigners here subdued and calm  
 Standing as children under a heavy psalm  
 My heart is ever impatient of standing so  
 Out to the green fields the tired eyes go

- 1] Here there is [Crime] <<Crying>> — Cruelty every [time] tone MS.
- 2 pity in] pity[ing] <<in>> MS.
- 3] The tyrannies here are old and they cannot yield MS.
- 6 under] during MS.

Out where the grasses hasten the resolute heart of man  
 Out to the place of pity where all his tears began  
 Only down with the young love are the fairy folk concealed  
 Let the tired eyes go to the green field

The leaves have listened to all the birds so long  
 Every blossom has ridden out of a song  
 Only low with the young love the olden hates are healed  
 Let the tired eyes go to the green field

- 9] Books that are always old and sure and wise MS.  
 10] Cannot be friends because of the dim eyes MS.  
 11] But out on the open are fairy folk concealed MS.  
 14] Every blossom that rides have <<has>> fallen out of a song MS, correction [JSN].  
 15] Out in the gentle grass the olden hates are healed MS.

#### PATRICIA ON A HOLIDAY

'1927'B, 32<sup>a</sup>-33<sup>b</sup> (A0513) [JSN], draft, 16 lines without stanza divisions; 36<sup>a</sup>-39<sup>b</sup> (A0517-8) [JSN], revisions, stanzas and lines, several of them cancelled, under short title 'Patricia'. '1927'C, 3<sup>b</sup>-4<sup>b</sup> (A0434-5) [A], revisions, 7 stanzas (3 cancelled) and a line, with alterations [JSN].

The Worker 13 July 1927.

'1927'B, 32<sup>a</sup>-33<sup>b</sup> = A; '1927'B, 36<sup>a</sup>-39<sup>b</sup> = B; '1927'C, 3<sup>b</sup>-4<sup>b</sup> = C.

The Worker is the preferred text.

She is the rare note in the green  
 She is the love song in the play  
 Call me unsobber I have seen  
 Patricia on a holiday

Of excellence her eyelids tell  
 More than all other eyelids can  
 Delightfully her lips expel  
 Her play-thoughts to the heart of man

Title] Patricia on [her] a holiday A; C.

1-4] ≠ C stanza 1.

2 the love song] the [spasm] <<fire song>> C.

5-8] ≠ C stanza 3, renumbered 2; = B stanza numbered 2; ≠ A lines 5-8.

5] Her hands in excellence excel C; A.

6] As in a play they plead they plan C; A.

7] Her mouth the touch of it would tell C; A.

Her mouth outrageously will tell [JSN] C, added at bottom of 3<sup>b</sup>.

8] All the [great] <<red>> history of man C; All the red history of man A.



- Her eyes conceal they woo they weave  
 10 New mysteries to the sun and rain  
 Her eyebrows like the rainbows leave  
 Forgiveness on a world of pain

Her gowns deceive me so they seem  
 As songs that stay not in a sound  
 Baffling as players in a dream  
 Or dim thoughts on a holy ground

- Time the unknowable the lean  
 The Mountebank that rules the Play  
 Laughs at his Riddle I have seen  
 20 Patricia on a holiday

9-12] ≠ B stanza numbered 4, renumbered 3.

9] Her eyes [such]//conceal [eyes] they woo | [and] <<they>> weave B.

10 to the sun] in the sun B.

12 Forgiveness on] Forgiveness [in] on B.

13-16] ≠ A 13-16; ≠ B unnumbered stanza (lines 1 & 2 cancelled); ≠ B cancelled stanza numbered 5, renumbered 4; ≠ B stanza 4 (lines 2-4 cancelled); ≠ C numbered 4.

13-14] ≠ B cancelled lines, unnumbered; ≠ B cancelled lines under number 4.

13] Her gowns if gown they be would seem A.

Her gowns if gowns they be would seem B, unnumbered stanza.

Her frocks if frocks [indeed] they be would seem B stanza [5] 4.

Her gowns deceive me not they seem B cancelled lines, unnumbered & B cancelled lines under 4.

Her gowns regale me so they seem B stanza 4.

Her gown[s] (if gown they be) would seem C.

14] As flowers too delicate [for air] for sound A.

As flowers that [fall] <<wave>> to a faint sound B unnumbered stanza.

[Of] As flowers that wave to a sweet sound B [5] 4.

As flowers that feel for a low sound B cancelled lines, unnumbered.

As leaves in rustling gardens found B cancelled lines under 4.

As [tunes] <<joys>> in rustling gardens found B stanza 4.

As flowers that wake to a dim sound C.

15] Light as the kisses in a dream A; C.

Trembling as [kisses] <<players>> in a dream B unnumbered stanza.

Trembling [lik] as players in a dream B stanza [5] 4.

As joys in fairy happening found B stanza 4.

16] Or whisperings on Holy ground A; C.

Or Princes on the holy ground B unnumbered stanza; B stanza [5] 4.

As [jo] loves that do bestir astound B stanza 4.

17-20] ≠ A 9-12; ≠ C cancelled stanza numbered 5; ≠ C stanza 5.

17] Time is unlovely old serene A; C cancelled stanza 5.

Time the unknowable the keen C stanza 5.

19] What of his wisdom A.

Deep is the riddle I have seen C cancelled stanza 5.

20] I have seen Patricia on a Holiday A.

## Discarded stanzas

A [stanza 1]; B unnumbered stanza, with cancelled lines 1-3; C cancelled stanza 2, rewritten and cancelled:

Her eyes disdainful opals are [were]A.  
 Her eyes disdainful opals are B; C (the first stanza).  
 Her eyes disdainful opal are C (the second stanza).  
 Uncertain as a young bird's tune A; C (the first stanza).  
 Proud as the Summers in a tune B.  
 Always uncertain as a tune C (the second stanza).  
 Gravely they go as a red star A; C (the first stanza).  
 They have the quietness of a star C (the second stanza).  
 Sets in the West with the moon A.  
 Sets in a forest with the moon C (the first stanza).  
 Finding a forest with the moon C (the second stanza).

## THE PLAYERS AND THE MOON

'1927'A, 24<sup>b</sup> (A0556) [A], unfinished.

Golden are they in the morning and brave in the noon  
 They tell me at sundown the sorrows are coming up soon  
 Our Lord has departed and hidden away in the moon

And who is the Lord then I query who dies with the day  
 They said he goes out in the blackness but where can he stay  
 We know that the moon is upon him and hides him away

[Unfinished]

- 1] Golden are they in the morning [They tell me at sundown] | [And] and brave in the noon MS.

## THE POOR POOR COUNTRY

'1927'C, 16<sup>a</sup>-18<sup>a</sup> (A0450-2) & 23<sup>b</sup> (A0458) [A], draft, 8 x 4-line stanzas, stanzas 1 & 7 cancelled, with renumbering of stanzas, additional stanzas, and numerous revised lines; 26<sup>a</sup>-28<sup>a</sup> (A0460-2) [A], fair draft, 9 x 4-line stanzas; 32<sup>a</sup>-33<sup>b</sup> (A0466-8) & 34<sup>a</sup> (A0468) [A], fair draft, 8 x 3-line stanzas.

CP 160 (with 6 x 4-line stanzas).

JSN - RHC 19 November 1933 (sent to AGS but not published); 20 November 1933 (comments, and suggests might be worth considering for CP).

N told Croll that Stephens 'didn't seem to like [the poem]', mainly because 'the last line in each stanza seemed to jar on him', and added that Stephens 'said that the piece was rather like a catalogue'. He told Croll that he had been 'altering the last line a little' and said that he thought 'it runs better now'.

The draft at '1927'C, 26<sup>a</sup>-28<sup>a</sup> is a revision of '1927'C, 16<sup>a</sup>-18<sup>a</sup> & 23<sup>b</sup> (both in 4-line stanzas) and '1927'C, 32<sup>a</sup>-34<sup>a</sup> is a revision in 3-line stanzas, which attempts to correct the awkward final line in each stanza and the catalogue-like approach which Stephens criticised. The drafts are all part of the initial impulse of composition and the second fair draft ('1927'C, 32<sup>a</sup>-34<sup>a</sup>) is therefore taken as the preferred text.

'1927'C, 16<sup>a</sup>-18<sup>a</sup> & 23<sup>b</sup> = A; '1927'C, 26<sup>a</sup>-28<sup>a</sup> = B.

The later version in CP and the draft A are keyed to the first fair draft B separately in the notes.

Oh 'twas a poor country in autumn it was bare  
In the buck shot and the spear grass the sheep found little  
there  
But the water-birds had golden words and I a goodly share

In the black morning dingoes made their old malicious cry  
I saw the young lamb in the wind and the brown hawk on the  
sky  
Oh the crows were keen and the ewes were lean and bitterly  
would die

Oh the wheat was sick in the low ground but fought most  
valiantly  
And the ripening oats on the high land came only to my knee  
But water-birds had golden words and I no poverty

- 10 My riches was the glow that lives forever in the young  
It was on the brown water on the green leaves it hung  
It was so old it was never told nor could be ever sung

The blue cranes fed their young all day they lived in a tall  
tree  
And the young ducks in the lignum pools they swam so peacefully  
Oh the water-birds had golden words and I no poverty

The mountain ducks each morning made their dull ungracious  
 sound  
 And on the precious islands there the plover's nest I found  
 I saw in sleep the bunyips creep from waters underground

- I waded out to a swan's nest and the reeds were thick and  
 high  
 20 I looked into a teal duck's nest and I saw the spoonbill  
 fly  
 Oh the water-birds had golden words no poverty had I

\* \* \*

The New Year came with thirst and heat and the little lakes  
 were low  
 The blue cranes were my nearest friends and I mourned to see  
 them go  
 I saw them die on a far sky as far as I could know

17 the plover's] [a] <<the>> plover's MS.

24] This is a revised line at 34<sup>a</sup> under heading 'Last line of last verse'.

Oh the water-birds had golden words that all the young can know MS.

B stanza 1 ≠ A cancelled stanza 1; CP Ø.

- 1] There did I take my gifts into the treasury of home B.  
 The only offering I could bring to the treasury of home A.  
 My offering I brought into the treasury of home A 'First 2 lines of first  
 verse'.  
 2] From box and peppermint I cut the slabs of honeycomb B.  
 Was the green eggs of the mountain duck and the slabs of honeycomb A.  
 I cut from box and peppermint the slabs of honeycomb A 'Second line for first  
 verse'.  
 From box and peppermint I cut the slabs of honeycomb A 'first 2 lines of first  
 verse'.  
 3] 'Twas little that we ever grew and little could we buy B; A.  
 4] But I spoke so much to water-birds no pauper was I B; A.

B stanza 2 ≠ A stanza 2; CP Ø.

- 5] In the black morning dingoes made their old malicious moan B; A.  
 6] And the crows were cruel enemies and I fought them much alone B.  
 And crows were cruel enemies and I fought them much alone A.  
 7] They took the eyes from the young lambs and I strove I would not cry B.  
 [They warred upon the June lambs they took out heart and eye] A.  
 They took the eyes from the young lamb and the old ewe could not cry A 'last  
 2 lines of 2nd verse'.  
 They took the eyes from the young lambs and the old ewes could not cry A 'Last  
 2 lines of No 2'.  
 8] Down in that poor country no pauper was I B.  
 But in that poor country no pauper was I A (line cancelled); A 'Last 2 lines  
 of 2nd verse'; A 'Last 2 lines of No 2'.

B stanza 3 ≠ A stanza 3. A & B lines 11-12 ≠ CP stanza 1, lines 3-4.

- 9] The wheat was sick on the low ground and the high ground it would bake B;  
A.  
 10] And the thin wheat perished in the flood that would not kill the drake B.  
 The thin wheat perished in the flood that would not kill the drake A.  
 11] The hunger stood in the brown oats they were never two foot high B.  
 [The oats] You could see the hunger in the oats they were never two foot high  
A.  
 Oh the thin wheat and the brown oats were never two foot high CP.  
 12] But in that poor country no pauper was I B; A.  
 But down in the poor country no pauper was I CP.

B stanza 4 ≠ A stanza 4. A & B lines 13-14 ≠ CP stanza 1, lines 1-2.

- 13] Oh it was a poor country in summer it was bare B; A.  
 Oh 'twas a poor country in Autumn it was bare CP.  
 14] In the buck shot and the spear grass the sheep found little there B; A.  
 The only green was the cutting grass and the sheep found little there CP.  
 15] The ewes were weak when the cold came and they died so bitterly B.  
 'The ewes were weak [at] <<by>> winter time [And] and they suffered  
 grievously A.  
 The ewes were weak in winter time | [and they walked] so mournfully |  
 [With the d] A '4 Third line'.  
 16] But the poor poor country made no pauper of me B; A.

B stanza 5 ≠ A stanza 5. A & B ≠ CP stanza stanza 2, lines 5-6 & CP stanza 3, lines 11-12.

- 17] My riches [were] <<was>> the glow that lives forever in the young B; A.  
 My wealth it was the glow that lives forever in the young CP.  
 18] It was on the brown water on the green leaves it hung B.  
 It was upon the brown water on the green leaves it hung A.  
 19] I looked into the teal duck's nest and I saw the spoonbill fly B.  
 I looked into the black duck's nest I heard the plover's cry A.  
 I looked into the teal duck's nest and I saw the spoonbill fly A '2 last lines  
 for 5th verse'.  
 I saw the black duck in the reeds and the spoonbill on the sky CP.  
 20] In the poor poor country no pauper was I B; A.  
 [But] <<Down>> in that poor country no pauper was I A '2 last lines for 5th  
 verse'.  
 And in that poor country no pauper was I CP.

B stanza 6 ≠ A stanza 6. A & B ≠ CP stanza 3, lines 9-10 & CP stanza 2, lines 7-8.

- 21] I waded out to a swan's nest and wood-doves in the Spring B.  
 I waded out to a swan's nest and the [pi] wild doves in the Spring A.  
 I waded out to the swan's nest at night I heard them sing CP.  
 22] They moaned so much I dreamed the sound was some unearthly thing B.  
 They moan so much I dreamed the sound was some unearthly thing A.  
 I stood amazed at the Pelican and crowned him for a king CP.  
 23] The blue cranes fed their young all day they lived in a [high] <<tall>> tree  
B.  
 The blue cranes fed their young all day they lived in a tall tree A.  
 The blue cranes fed their young all day how far in a tall tree CP.  
 24] Oh the poor poor country made no pauper of me B; A.  
 And the poor poor country made no pauper of me CP.

B stanza 7 ≠ A unnumbered stanza [7]; ≠ A 'odd verse 7'; ≠ CP stanza 4, lines 13-16.

B stanza 7 ≠ A unnumbered stanza [7]; ≠ A 'odd verse 7'; ≠ CP stanza 4, lines 13-16.

- 25] The mountain ducks went heavily 'twas in the swampy ground B.  
 The mountain ducks went clumsily upon the marshy ground A [7].  
 The mountain ducks went [clumsily along] <<heavily upon>> the swampy ground  
A 'Odd verse'.  
 The mountain-ducks down in the dark made many a hollow sound CP.
- 26] And on some precious island there a plover's nest I found B.  
 The song they made was a [gray] <<grave>> song as any ever found A [7].  
 And on some little island there the plover's nest I found A '2nd line of 7th  
 verse'.  
 And on the tiny islands there the plover's nest I found A 'Odd verse'.  
 I saw in sleep the Bunyip creep from the waters underground CP.
- 27] With the young ducks in the lignum and the brown hawk on the sky B.  
 The black ducks laid in the lignum and the scented duck[s] were shy A [7].  
 The young come in the lignum <<and>> the brown hawk hovered nigh A '2nd line  
 of 7th verse'.  
 The black duck laid in the lignum and the brown hawks hovered nigh A 'Odd  
 verse'.  
 With the duck's brood in the lignum and the brown hawk on the sky A a line  
 under number 7.  
 I found the plover's island home and they fought right valiantly CP.
- 28] In that poor poor country no pauper was I B.  
 Down in the poor country no pauper was I A [7].  
 Down in that poor country no pauper was I A '2nd line of 7th verse'; A 'Odd  
 verse'.  
 Poor was the country but it made no pauper of me CP.

B stanza 8 ≠ A cancelled stanza 7; ≠ A stanza numbered 7 and renumbered 8 with  
 heading 'Odd verse'; CP Ø .

- 29] [The sheaves we bound at Christmas] B a false start.  
 The sheaves we bound in the old way at Christmas Oh the fare B.  
 'Twas in November mother turned her thoughts to Christmas fare A cancelled  
 stanza 7.  
 We made loose hay at Christmas time [And] <<and>> Oh the Christmas fare A  
 [7] 8 'Odd verse'.  
 We bound the sheaves by <<hand>> and then there came the Christmas [time]  
 fare A 'First line for 7th verse'.  
 We bound the sheaves in the old way 'twas Christmas oh the fare A 'First line  
 of 8th verse'.
- 30] The angels food <<and>> the black bun and the honey-beer was there B; A  
 cancelled stanza 7; A [7] 8 'Odd verse'.
- 31] 'Twas little that we grew to sell [twas] and little could we buy B; A [7]  
 8 'Odd verse'.  
 The strawberries we strove to grow [We] <<we>> plucked them tenderly A cancelled  
 stanza 7.
- 32] But in that poor country no pauper was I B; A [7] 8 'Odd verse'.  
 Oh the poor poor country made no pauper of me A cancelled stanza 7.

B stanza 9 ≠ A stanza 8, renumbered 9; ≠ CP stanza 6, lines 21-24.

- 33] The New Year came with <<heat>> and thirst and the little [lakes were low]  
 <<lakes were low>> B.  
 At the coming of the New year the little lakes were low A [8] 9.

- The New Year came with heat and thirst and the little lakes were low A 'first line of 9th verse'; CP.
- 34] [And for my favourite friends the water birds B a false start.]  
 Then did my friends the water birds put out their wings to go B.  
 And for my friends the water-birds the time had come to go A [8] 9.  
 The blue cranes were my nearest friends and I mourned to see them go CP.
- 35] In many a dream I went with them to the far end of the sky B.  
 In many a dream I went with them [half way across the sky] <<to the far end of the sky>> A [8] 9.  
 I watched their wings so long until I only saw the sky CP.
- 36] 'Twas but a poor country no pauper was I B.  
 In the poor poor country no pauper was I A [8] 9.  
 Down in that poor country no pauper was I CP.

CP has an additional stanza (CP stanza 4, lines 17-20):

My riches all went into dreams that never yet came home  
 They touched upon the wild cherries and the slabs of honeycomb  
 They were not of the desolate brood that men can sell or buy  
 Down in that poor country no pauper was I

#### PRAYER FOR A CHANGE

'1930', 26<sup>a</sup> (A0670) [JSN], draft. '1927'C, 20<sup>b</sup>-21<sup>a</sup> (A0455) [A], fair draft.

The fair draft is the preferred text.

I who pray little would ask you Creator for one little thing  
 Make me a tree then for two yellow moons in the reign of the  
 Spring

I would have all the pure honey upon me that honey birds know  
 And the lovers so close to my feet would be living in honey  
 below

I would have all the sweet longing to live and to climb  
 Until I would cast off my dress to be greeting the loud  
 summertime

3 upon me that] upon [me] that MS '1930'.

5] I would <<have>> many sweet songs in my <<[cool]>> leaves and far I would climb  
MS '1930'.

6] Right into the purple of heaven [and] to reach me a rhyme MS '1930'.